Collier's

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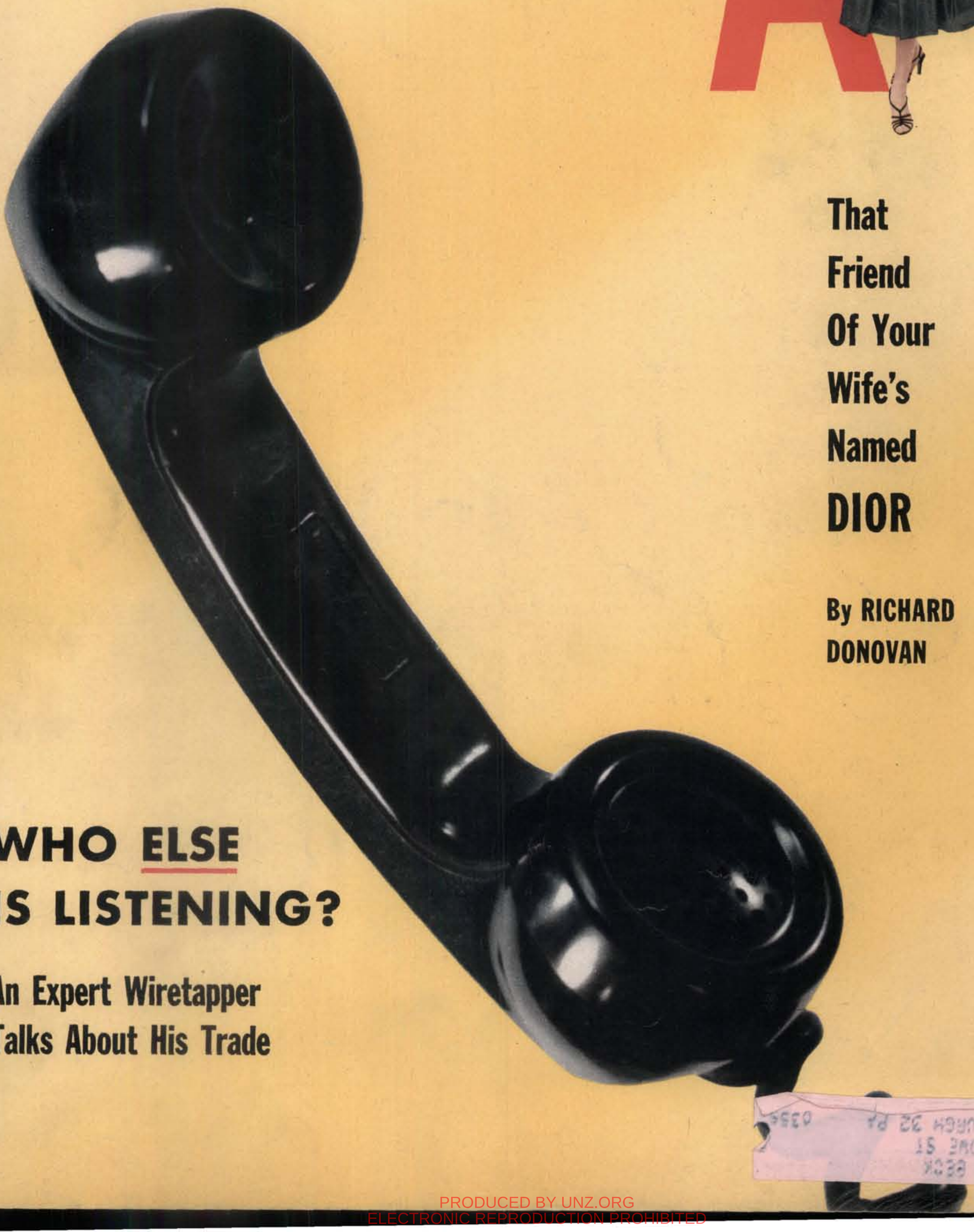
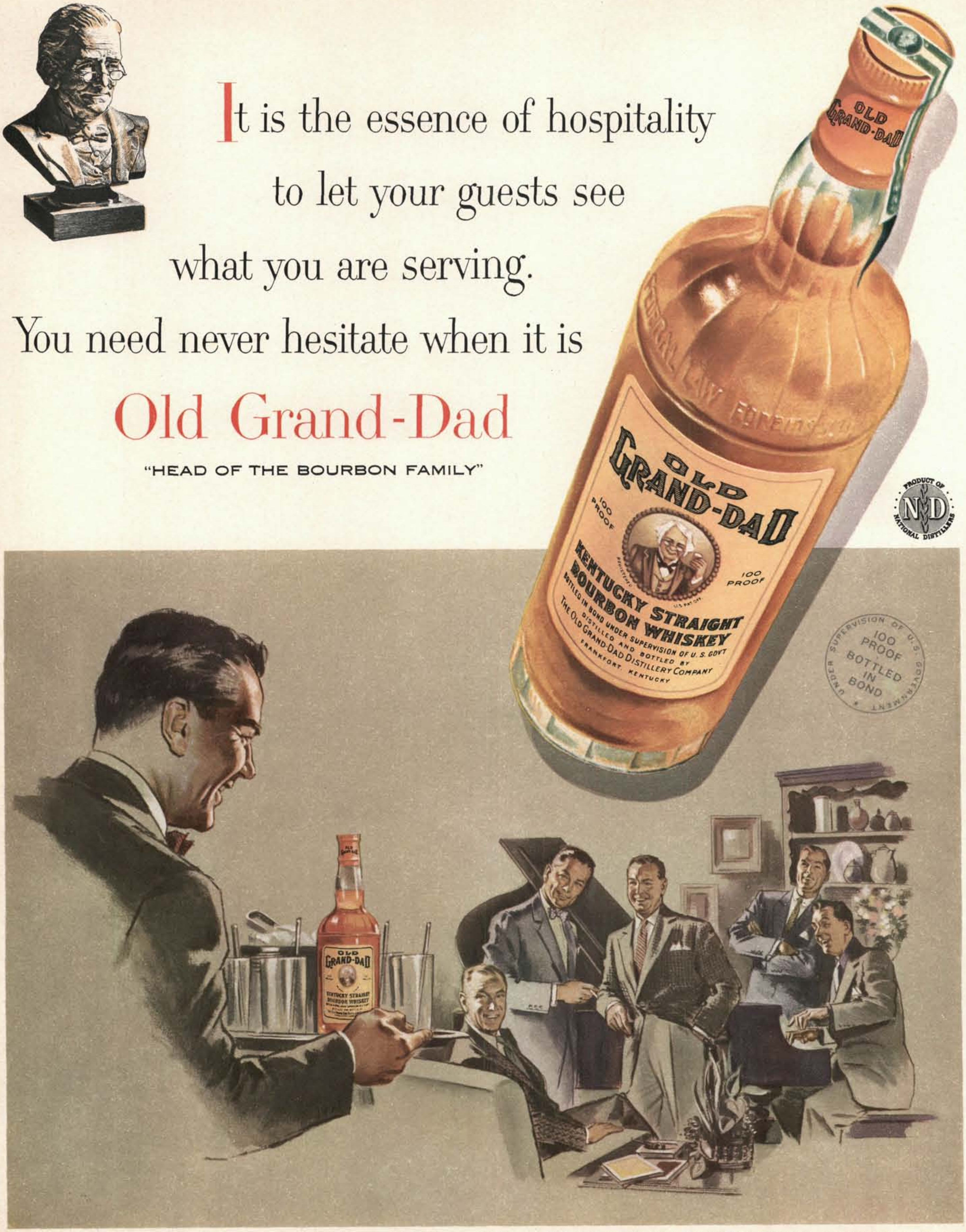
That Friend Of Your Wife's Named DIOR

By RICHARD DONOVAN



WHO ELSE IS LISTENING?

An Expert Wiretapper Talks About His Trade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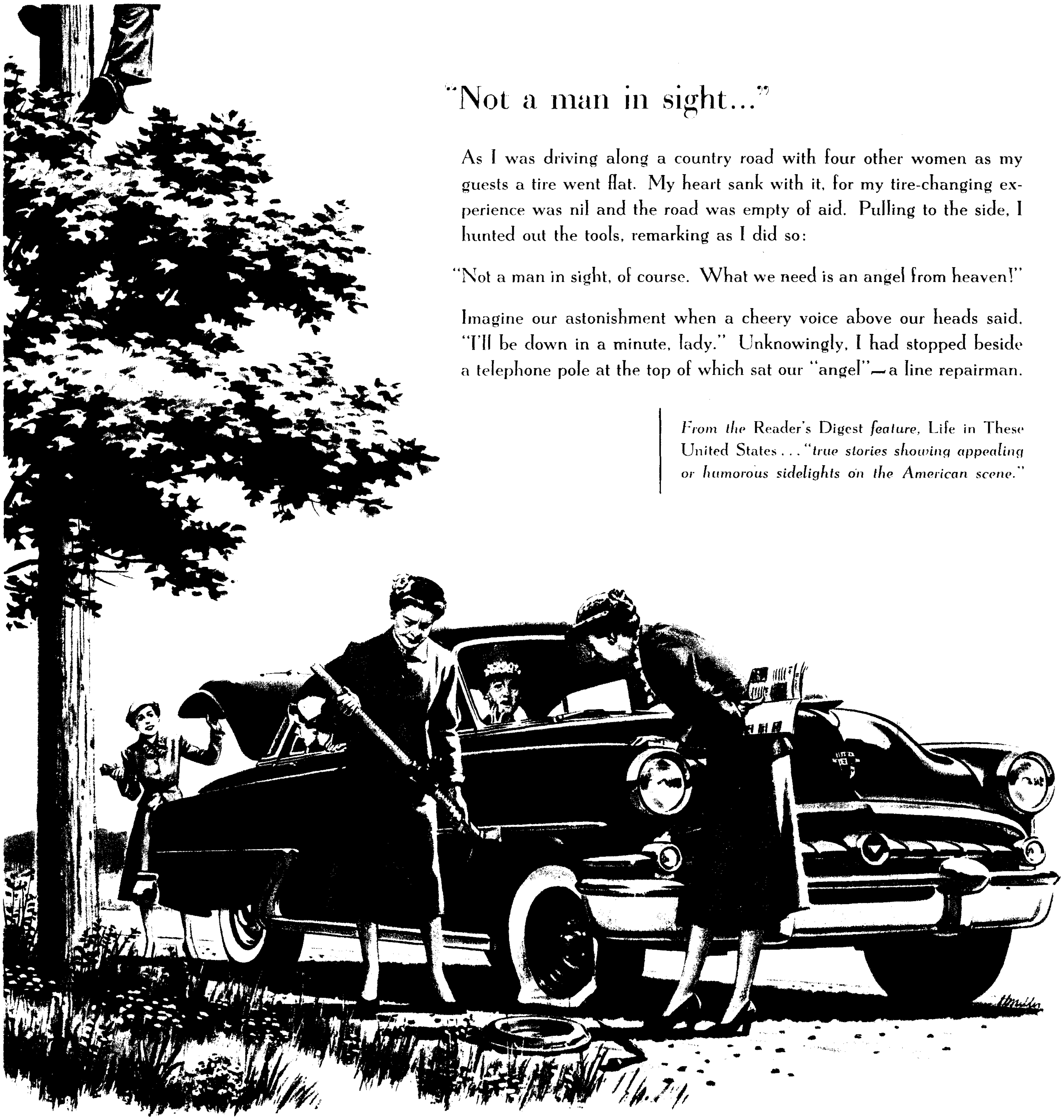

"Not a man in sight..."

As I was driving along a country road with four other women as my guests a tire went flat. My heart sank with it, for my tire-changing experience was nil and the road was empty of aid. Pulling to the side, I hunted out the tools, remarking as I did so:

"Not a man in sight, of course. What we need is an angel from heaven!"

Imagine our astonishment when a cheery voice above our heads said, "I'll be down in a minute, lady." Unknowingly, I had stopped beside a telephone pole at the top of which sat our "angel"—a line repairman.

> *From the* Reader's Digest *feature,* Life in These United States . . . *"true stories showing appealing or humorous sidelights on the American scene."*

A Friend in Need

We got a chuckle out of that little story and we hope you did too. Best thing about it is that it isn't an isolated case.

Many a time each day, telephone men and women go out of their way to help someone in trouble. Their friendly, neighborly spirit is one of the nice things about telephone service.

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Collier's

JUNE 10, 1955

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ARTICLES

WHO ELSE IS LISTENING? . . . . Bernard B. Spindel with Bill Davidson 25
(First of Two Parts)
20 NEW BUDGET VACATIONS . . . . Norman D. Ford 30
THAT FRIEND OF YOUR WIFE'S NAMED DIOR . . . . Richard Donovan 34
AFRICA . . . . Chester Bowles 40
THE NIGHT OF THE HUNTER . . . . Evelyn Harvey 48
HOW CAN THIS MAN HELP YOUR CITY? . . . . Morton M. Hunt 62
THE MATISSE IN THE LENINGRAD ATTIC. . . . . Christopher Carter 74
MOTHER OF EARTHQUAKES. . . . . Joseph Laitin 80

SPECIAL

FROM PLEBE TO PRESIDENT (Ike as His Classmates Remember Him) 92

SHORT STORIES

THE CUB SCOUT WHO DIDN'T (The Short Short Story) . . . . Gertrude Carrick 10
THE BLUE-EYED HORSE . . . . Michael Fessier 52
SERPENT IN THE SUN . . . . Hugh B. Cave 86

SERIAL

MAN OF THE WEST (Second of Three Parts) . . . . Philip Yordan 66

FEATURES

APPOINTMENT WITH O'HARA . . . . John O'Hara 6
COLLIER'S CREDITS. . . . . Jerome Beatty, Jr. 14
48 STATES OF MIND . . . . Walter Davenport 16
LETTERS 18
COLLIER'S COMMENT 98

THE COVER . . Jerry Yulsman

The phone and the gown on the cover symbolize two of the top articles in this issue. The evils of wire-tapping are exposed (starting on page 25) in the first of two parts by expert wiretapper Bernard B. Spindel. The Authentic Dior A Line dress, which was provided by Russeks in New York, stands for Richard Donovan's colorful and enlightening story (page 34) on the life and times of Christian Dior

The characters in all stories and serials in this magazine are purely imaginary. No reference or allusion to any living person is intended.

SUBSCRIPTION DEPARTMENT
204 West High Street, Springfield, Ohio

EDITORIAL and EXECUTIVE OFFICES
640 Fifth Avenue, New York 19, N.Y.

COLLIER'S, Vol. 135, No. 12.

PUBLISHED every other week by The Crowell-Collier Publishing Company, Springfield, Ohio, U.S.A., Publishers of Collier's, Woman's Home Companion, The American Magazine. Executive and Editorial Offices, 640 Fifth Avenue, New York 19, N.Y. Clarence E. Stouch, Chairman of the Board; Paul C. Smith, President; T. L. Brantly, Peter J. Dennerlein, Edward Anthony, E. P. Seymour, John W. McPherrin, Wm. A. Sittig, William A. H. Birnie, Shepard Spink, David R. Cunnison, Vice-Presidents; Denis O'Sullivan, Secretary; E. J. McCaffrey, Treasurer.

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SUBSCRIPTION PRICES: United States and Possessions, also Canada, 1 year (26 issues) $3.50; 2 years (52 issues) $6.00; 3 years (78 issues) $8.00; 4 years (104 issues) $10.00. All other countries, 1 year $7.00. Payments from foreign countries, except Canada, must be in United States funds.

ADDRESS all subscriptions and correspondence to The Crowell-Collier Publishing Company, Springfield, Ohio.

ENTERED as second-class matter at the Post Office, Springfield, Ohio, under Act of March 3, 1879. Authorized as second-class mail, Post Office Department, Ottawa, Canada.

MANUSCRIPTS or art submitted to Collier's should be accompanied by addressed envelopes and return postage. The Publisher assumes no responsibility for return of unsolicited manuscripts or art.

CHANGE OF ADDRESS should reach us five weeks in advance of the next issue date. Give both the old and new addresses.

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Publishers of COLLIER'S, THE AMERICAN MAGAZINE, WOMAN'S HOME COMPANION

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"No, it isn't CANCER..."

Cancer's Seven Warning Signals

1. **Any sore that does not heal.**
2. **A lump or thickening in the breast or elsewhere.**
3. **Unusual bleeding or discharge.**
4. **Any change in a wart or mole.**
5. **Persistent indigestion or difficulty in swallowing.**
6. **Persistent hoarseness or cough.**
7. **Any change in normal bowel habits.**

PEOPLE are beginning to realize that there is much needless worry about cancer. For example, the American Cancer Society reports that at a typical cancer clinic where large numbers of people are examined, *only about one out of every 125 is found to have cancer.*

Because of the advances of medical science, the spirit of hopelessness that once surrounded cancer has been replaced by rising optimism. This is based in part on the increased number of lives now being saved.

In several types of the disease, the cure rates are encouraging. Especially striking has been recent progress against certain cancers in women. A high proportion of cases is now being treated successfully and the death rate from these cancers has been reduced nearly 30 percent since 1940.

Records of the American Cancer Society show that skin cancer . . . when discovered early and treated promptly and properly . . . is curable in 85 percent of the cases.

What developments hold great promise for the future? One thing, is the tremendous increase in basic knowledge of cancer, including new insight into the chemical forces that regulate growth of both normal and cancer cells.

Even more important perhaps are the advances achieved in both diagnosis and treatment. Cancer of certain internal organs, for example, can now be detected by searching under the microscope for cancerous cells that have been cast off into body fluids. This technique yields clues to so-called "silent cancers," or those which have not caused noticeable symptoms. It is in this stage that the disease is often curable.

One great hope of cancer research today is that drugs will be found to cure both localized and widely spread cancer. Already there are chemicals which can slow down . . . and even stop for awhile . . . the growth of some types of cancer cells. The chances of finding other and still more effective anti-cancer drugs seem good.

While the sweeping search of science goes on against cancer, everyone . . . especially those who are middle-aged and older . . . should take these two wise safeguards against this disease:

1. **Learn the seven danger signals** listed here that give early warning of the possibility of cancer. Remember, however, that these signals are not sure signs of the disease. They are, indeed, more often indications of some condition other than cancer for which medical treatment is needed.

2. **Have periodic medical examinations.** These are especially important because nearly 50 percent of all cancers occur in body sites that can be readily examined by the doctor. Should any condition be discovered that is either cancerous or suspected to be precancerous, do not waste time trying methods of treatment not recommended by your physician. Only surgery and radiation offer hope of cure or control.

Cancer still ranks second to heart disease as a cause of death—but cancer is *not* hopeless. Even with today's weapons, we are . . . according to the American Cancer Society . . . saving the lives of 70,000 people each year from cancer. Think then how much promise the future holds when many of today's research objectives will almost surely be reached!

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Most amazing, new milder Fitch is so gentle, it's wonderful for baby's hair! So, if you have only used Fitch when you really wanted to get your hair clean—if you thought it was too harsh and strong to use regularly—listen! New milder Fitch is so gentle, so free of bite and sting, you can use it *every* single time you wash your hair!

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Appointment with O'HARA

By JOHN O'HARA

THE Plaque & Award Season has ended and we are entering the Honorary Degree Season. The latter is, if you'll go along with a gag, a matter of academic interest to me. I have expressed myself on the subject in a scholarly volume which in less than a year's time has become a Rare Book, so I shall not repeat myself here. But I have been giving a great deal of deep thought to Awards, chiefly because Grace Kelly was up for the movie Oscar, and got it. My slightly transcendental admiration for Grace Kelly was solely responsible for any interest I had in the Oscar contest, although my interest was not enough to keep me from going to the circus instead of watching the Oscar show on TV.

I autographed a book for Grace Kelly (yes, *I* autographed something for *her*, if you're still not impressed) and in it I said "to whom all good things should happen," or words very much to that effect. To this extent her Oscar may be a good thing: the Oscar isn't much *if you get it*. (The day after the 1955 awards I asked several nonpro friends to name three winners of the 1954, and nobody could name three.) If an actor or actress has come as close as nomination, and loses out, the Oscar can be a big deal. But I am glad Grace Kelly got it, not only because she was so obviously the right selection, but because she never need worry about *that* again. Her life and her work can be resumed without bothering about the statuette and whatever it may signify to her.

Ethel Barrymore devotes three full columns in Who's Who in the Theatre (11th edition) to the plays she has appeared in and the roles she played, and at the end of her biographical sketch there is this line: ". . . commenced film career, 1914, and has appeared in innumerable pictures." That's all for the movies. When the other Philadelphia girl, Miss Kelly, gets to be seventy-five, she will have had an equally distinguished career, and it will be the movies' own fault if she has no more to say about them than Miss Barrymore has. It's worth mentioning, by the way, that Miss Barrymore omits to mention any awards of any kind either in the Theatre Who's Who or in Who's Who in America.

And speaking of mentions, I am delighted to mention the fact that Ethel Barrymore has published her autobiography, Memories, which I am going to buy tomorrow. I love Ethel Barrymore and I'm not afraid to say it right out in public. (I am a bit more discreet about Grace Kelly, although I'm not sure why.) Upon reading the reviews of Ethel Barrymore's autobiography and John Bainbridge's biography of Greta Garbo I was amused at one major difference between the two lives: on the one hand a great lady who has known everybody, and on the other, a great lady who has kept pretty much to herself—although she goes to parties in New York and often eats at a restaurant that I go to and is not the anchorite of the legend. I don't think anyone would have any trouble deciding who had the fuller life, as woman and as artist.

I can round this out neatly with the reminder that G. G. also got an Oscar when Grace Kelly did. It was Garbo's first Oscar, which may be as much as you need to know about the real significance of the thing. Next year they ought to give one for Attendance.

* * *

GIRLS, COME ON OUT on the porch with Uncle John and have a private talk.

Do Uncle John a favor, and do yourselves a favor. Will you stop wearing moccasins and ballet shoes all the time? While there is yet time? If you look at your mother's legs, and particularly the ankles, you can't help noticing that Ma's gams are better than yours; slim, shapely; and yours, I regret to say, are taking on the contours of Yogi Berra's. I am fond of Yogi Berra, but I refuse to admit that he is pretty or that his legs are decorative. Well, when Ma was your age she occasionally during the summer wore saddle-straps, but for the most part she wore high heels and it's my guess that the low-heel or no-heel shoe worn by so many girls today is to blame for the stout ankles and chunky calves. What's more, if you wear high heels three or four days a week you might get out of that habit of shuffling instead of walking. I want you to look *pretty*.

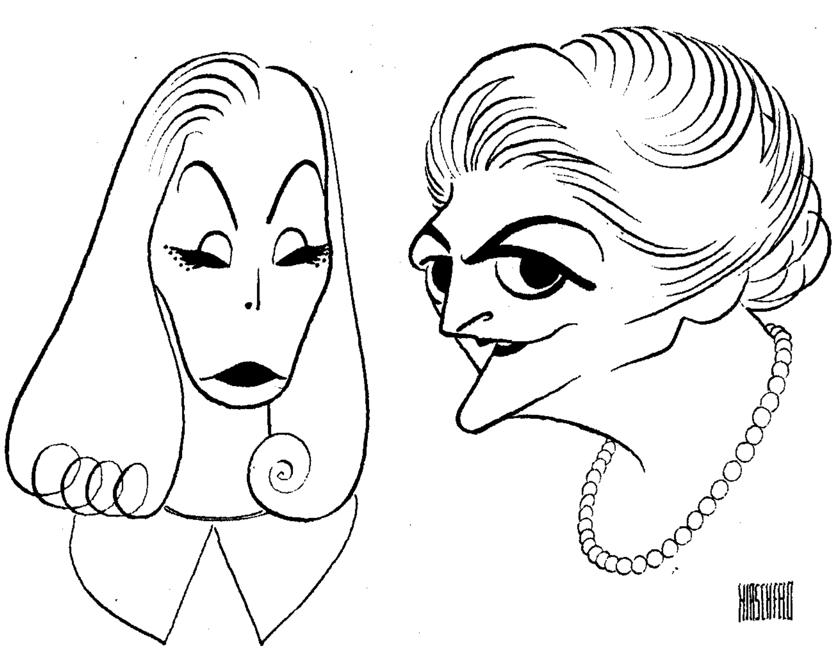
* * *

IF YOU HAVE a good in with the man who sells you your phonograph records, ask him to see if he can get you the Noel Coward recording of Cole Porter's Let's Do It. The song originally came out around 1929 and Coward recently administered his own treatment to the lyric for a private party. Someone with a recording apparatus was present at the party, and the result is highly enjoyable. Highly enjoyable is the kind of comment that would be made at tea at the vicar's, but not for this record. If this record were to be played at a vicar's tea, it'd be the last of the vicar. It's *that* kind of record. But then how many times a year do you break crumpets with a vicar?

* * *

THAT WENZEL. Did you see what he got away with for five years? In 1950, he got two income-tax refunds. In 1951, five refunds. In 1952, fifteen refunds. In 1953,

AL HIRSCHFELD



In reviews of Ethel Barrymore's autobiography and John Bainbridge's biography of Garbo, I was amused at one difference in the two lives

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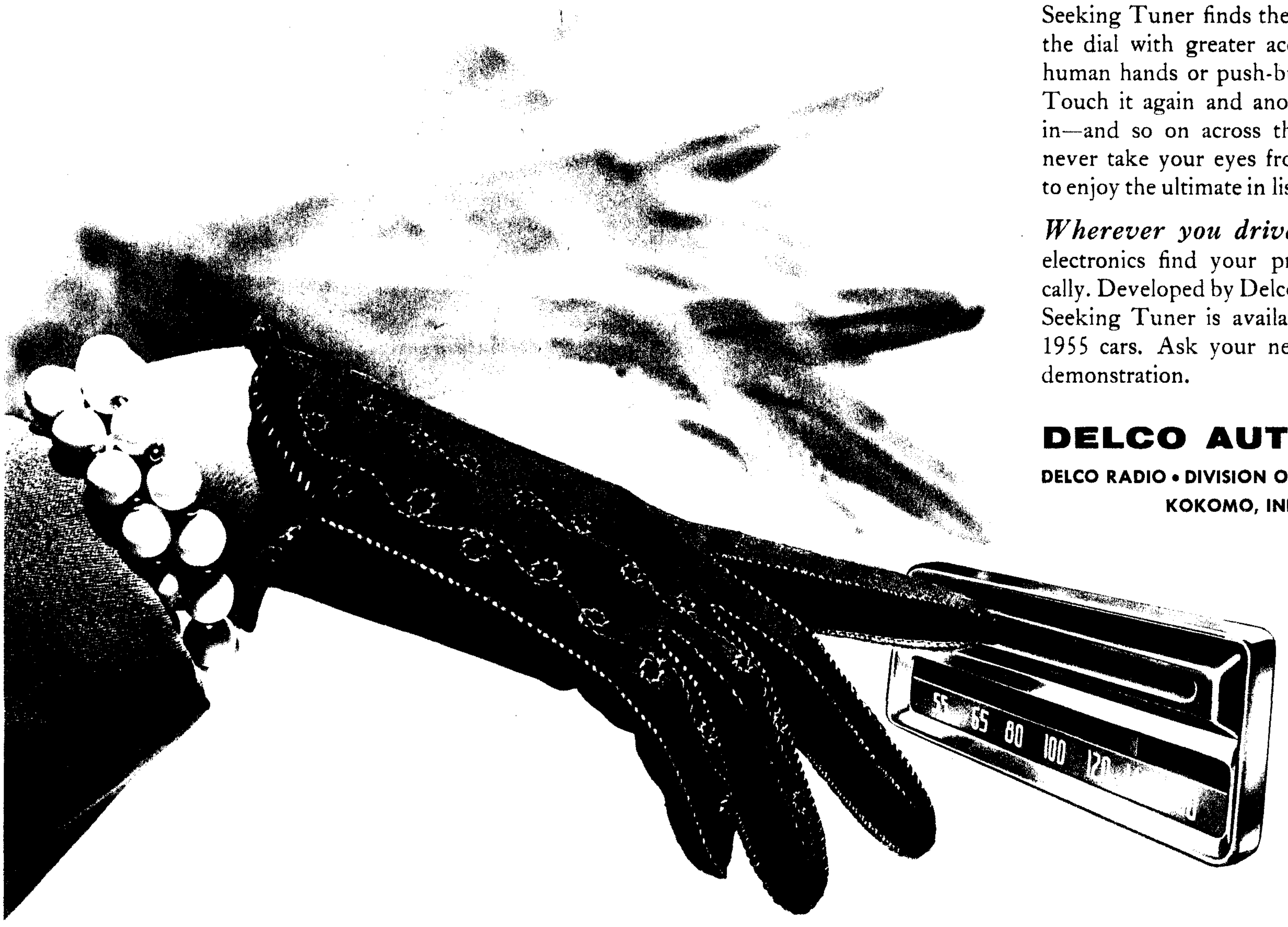

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eighteen refunds. Last year, twenty-three, and so far this year, seven. He pretended he worked for this-or-that corporation, then filed claims for deductions, and kindly old Uncle Sam sent him checks. They caught up with Charlie Wenzel because he wasn't satisfied with one $400 rebate and asked for ten cents more. Then Uncle Sam put his claims through one of those machines, and *click-click!*—the party was over. Oh, that Wenzel.

Now what do you suppose made him stub his toe? Was he greedy for a dime, or was he having fun? My guess is that he decided to kid the government on that extra dime, and then a *machine* found him out.

Wenzel worked it alone out of Hoboken, in contrast with the lads who stuck up a bank in New York and got the biggest cash haul in history. The bank job was a model of efficiency, logistics and psychology. The cops are saying it was an inside job, but even so it was well thought out and executed. No loud noises, nobody shot or slugged, $312,000 picked up, and—at the moment—nobody collared. I am not going to preach a sermon on how it was too bad that such thought and care should be wasted on criminal activity. That's obvious. But I'll tell you what a sermon could be preached on, and that is the general reaction to the stick-up. Nobody seems horrified. A bank was robbed, and most people are rather admiring of the technique. I have heard absolutely no one say he was shocked, or deplored the stick-up, but plenty of people have said it was a slick piece of work.

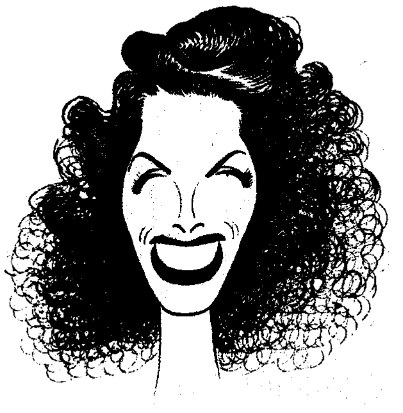
Now you know and I know that the hoods who did the job are criminals. There are no Robin Hood features. Those guys did their planning over a six-month period, they told the bank clerks, and they are not swiping the money to redistribute it among the poor. The money will go for dames, booze and the $20 window at a convenient track. And yet most of us can't help secretly admiring the job as a job, and possibly envying the crooks their fairly easy money. I feel free to admit that for a long time I had an unofficial admiration for the late Gerald Chapman, the mail robber who died at the end of a rope in Connecticut in 1926. He seemed to me to be a dashing figure at a time in my life when I went as far as to make inquiries about joining the French Foreign Legion. Later I learned that Chapman was unworthy of anyone's admiration, and in the course of my professional activities I met a great many hoods, and they're all bums. The businesslike bandits who swiped the $312,000 are bums, too, but they didn't do anyone bodily harm and they made a nice score, so we seem willing to overlook the fact that they were *ready* to squeeze those triggers, and had been getting themselves ready for six months.

Wenzel did not operate with a Luger, and he was playing tricks on the tax bureau, which nobody loves, so we do not classify him as dangerous. But I guess he was just as dangerous as the hoods. He didn't wave a .38 at anyone's nose. What he did do was corrupt our minds, anesthetize our conscience. I know that I ought to be ashamed of myself for laughing at what he did. You ought to be, too.

* * *

IT IS 27 YEARS yet since I come from Pennsylvania over. But in that time I have not lost my Pennsylvania twang and after hearing myself on a kinescope a few weeks ago, I venture to predict that the twang is with me to stay. The Pennsylvania twang is up for discussion here because of a scholarly little statement by Miss Jinx Falkenburg, and because I went to see a musical show called Plain and Fancy. Miss Falkenburg's remarkable utterance was made to her husband on a radio show, the day after they had been to a dinner in Philadelphia. Said she: "Where is that Philadelphia accent? There is no such thing." Well, her finding may be used as proof of the theory that if you speak two languages (Miss Falkenburg speaks Spanish) you never get to know either one. (I've never heard a foreigner speak "flawless" English.) There are four Philadelphia accents that I know of offhand, but all you need to be convinced that there is *one* is to hear a Philadelphian say two words: "Downtown Philadelphia." It is almost impossible to reproduce phonetically, just as it is impossible to reproduce in print the Swedish-American's pronunciation of Minnesota. Schönberg might be able to write it, but Sinclair Lewis couldn't and neither can I. We have only yoost so many ways of expressing vowel sounds.

The musical show Plain and Fancy makes repeated but totally unsuccessful attempts to imitate the Lancaster County Amish speech. The Amish are a small religious sect who have been found quaint in recent years but who will survive the invasions of their privacy. They are good people who have their own way of life and need absolutely no missionary work. The people who put on Plain and Fancy were not trying to do missionary work. Their motive was simple, regulation profit making, and if I may judge by the matinee crowd I saw, they are doing just that. But if you hope to hear an approximation of the way they talk in Lancaster (or Berks, or Dauphin, or Lehigh, or Lebanon, or Schuylkill), save your nep (dough, in Lancaster). As a show it is large, pretty and forgettable. ▲▲▲



Jinx Falkenburg doesn't think there is a Philadelphia accent

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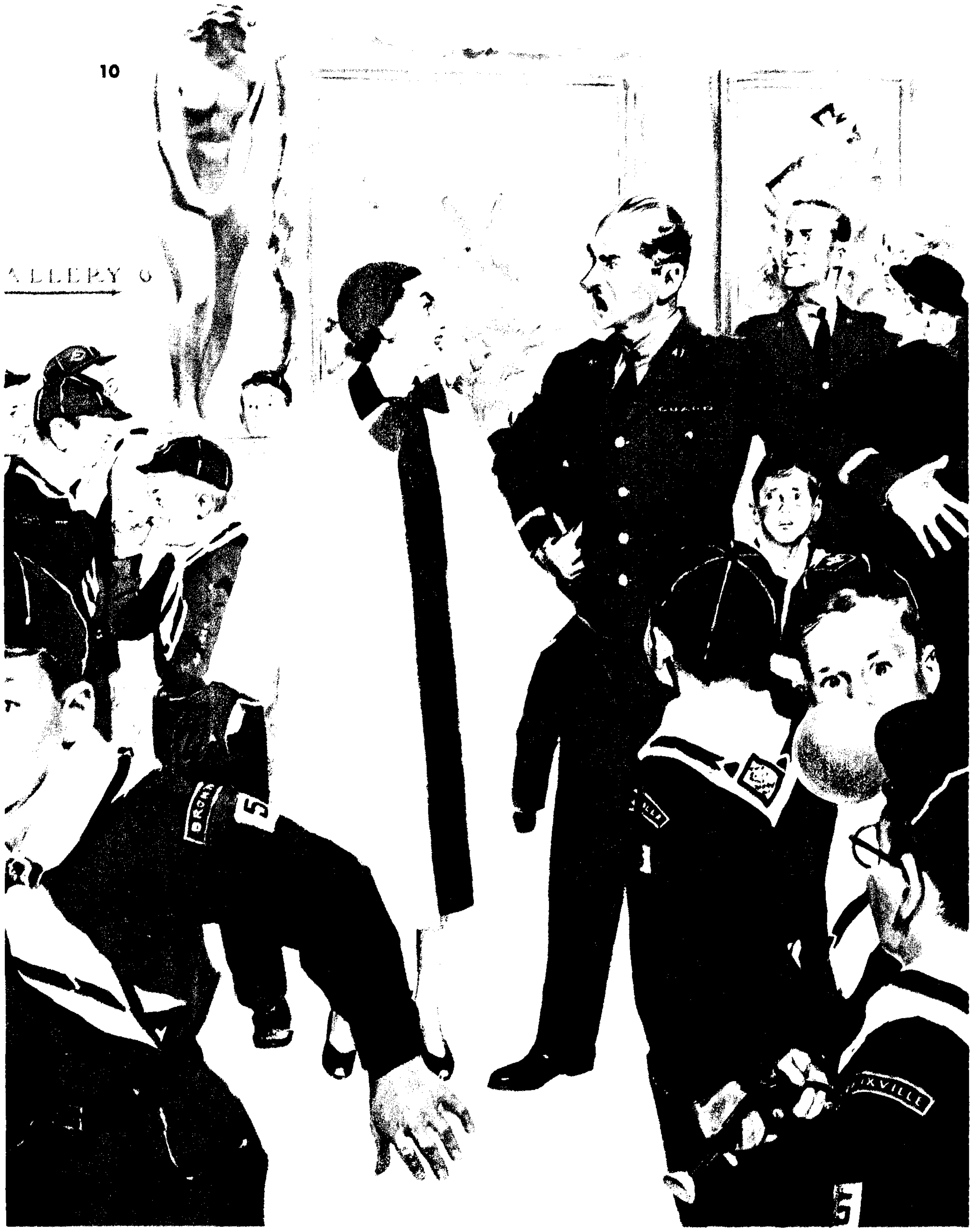

Instantly the museum guards descended upon Den Two, and I thought we'd all be ejected

The Cub Scout Who Didn't

By GERTRUDE CARRICK

ILLUSTRATED BY TRAN MAWICKE

I DO NOT like little boys, especially little boys between the ages of eight and eleven—freshly scrubbed little boys with sparkling eyes, eager little faces and snatching little hands; little boys who pop bubble gum, slurp soft drinks and shout joyously, "Mrs. Garrett, I made a booboo!" Yes, I mean cub scouts.

When I murmured something of the sort to the mayor as he was pinning that medal to my best pink sweater, he cleared his throat and chuckled politely. But I wasn't being funny. My allergy to little boys—notwithstanding the fact that I'm the mother of three—is completely genuine.

For I have been den mother of Den Two, Pack Six Forty of this city for three years—thirty-six months—which is something of a record. Most den mothers last only about three months. And many, after only one meeting, develop distressing nervous ailments that prevent them from continuing.

Many times in the midst of the tumult and the shouting, which is one of my den meetings, a still small voice inside me will inquire, "What are you doing here?" For the truth of the matter is I don't have any of the qualifications possessed by the other den mothers. I'm not a good and indefatigable cook like Mrs. Dawson. I do not have the disposition of an angel like Mrs. Newbury. Nor can I hammer a nail, play a piano or tell the birds from the flowers.

All I have is endurance. And it was because that was beginning to wear thin that all this happened.

You see, all that month we had been making things. In my living room. Seven cubs, two little brothers and two visitors or would-be cubs.

It says in the book that what the boys make should be concocted from scrap material and be useful. For example, you take a ten-gallon milk can, paint it black, punch holes all over it, then fasten on bangles from an old chandelier, and you have an ideal receptacle for storing fly swatters. But I have discovered, long as it takes to assemble such items, it takes even longer to remove the black paint from the ceiling and to dig out the smashed glass from the rug.

After a meeting my throat is so hoarse from screaming, "Jimmy, put down that comic book!" "Bobby, stop splattering paint on Michael," and "Timmy Mathews, you go sit in a corner and fold your hands!" that it is days before I can speak above a whisper.

But what is to me most harrowing of all is that happy triumphant shout, "Mrs. Garrett, I made a booboo!" At that my blood runs cold. It can mean nothing more than the child has pasted a picture upside down. Or it can mean he has just kicked over another can of aluminum paint.

It was after some such incident that I suggested that next time we go visit the art museum. I had forgotten all about the recent small-painting thefts. But the boys hadn't. Immediately they were all set to save the museum guards the trouble of catching the thief. They had a theory that he used a disguise that they alone could detect.

"Oh, nooooo!" I cried, getting a mental picture of them swarming all over the museum yanking at the beards of innocent old men and knocking the hats off dear old ladies. "I want it firmly understood that we are going to the museum to look at the pictures and the statues—not to catch dangerous criminals. Is that clear?"

"Yes, but if while we're looking at the pictures we just happen to catch the robber, that would be all right, wouldn't it?"

"No, it would not," I said firmly. "And I want no peashooters, slingshots or cap pistols brought along on this expedition."

When I called the museum, they told me we could come the following Monday and that they'd announce our coming on their entrance bulletin board, so it was all definite and official. . . .

On the fateful day, the boys all arrived at my house promptly; and in their little blue-and-gold

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uniforms they looked adorable. I reminded them once more about the firearms, they nodded angelically, and off we went.

On the way, they competed to see who could shout loudest, "Crazy woman driver!" at all the cars driven by women. And one cub socked another cub because the first one had socked the second one first—or something like that. And someone else lost a nickel down behind the back seat, and someone else bit someone else's finger for a reason I never did determine. A typical normal trip in a car with seven cubs and, as usual, four extras.

Because of the museum's rule that there must be at least fifteen children in a group, Mrs. Dawson's den went with us. We met them on the museum steps and went in together—twenty of us in all.

NOW the destruction that cubs can cause in a living room is nothing to the destruction they could cause in an art museum, if given a free hand. Immediately I found myself hissing, "Don't touch, Billy," "Don't touch, Timmy," as frequently as in my living room I shout, "Stop that!"

However, I was gratified to notice that Mrs. Dawson was hissing equally as often. Her cubs giggled at the nudes just as hysterically as mine, nudged and jostled one another just as much, and drew from the guards just as many dirty looks. In fact, we hadn't progressed very far before we had behind us a little phalanx of six guards, who followed us from gallery to gallery.

All Mrs. Dawson's cubs were just as obstreperous and ulcer-making as mine, except one. He was so quiet and well behaved that I feared he was sick. But I couldn't watch him as I would have liked to because, naturally, I had to keep my eyes on my own cubs.

It wasn't until we entered the French Room that we had our first crisis. I was admiring a huge Fragonard when suddenly—whango—upon the rounded behind of one of the cherubs there blossomed a rubber-tipped dart. Of course, I had said no peashooters, slingshots or cap pistols. I had said nothing about dart guns.

Instantly all six guards descended upon us; and for a moment there I thought all of Den Two was going to be forcibly ejected from the museum. It was only because of Mrs. Dawson's golden tongue that we weren't. She persuaded the guards to give my boys one more chance.

After that the guards stuck more closely to us than ever, but not close enough, unfortunately, to prevent the disaster that occurred in the west wing. There's a pool there into which grateful museum visitors throw coins. Well, each and every one of my cubs had to teeter on the very edge of it and pretend to grab for the money.

And then—kerplop splash—a cub scout slipped and landed up to his little pink ears right in the middle of the pool. Timmy Mathews. It would be Timmy Mathews.

"We'll have to get him home and into dry clothes right away!" I said as I hauled him out and wrapped my coat around him. "Come on, Den Two, hurry—but don't run!"

Our exit was pretty wild and scampery, but during it I did notice that the unusually well-behaved cub from Mrs. Dawson's den was with us. When we converged at the door, all the other cubs bolted through, but he politely stepped aside and waited for me to go first.

"Does Mrs. Dawson know you're leaving with us?" I asked.

"Yes, she does, Mrs. Garrett. She told me to go now because I'm supposed to meet my dad around the corner in the drugstore at five, and it's almost that now." A very articulate answer for a cub. Mostly when you ask them questions you don't know any more after they've answered than you did before.

He and I walked down the steps of the museum together. He didn't make noises like a jet, jump three steps at a time or tell me any little moron jokes. Nor did he dart ahead to join the other cubs, who were balancing on the low wall by the walk. He walked along beside me, descending one step at a time, sedately and properly—just like a little man.

"Are you feeling all right?" I asked him. "I mean, does your tummy hurt, or your head or anything?"

He looked up at me and smiled. He was prettier than most cubs because his ears didn't stick out and he had no freckles across his little snub nose. Nor were his teeth those enormous brand-new Bugs Bunny ones that so many cubs have.

"Why, no, thank you, I'm feeling fine," he said. "It's just that so much beauty overwhelms me. I think art galleries are very awe-inspiring, don't you, Mrs. Garrett?"

While I was wondering if I could have heard that correctly there came from the museum a noise rather like that of a gigantic alarm clock. My quiet and polite little friend tipped his cub-scout cap at me and scampered off.

"Stop him, boys!" I shouted. "Grab him, don't let him get away!"

Never before or since have they obeyed me with such alacrity. It was just like a cowboy picture on television. In no time at all he was down on the grass with all of Den Two sitting on top of him.

"I got his gun, Mrs. Garrett!" sopping-wet Timmy Mathews shouted at me. "I think it's real, too. Here, catch!"

THAT was when I fainted. When I'd heard the museum's burglar alarm go off, I'd realized that he must be a midget and would therefore have a real gun, but when Timmy Mathews calmly tossed it at me, that was too much. So I never did actually witness Den Two's moment of triumph when they handed the thief over to the museum guards, and one of the guards pulled a rolled-up canvas from his right sleeve. For while we were causing all that commotion with the dart gun and the Fragonard, he had slipped away to a guardless gallery and cut the picture from its frame with a razor.

I don't think you will blame me for making the harsh comments I did to the mayor when you hear what those little boys did to me just before the mayor gave me that medal. They presented me with a gold-embossed parchment from The Boy Scouts of America, signed by President Eisenhower, which says that, because of what I did, I am now to be honorary den mother of Den Two, Pack Six Forty, *for the rest of my living days!* —GERTRUDE CARRICK

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Government geologist Leonard Baker (l.) shows Fault to Laitin

BACK in the early thirties," Joe Laitin informs us, "when I was a cub reporter with the weekly Ridgewood Advocate on Long Island, a brewery blew up three blocks from the office. In those post-repeal days this was a catastrophe that merited public attention, I decided. I chased the fire engines, galloped back to the office and put out an extra. For this enterprise, I was sacked (it costs money to put out an extra), but it did get me started."

Laitin has chased fire engines, figuratively, ever since and has had a correspondent's-eye view of the world from Murder, Inc. to Bikini. His only brush with geology previous to writing the piece in this issue came a few years ago when he climbed Mexico's famous Popocatepetl (accent on the *tep*, no matter how the song goes) fortified with a supply of oranges, bread and tequila. He ran across a geologist and some graduate students from Syracuse University camped on the cold, barren slopes of Popo. Laitin broke bread and oranges with the none-too-comfortable geology majors, who were taking notes on the old volcano. When it came to breaking tequila, the wise professor took Laitin aside: "In the name of science, not the bottle! Hungry students, tequila, this windy mountain, you know . . ." Laitin kept his tequila corked and saved the day.

Joe's San Andreas Fault article will save the day for the geologists, too. Dr. John C. Crowell of UCLA tells us that this issue of Collier's will probably be standard equipment in their knapsacks. Seems the scientists, toting their unusual instruments, are apt to be taken for spies or crackpots. "It hasn't been easy to explain to some irate rancher that we're studying a crack in the earth's surface. Henceforth, we'll just whip out Collier's and show it to 'em!"

* * *

WE CALLED on Bernard B. Spindel, protagonist in Bill Davidson's almost incredible story about the listening-in business. Life in the New York apartment (the address is a secret) of this wiretapper extraordinary is strangely electronic.

The two younger Spindel children —Eliot, three, and Eleanor, sixteen months—think the most fascinating toys are the coils, wires, tubes and stuff like that scattered about the apartment. It's a job to keep them interested in picture books and stuffed animals.

Nancy, nine, and Bonnie, seven, are also learning their father's business. "Once we were working hard on transmitters and recorders that could be hidden on one's person," Spindel recalls, "and we were talking about secreting the microphone in a necktie, a shirt pocket and so forth."

Nancy must have done some listening-in herself on that occasion, her father says, because one day she said to him, "Don't talk to me, Daddy."

"Why not?" he asked.

"My socks are wired."

* * *

NOT long after Chester Bowles arrived in India as our ambassador in 1951, his children were seen riding their bicycles down the street to attend public school in New Delhi. This may not have been the greatest blow ever struck for our side in Asia, but it has come close to it, and it is a good enough clue to the character and philosophy of the man.

Bowles is from an old, old New England family, and has been a newspaperman, advertising executive, rationing official, OPA Administrator, governor of Connecticut, UNESCO delegate and author. His book, Ambassador's Report, was a best seller last year. In October, Harper & Brothers will bring out his Waging the Peace. He has visited most of the non-Communist world and has just returned from Africa. His story on page 40 gives his frank impressions of the future of black and white on the Dark Continent.

* * *

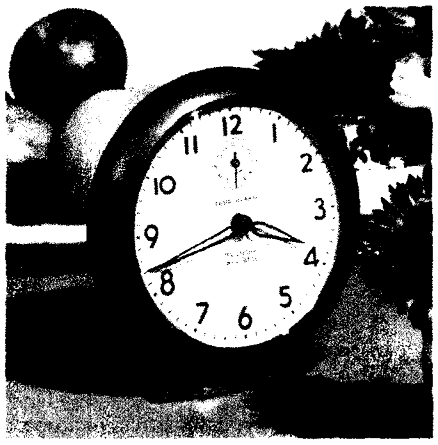
NORMAN FORD, who has written a dozen widely read books on low-cost voyaging, and who compiled our 20 New Budget Vacations, reminisces:

"By ship, bus, train, canoe, horse, burro, bicycle and on foot I've covered most of the globe and almost every part of North America. My favorite mode of land transportation is the bicycle, and I've ridden 75,000 miles that way alone.

"In the last two years I've had haircuts as follows: Florida, 48 cents; Azores, 23 cents; Mexico, 18 cents; Corfu, 15 cents; Ecuador, 12 cents; Bolivia, nine cents; East Berlin, four cents.

"Last summer, in a Bolivian village located 14,500 feet high, an Indian woman—apparently a witch—cast an evil spell over me when I took her photograph. Word got around and that afternoon, when I boarded a bus, all the Indians got out in the belief it certainly would crash. The bus driver told me I could be freed of the spell by another witch for fifty cents, but it would take a half hour. Since the delay would have meant I'd miss my train, I gave him a dollar to drive me alone to the station and then come back and pick up the Indians again. I caught the train, but I guess I'm still under the witch's spell."

While you're off on one of his 20 vacations (we hope), Ford will be on the twenty-first—spell and all: 16 weeks in the South Seas for $850. He's hopping a Tahiti-bound French freighter as it passes through the canal. He's told us all about it. Oh, it's beautiful down there . . . Hey, Norman, wait up! —JEROME BEATTY, JR.



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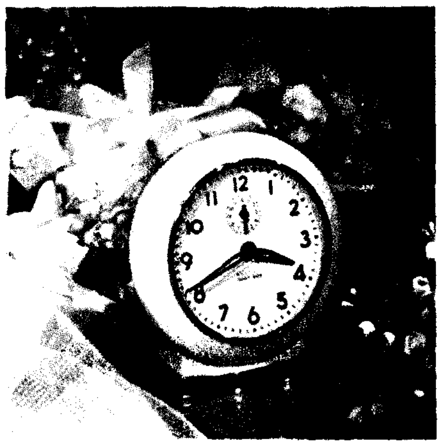
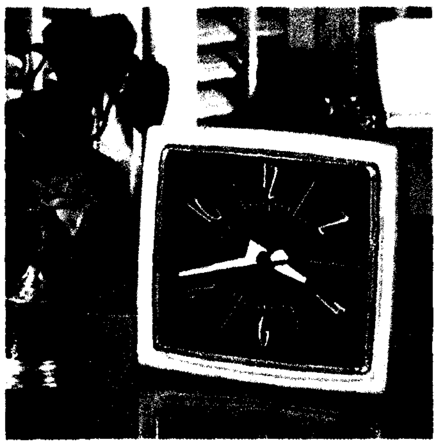
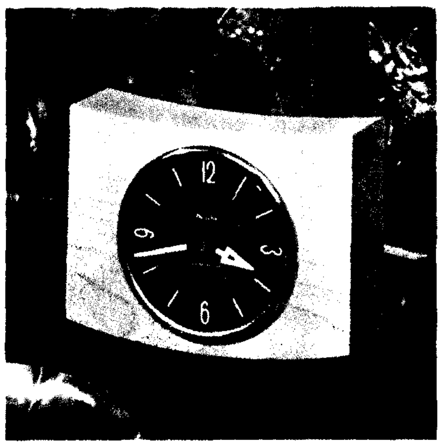


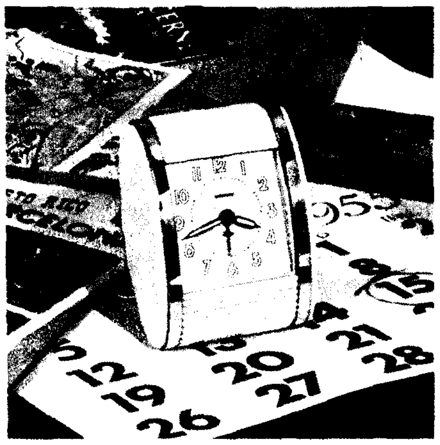
BABY BEN SPRING-DRIVEN ALARM. Has a quiet tick; a steady call, adjustable to loud or soft. Comes in ivory or black finish. $5.95. Luminous dial, $6.95.



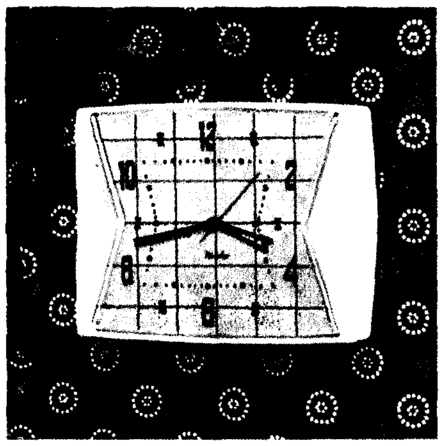
SLEEPMETER ELECTRIC ALARM. Modern case and dial. 4¼" high. Bell alarm. Non-breakable crystal. Sweep second hand. Ivory finish. $5.45. Luminous, $6.45.



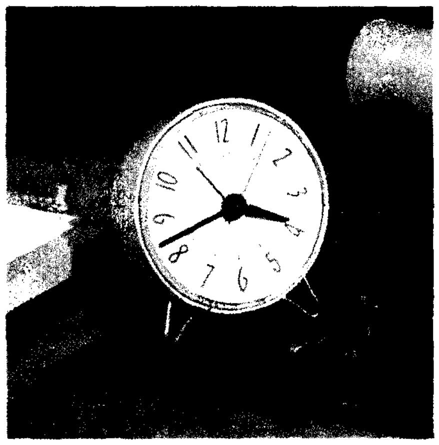
PITTSFIELD ELECTRIC ALARM CLOCK. Modern styling in rich wood case. Blond or mahogany finish. 4½" high. Bell alarm. $7.95. Luminous dial, $8.95.



TRAVALARM SPRING-DRIVEN. You can take it with you. Closes like a clam; tucks into corner of bag. In ivory or walnut finish. Luminous dial, $7.95.



ZEST ELECTRIC WALL CLOCK. Dashing in design and color. Non-breakable crystal. Unique modern dial in red, charcoal or yellow. $6.95.



PIPER ELECTRIC ALARM CLOCK. Brass finish "legs" support streamlined metal case. Only 3½" high. Ivory or saddle brown finish. $3.98. Luminous, $4.98.

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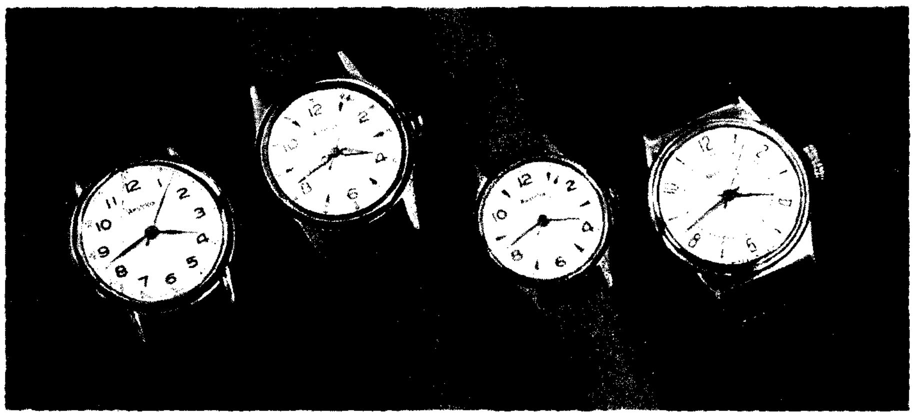

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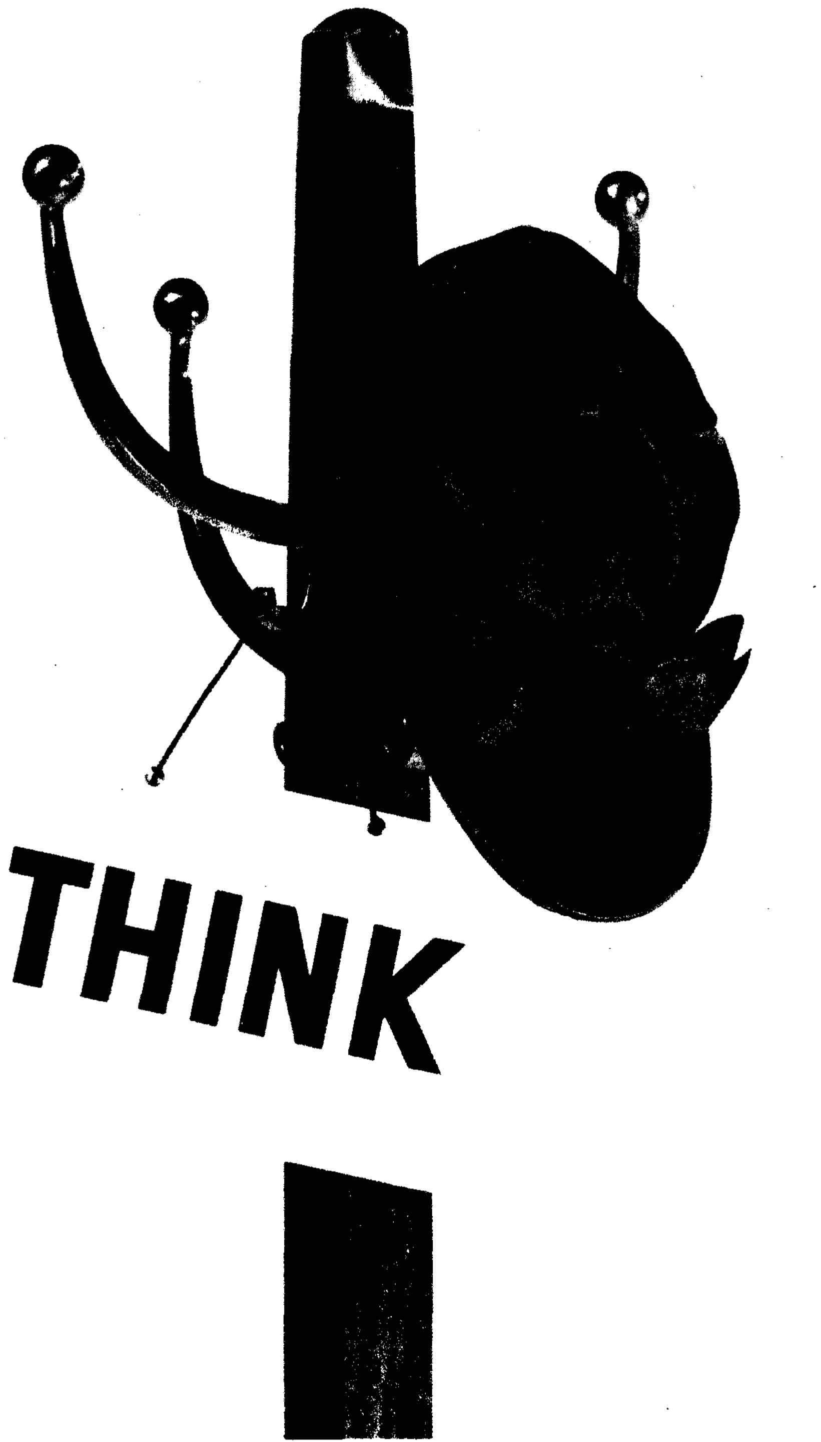

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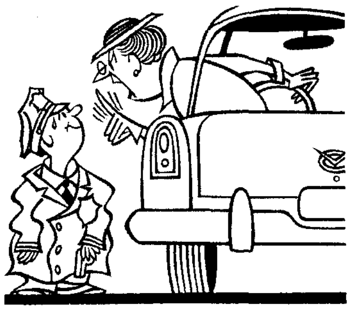
48 STATES OF MIND

By WALTER DAVENPORT

Kind assistance by Mr. S. R. Link enables us to tell you that three bills tending to ease the strain of winning a divorce have been introduced into Maryland's legislature. Neither Mr. Link nor this department would have mentioned the fact if the sponsor of these measures were not the Honorable Mr. Ernest Loveless, Jr.

★ ★ ★

Fortunately Mr. Gil Asher, of the Tulsa (Oklahoma) World, was standing right there. Saw and heard it all. Motorcar made an illegal turn and the young traffic cop gave his whistle a couple of imperious tweets. "What do you mean, scaring me to death like that?" demanded the lady at the wheel. "Good land, I remember you as a little boy in the first grade when I taught at Osage school. Take that frown off your face at once and put that whistle away." Cop squirmed a little, tipped his cap and mumbled something. "The very idea of that brat," she scolded and drove on—without that ticket.



IRWIN CAPLAN

★ ★ ★

We mention this only because you may have been wondering what's been going on at the State College at Ames, Iowa. Researchers there, looking pretty haggard, have come out of their laboratories with the news that the average American male is about five pounds heavier for his height than he was in 1912 and the female five pounds lighter. This information should be tucked away in your Gee Whiz file.

★ ★ ★

From an inside reliable source we learn that there's a TV newscaster in Charleston, West Virginia, who decided at last and after a considerable struggle with himself to buy a set. Reason he had held off so long was that he just couldn't be home when his favorite newscaster was on the air.

★ ★ ★

If that California smog knows what's good for it, it will depart at once and get over to China where it's a natural. Battalions of scientists and deputy scientists have been coming out of the University of California toting clystrons, grid tubes, adioscintillators, frequency flanges, thermoprecipitators, staticthermolecturometers and agitonographs with hypersensitive pickups. Everything, in fact, but the Seventh Fleet. The most determined smog evacuation is under way. One of the smog busters tells us victory would be only a grasp away if they could read the instrument dials in the smog.

★ ★ ★

Thinking it was about time his four children courted a little culture, a gentleman in Bismarck, North Dakota, bought them a piano. He got home that evening and found his kids gazing admiringly at the instrument. What they wanted to know, however, was how you plugged it in. A prominent citizen of Bismarck who recently sent a new piano back to the store is our authority for this.

★ ★ ★

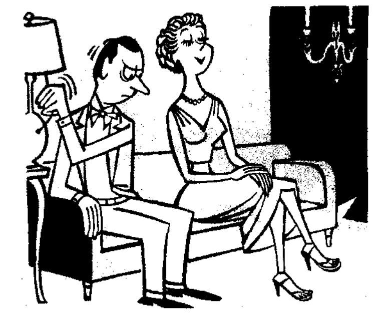
If it isn't one thing for us sway-back taxpayers it's something else. Now the government has to find the dough to buy a new stone outside sill for one of the windows of the Bainbridge, Indiana, post office. For nigh onto thirty years the male citizenry of Bainbridge have been sharpening their pocket knives on that stone sill and it's just about a wafer now. Practically kills hopes of 1956 tax reductions.

★ ★ ★

As everybody knows, we always read our copy of the Congressional Record outdoors. Much safer that way. Not so many valuable things to break as we fly into a destructive rage. Didn't learn much from this latest issue, except that we now know where TV's George Gobel gets his stuff.

★ ★ ★

Silly to get sore about it. Nothing you can do. Everywhere that is anywhere in the U.S. this summer the ladies will be bedizening their toenails with a polish which not only glows brightly in the dark but gives off a sort of visible aura by day. Comes in eight colors—silvery gray, burnt gold, lemon yellow, baby blue, mint green, pale pink, hazy violet and bright white. All shades to match or contrast with your shoes. For this valuable information we're indebted to Mr. Max Riffe, of Pasadena, California, who plans to be in Australia for the next two years.



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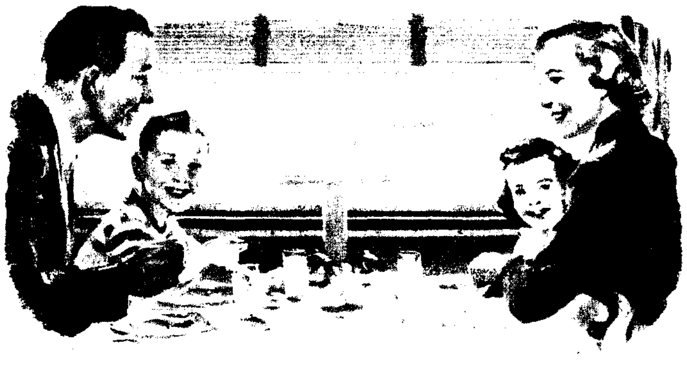

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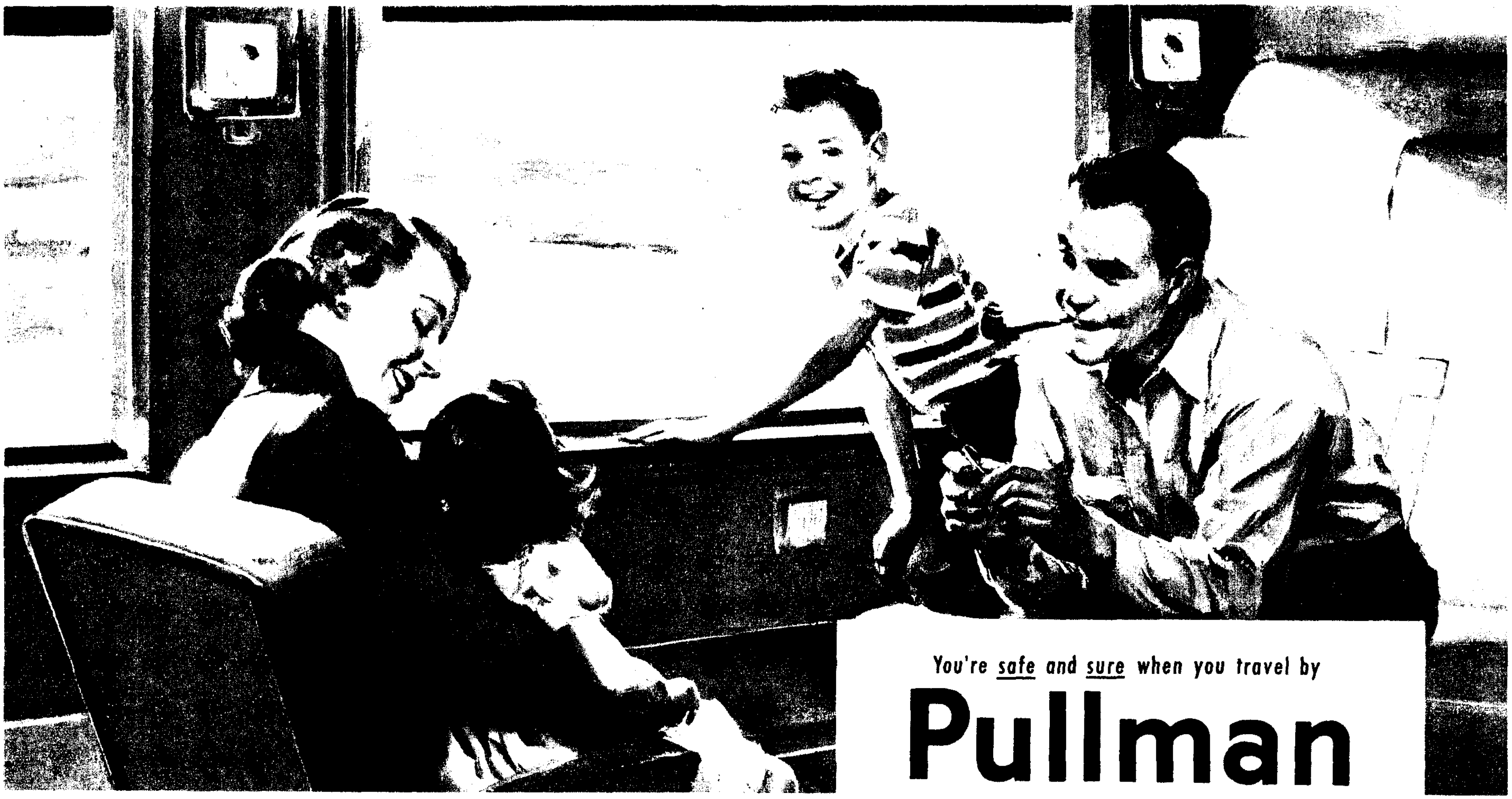
Your local Ticket Agent will help you these 5 ways: 1. Provide information on routes, schedules, Pullman accommodations and fares. **2.** Make your Pullman reservations, going and returning. **3.** Furnish your rail and Pullman tickets. **4.** Assist you in planning stopovers and side-trips. **5.** Have a "rent-a-car" reserved for you at your destination, if you wish.



You're safe and sure when you travel by

Pullman

COSTS LESS THAN YOU THINK

PRESTO-CHANGE-O! Awake refreshened! Watch the beautiful, ever-changing American scene pass before your huge, private Pullman picture window! You're nearing your destination—right on time—and there's a private "rent-a-car" waiting just for you, if you wish!

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A GOOD One
for the Road
Baby Ruth
CANDY...enriched with dextrose
a food energy sugar
CURTiSS
CURTiSS CANDY COMPANY
Otto Schnering, Founder
makers of Butterfinger, Coconut Grove, Caramel Nougat, Dip candy bars, Saf-T-Pops, Fruit Drops and Mints

LETTERS

12¢ Milk

EDITOR: As a member of the House Agriculture Committee and of the Subcommittee on Dairy Products, I was very much interested in your article Milk 12¢ a Quart—Why Not in Your Town? (Apr. 29th). Recently Chairman Tom Abernethy of Mississippi announced that the Dairy Products Subcommittee would start hearings on the same subject matter as that taken up in your article.

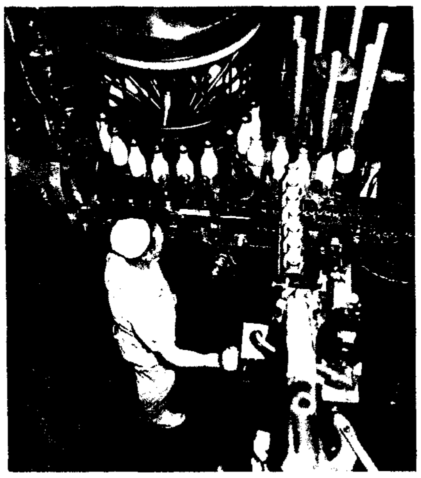
Being from Wisconsin, one of the leading dairy states, I am very much in favor of the publicity given to the dairy problem by your article, and I feel that the time is long overdue for calling the consumers' attention to this matter.

LESTER JOHNSON, House of Representatives, Washington, D.C.

. . . Having been manager of a wholesale dairy for nearly 20 years, I can vouch for many of Bill Davidson's statements and could enumerate others equally ridiculous. It is high time the public demands the elimination of these nefarious practices.

W. T. SPAULDING, Sugarloaf, Pa.

. . . Shame on you for the fantastic title of your story. Why can't retail food stores sell all beef at 30 cents a pound? Mr. Davidson appears to ignore the basic cost entirely. (For 47 quarts this comes to 10.6 to 12.8 cents per quart *at the barn.*) The costs of processing operations (below) and distribution are much more variable. Mr. Davidson's proposal for more uniformity and less waste has much merit. A retail standard price of 20 cents per quart would be something to shoot at. But 12 cents is preposterous—unless, of course, the consumer keeps a cow in his apartment and milks her there . . .



GEORGE D. TAYLOR, Stamford, N.Y.

. . . What has happened to our American spirit of free competitive enterprise?

DONALD KNUTSON, Falls Church, Va.

. . . As someone who has been processing and selling milk for more years than I care to talk about, I admit that milk ordinances and state milk control laws often do result in higher consumer prices. However, so long as there are price supports and similar laws on the books there will not be 12-cent milk. Our producer price is now about 10 cents a quart, so how are we going to sell it for 12 cents? . . .

A. CURTIS GOLDTRAP, President, Acee Pure Milk Co., Fort Smith, Ark.

. . . At present, I am involved in a battle against the very conditions you describe. I am a groceryman in Miami, Florida. In defiance of the regulations of the Florida State Milk Commission, milk was sold in my store at less than the fixed minimum price—27 cents a quart. As a result, the commission obtained an injunction against me, restraining me from buying or selling milk and milk products.

I have been waging a one-man war to get people to sign petitions asking for the abolition of the Milk Commission, which is nothing but a price-fixing agency. I have found consumer response spontaneous and tremendous, but I have run into a "Chinese Wall" of resistance from men in public positions who have the power to remedy the situation. Your article substantiated everything I have said and points out additional evils of which I was not aware . . .

OTIS W. SHIVER, Miami, Fla.

Ike Fishing

EDITOR: Ike's Fishing Secrets (Apr. 15th) is a darn' good article . . .

W. M. MCNABB, Lebanon, Mo.

. . . Here's another recipe for cooking brook trout. Clean trout, cut off heads, roll fish in a beaten-egg batter, then in crushed cracker crumbs. Sprinkle with pepper and salt, roll again in batter and cracker crumbs, then drop in very hot fat (butter and fresh bacon fat—equal parts) and cook quickly on both sides until cracker crumbs brown nicely. Care must be taken not to cook too long; time depends on the size of the trout.

D. A. HYDE, Rutland, Vt.

. . . You report the sign in President Eisenhower's Rocky Mountain fishing retreat reads: "Before you louse something up—THIMK." There's a sign like that here in Brownsville, in addition to another slogan: "So the world can do it with you—SNILE."

FOREST A. JONES, M/SGT., Brownsville, Tex.

Mental Hospitals

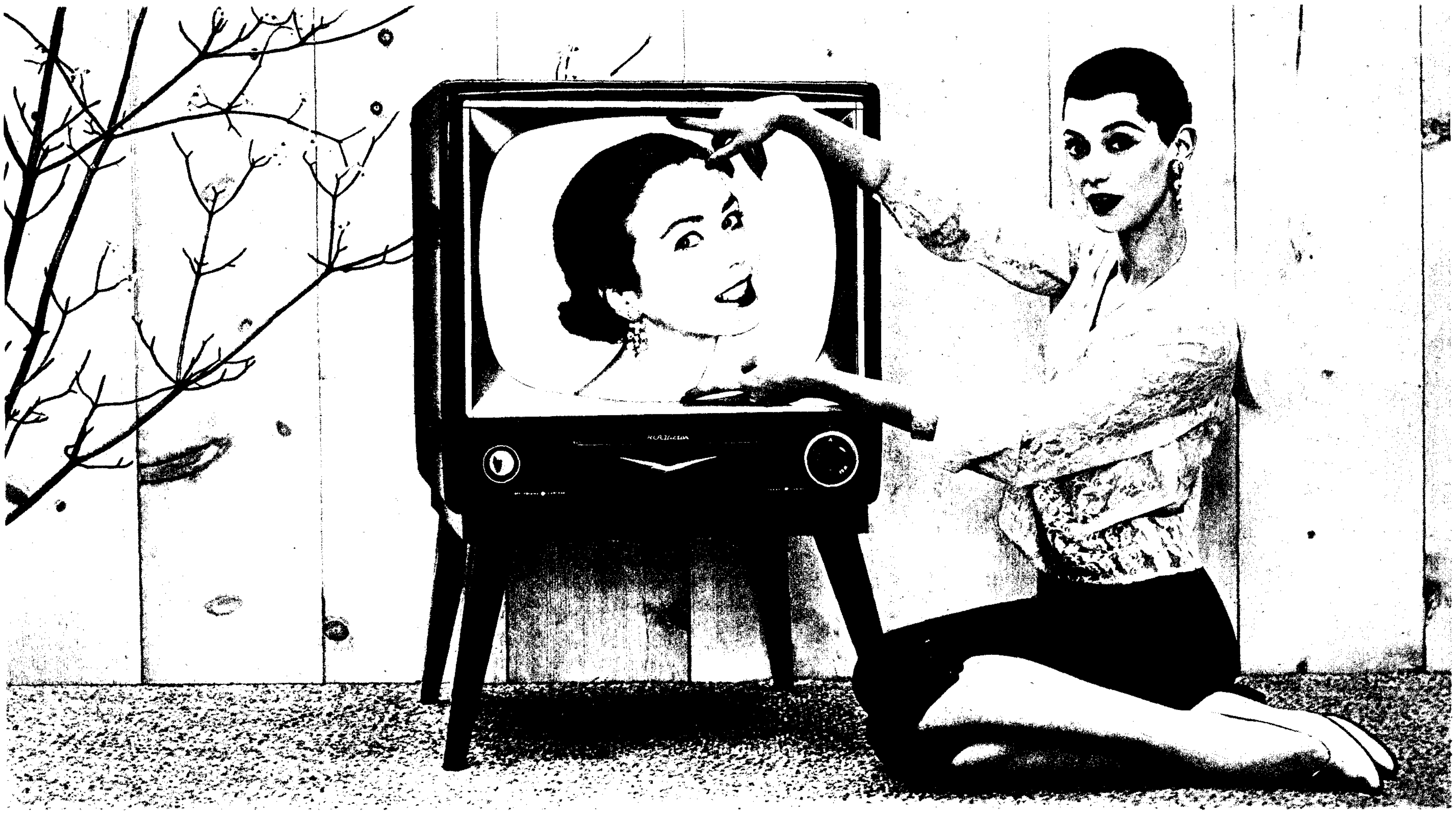
EDITOR: Albert Deutsch's incisive statement, The Problem of Our Mental Hospitals (Apr. 15th), hardly touched upon the most glaring fault of the system in America—the prison aspects of all of these institutions. To lock up a sick person, unless violent or criminal, is gross injustice. No greater reform than unlocking the doors of these hospitals could be launched.

REV. THOMAS F. OPIE, D.D., President, Outside Aid for Patients in Mental Hospitals, Great Barrington, Mass.

. . . Although I am not in psychiatry, let me point out that this matter of bringing a patient into court to be adjudged as of "unsound mind" has many facets. Some patients are hurt

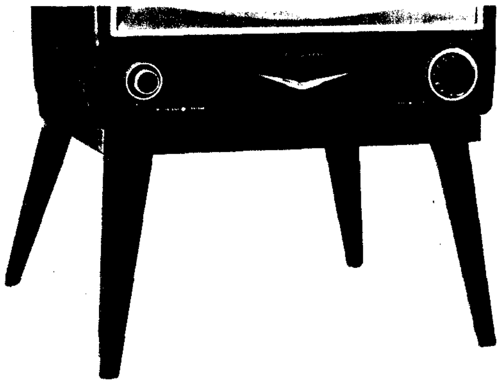
GREAT NEW SPRING SPECIAL AT YOUR RCA VICTOR DEALER'S!

FREE CUSTOM-STYLED STAND WITH THIS $199.95 RCA VICTOR OVERSIZE 21-INCH TV!



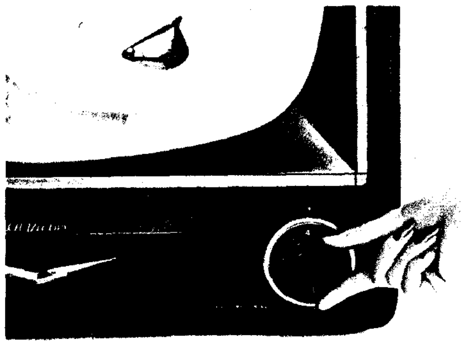
Big, big picture! Big, big value! Give your home (and your family) a big Spring "lift" with the handsome new RCA Victor *Dorrance*. You get TV with the biggest picture in 21-inch television—plus a *free* custom-styled stand—both for the low price of the set itself!

The *Dorrance* brings you advances like the new "Magic Monitor" chassis for TV's finest reception and rich, realistic "Golden Throat" Fidelity Sound. See these and other exciting new RCA Victor Spring Specials now at your dealer's. Above, the *Dorrance*. Model 21S510. In sleek ebony finish, $199.95. In rich maroon finish, Model 21S511, $209.95. (Matching stand included while the supply lasts.)



Free $14.95 matching stand is yours with these new table models. Low and stylish, the stands blend perfectly with any decor.

You get the famous "All-Clear" Picture! *Aluminized* to give you 212% greater picture contrast—it's the brightest and clearest picture in television!



New-design tuning dial is 59% more readable! King-size channel numbers slant up to meet your eyes. TV's easiest tuning!

PLEASE NOTE: RCA Factory Service is available in most TV areas, but only to RCA Victor TV owners. Ask your dealer. Suggested VHF list prices shown, subject to change. Slightly higher in far West and South. UHF optional, extra. Don't forget to see NBC-TV's spectacular "Producers' Showcase" in RCA Compatible Color or black-and-white, Monday, May 30. Other Mondays, see Sid Caesar, NBC-TV.

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Tmks.® RADIO CORPORATION OF AMERICA
"HIS MASTER'S VOICE"

EVERY YEAR MORE PEOPLE BUY RCA VICTOR THAN ANY OTHER TELEVISION

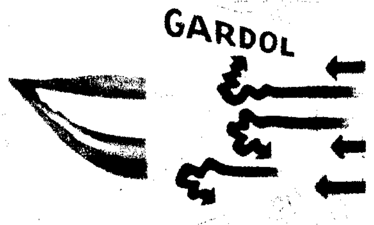
I BRUSH MY TEETH ONCE A DAY!
I BRUSH MY TEETH TWICE A DAY!
I BRUSH MY TEETH 3 TIMES A DAY!

EVEN IF YOU BRUSH YOUR TEETH ONLY ONCE A DAY

Colgate Dental Cream Gives The Surest Protection All Day Long!

Brushing For Brushing, It's The Surest Protection Ever Offered By Any Toothpaste! Because Only Colgate Dental Cream —Of All Leading Toothpastes—Contains Gardol*

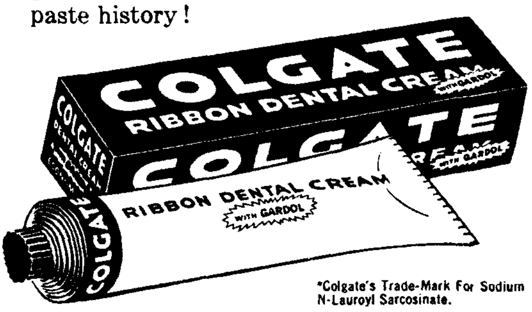
To Guard Against Tooth Decay Longer—Stop Bad Breath Instantly!



Gardol, Colgate's wonderful new decay-fighter, forms an invisible shield around your teeth. You can't feel it, taste it, or see it—but Gardol's protection won't rinse off or wear off all day. That's why Colgate Dental Cream with Gardol fights tooth decay 12 hours or more!

ASK YOUR DENTIST HOW OFTEN YOU SHOULD BRUSH YOUR TEETH!

But remember! Even if you brush only once a day, Colgate Dental Cream gives the *surest* protection all day long! Stops bad breath *instantly* in 7 out of 10 cases that originate in the mouth! Fights tooth decay 12 hours or more! In fact, clinical tests showed the greatest reduction in tooth decay in toothpaste history!



*Colgate's Trade-Mark For Sodium N-Lauroyl Sarcosinate.

Every Time You Use It...New Colgate Dental Cream CLEANS YOUR BREATH WHILE IT GUARDS YOUR TEETH!

by the publicity they receive in court procedures, but this experience is minimal compared with the trauma which brought them there in the first place. The period of time spent in jail is really not as serious to the patient as it appears. How different, except for size, is the hospital with its barred windows?

Most mental hospitals are operated by a handful of doctors who labor at a Herculean task. Mr. Deutsch would have a different attitude if he had the responsibility of treating a group of closed-ward patients.

The idea of voluntary admission is played up too much. If a patient is disturbed, his lack of insight makes him unable to see the need for applying to a mental hospital.

The scandal is not that patients are kept too long in the hospitals. It is that doctors are saddled with the problem of what to do with apparently well patients whom they cannot release because relatives will not accept them . . .

Lewis Silver, M.D., Chicago, Ill.

. . . Thanks a million for exposing this serious problem. Keep up the good work.

M. Careum, San Francisco, Cal.

. . . Albert Deutsch is mistaken when he states that Nebraska has adopted by statute the National Institute of Mental Health's model act governing commitment and release of mental patients. Quite the contrary, Nebraska statutes are in sad need of revision. Nebraska now would permit commitment of a mentally ill person who is defined as someone suffering from "any mental illness whatsoever." Dangerous to liberty? We think so.

Roger V. Dickeson, Lincoln, Nebr.

Collier's slip-up. Utah and Idaho are the two states that have adopted the model act.

Boom in Burrs

Editor: The limits to which the new field described in Tricks with Tumbleweed (Apr. 15th) can expand are boundless. Now, if you can find something comparable for grass burrs, you will create a business that will make several million Texans richer than Croesus. I can ship as much as ten billion tons of mixed tumbleweeds (Russian thistle—not Red, though, because they came over before the revolution), grass burrs and fresh-blown-in New Mexico topsoil anywhere in the world on two weeks' notice. It won't cost me anything except the price of a screen to trap it as it blows past.

Fred Fisher, Lubbock, Tex.

The Whole Truth

Editor: Congratulations for your courageous Comment on the new censorship (The Right to Know, Apr. 29th). Such words of sanity will help awaken the minuteman in every American to a threat no less dangerous to free men today than George III's redcoats were 180 years ago. The Red threat of 1955 will not be defeated by men in harness. We *must* be free to know the truth—the whole truth.

PFC Robert H. Monell, Skokie, Ill.

. . . I don't know when I have read anything so stupid. Just because a work has stood the test of time doesn't mean it has nothing immoral in it. Legitimate censorship by qualified persons is the medicine we need for our spiritual lives. It does not take away our freedom—unless you would believe that men are free to sin . . .

Edwin J. Racht, St. Louis, Mo.

. . . By far the most frank and important piece of literature I have read in a national publication in recent years . . .

Mrs. Aura Greenberg,
Kingston, N.Y.

. . . Censorship of obscenity in the mails does not rob the Christian of freedom; on the contrary it makes him free . . . Andrew J. Ravalletta,
Springfield, Ill.

. . . As an example of muddleheaded thinking, your editorial is a real classic. You try to equate the very reasonable laws under which our Post Office Department declines to aid the dissemination of filth with something you label "censorship." We fathers and mothers know that there is good and evil; that some things are right and others wrong; and we are heartily in favor of suppressing and even censoring evil, wrong and vicious things. We do not see why the Post Office Department should graciously transport Mr. Levinson's copy of a 2,300-year-old piece of pornography.

You show a remarkable lack of realism when you say, "Freedom came to America because some men dared to assume that ordinary people had in them the innate stuff to be noble in their own right—the ability to discern . . ." If you think the intellectual capacity to discern the cheap from the worth while, the trash from the classic, falsehood from truth is *innate,* then you have a lot to learn . . .

Charles M. Smith, Galveston, Tex.

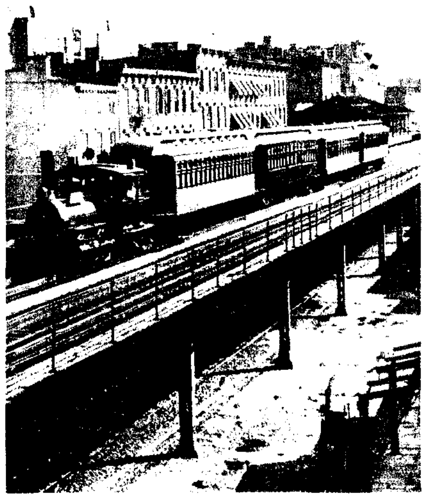
. . . No editorial in recent times has been so significant for democracy and freedom. Christianity and the democracy to which it gave birth certainly have nothing to fear from truth. Christ Himself recognized that some would inevitably make a choice contrary to their best interests, but He had faith that, given the truth, the many would always choose wisely . . .

Rev. Maxie C. Collins, Jr.,
Ridgeway, S.C.

Choo-choo Trains

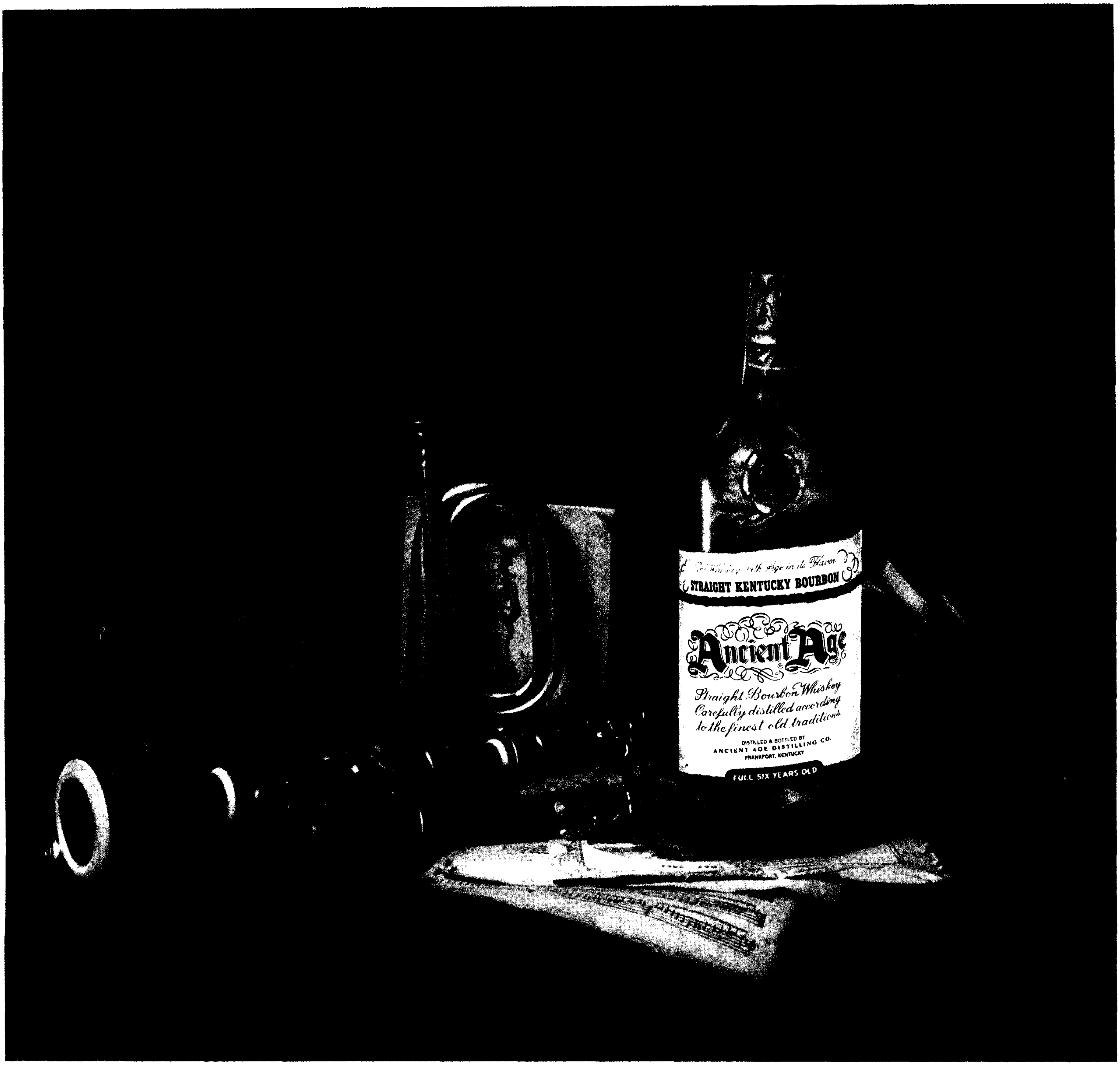
Editor: Peter Spier's sketches in Farewell to the El (Apr. 15th) are excellent. But how many people—even in New York—know that 60 years ago trains on the el were pulled by steam locomotives? Can you dig out some old pictures of them?

John H. Schaefer, M.D.,
Los Angeles, Cal.



The el—steam-driven

Original and genuine... Ancient Age



STRAIGHT KENTUCKY BOURBON
Ancient Age
Straight Bourbon Whiskey
Carefully distilled according to the finest old traditions
DISTILLED & BOTTLED BY
ANCIENT AGE DISTILLING CO.
FRANKFORT, KENTUCKY
FULL SIX YEARS OLD

"OLD FAVORITES"...one of a series of photographic representations after the *trompe l'oeil* school of art, from the Ancient Age collection. For a copy of this subject suitable for framing, without any advertising or illustration of bottle, send 25¢ in stamps or coins to Dept. "C," Ancient Age Distilling Co., Frankfort, Kentucky

If you can find a better whiskey...buy it!

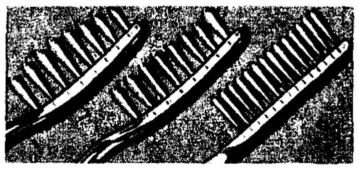
86 PROOF • ANCIENT AGE DISTILLING CO., FRANKFORT, KY.

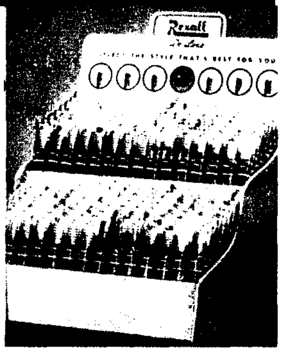
REXALL DRUG STORES
★★ JUNE ★★
EXTRA

NEW PRODUCTS,

Pick Your Favorite from This Big Assortment

Rexall De Luxe Toothbrushes in 6 Medically-Approved Styles





What style toothbrush do you prefer? Choose a Rexall De Luxe...and you'll choose from a big assortment of 6 medically-approved styles with long-lasting "Hyzon" bristles, 2 with natural bristles. Pick the style you like best from the handy dispenser in your Rexall store.

Each, Only 59¢

BUSY MEN PRAISE STAG'S NEW PUSH-BUTTON HAIR TONIC

Stag
Ready Groom
CREAM
HAIR TONIC

Stag Ready-Groom Hair Tonic eliminates the vigorous "shake before using" required by other cream hair tonics. It comes in a push-button Aerosol container—just one quick shake, press the button, and it foams into your hand ready for instant use. You're assured of quick, smooth grooming—lanolin helps condition the hair, and helps remove loose dandruff.

5 oz., Only $1.25

New Fly-Charmer Kills Pests Fast; No Effort, No Odor

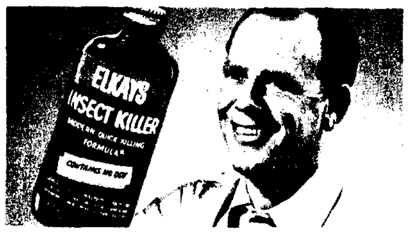
Ends Menace of Disease-Carrying Flies

Elkays Fly-Charmer is a new, effortless way to kill pesky house flies—no more hunting them down with a fly swatter or with smelly, greasy sprays. Simply set up Fly-Charmer anywhere. It contains an amazing chemical discovery that flies can't resist, yet is odorless to humans! The complete Fly-Charmer package contains the dispenser and a bottle of solution.

Both Only $1.98

New Non-DDT Insecticide Safer, Kills Bugs Quickly

New Elkays Non-DDT Liquid Insecticide is a modern formula that assures quick knockdown and sure kill. A



Grade AA Formula by government standards, it effectively controls flies, mosquitoes, ants, several types of roaches, waterbugs, centipedes, silverfish, gnats, bedbugs and clothes moths. Contains no DDT, so is safer than older formulas. Effective, yet economical, too.

Big pint bottle, Only 69¢

★ LATE BARGAIN BULLETINS ★

Picnic Jug,	Cut 40¢! Cape Cod ½-gal. jug keeps liquids hot or cold, is thoroughly insulated with Fiberglas. Humorous "Frolic" design. Regular $2.19, now	$1.79
Picnic Cooler,	Cape Cod, cut 76¢! Keeps foods hot or liquids cold. A fine ice bucket. 1-gallon size. Attractive design. Regular $3.95, now just....	$3.19
Ladies' Swim Kap,	Cut 39¢! A top quality aviator-style cap made of molded rubber. A regular 98¢ seller, now, during June, only........	59¢
"Sports Duo" Watches,	Specially-priced! With separate bands for wrist and belt. Shock-resistant, anti-magnetic. Now...........	$6.88
Billfolds,	Cut $1.81. Styles and colors for men and ladies. All genuine leather, individually boxed. Men's have pass case. $3.50 values, now only.........	$1.69
Adrienne Hair Brush,	Reduced $1.51! Popular professional-style brush with long-lasting Nylon bristles. $2.50 value, now just......	99¢
Flash Camera Outfit,	Save $3.46. Ansco Shur-Flash camera with flash unit, 4 bulbs, 3 rolls of film. $9.45 value, now only........	$5.99
Stationery,	Choose linen-finish paper or envelopes in white or pastels. Regular 25¢ packs 50 sheets or 30 envelopes, now, during June only....	21¢
Nylon Hosiery,	Spuntex deluxe sheer 60 ga., 15 den., reg. $1.39, now 3 prs. $3.19 or $1.09 pr. Sheer 51 ga., 15 den., reg. $1.29, now 3 prs. $2.89, or pr.	99¢
Folding Syringe,	Defender brand, made of Latex. Holds 2 quarts, folds flat. Regularly $2.25. Buy now, during June, for only.............	$1.59

Ringworm Sufferers Praise New Rexall FUNGI-REX LOTION

New Formula is Safe, Easy to Apply, Less Irritating

FUNGI
REX
LOTION

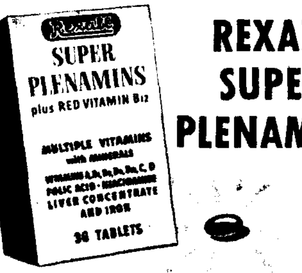
New Rexall Fungi-Rex Lotion is a modern formula in easy-to-apply liquid form. Far less irritating to the skin, it effectively treats simple ringworm infections of the most tender body parts.

2 oz. 79¢

★ ★ ★ ★ NATION'S LONG-TIME SUMMER FAVORITES FEATURED AT

YOU WANT PLENTY OF PEP FOR FUN AND PLAY—IN SUMMER MORE THAN EVER

REXALL SUPER PLENAMINS



36-day supply Only $2.59

Summer heat and activities make extra demands on your energy. That's why you may need Super Plenamins *now* more than ever—to supplement your diet, restore your lost vitality. One tablet daily supplies more than your minimum requirement of *all* vitamins with known minimums—plus other important vitamins and 12 valuable minerals. Get yours today!
10-Week Supply of 72 tablets, **$4.79**
Economy-Size Bottle of 144, **$7.95**

Freshen Breath

REXALL Mi-31 ANTISEPTIC

Mi 31
Solution
ANTISEPTIC

Rexall's famous amber-color mouthwash, breath-deodorant, gargle and multi-purpose antiseptic. Instantly kills contacted germs when used full strength.

Full pint Only 79¢

None Faster-Acting—At Any Price

REXALL ASPIRIN

100 TABLETS
Rexall
PURETEST
ASPIRIN
U.S.P.

No finer, faster-acting aspirin made—at any price! And every tablet is guaranteed to contain five full grains of aspirin—so you're assured fast, effective relief from headaches, colds, other minor aches and pains.

Bottle of 100 Only 54¢

EAT TOO MUCH?

REXALL PABIZOL

Gives speedy, effective relief from simple diarrhea and stomach upsets caused by too much food or drink. Soothes minor irritation of the digestive tract and stomach. Pleasant-tasting peppermint flavor.

4-oz. bottle, Only 55¢

Taking a Trip?

REXALL MOTION SICKNESS TABLETS

Rexall
MOTION SICKNESS
TABLETS

Contain no narcotics, yet effectively prevent that queasy feeling that spoils the fun of so many trips. Prevent motion sickness in cars and planes, on boats, busses and trains.

Box of 12 Only 89¢

FOR CUTS AND SCRATCHES

REXALL SKIN ANTISEPTIC

Rexall
SKIN
ANTISEPTIC

A highly effective first aid dressing for minor cuts and small scratches. Goes to work quickly to kill many bacteria—protects, so helps promote healing.

1-oz. bottle, Only 33¢

Sunburn Itch?

REXALL AEROSOL SUNBURN CREAM

Rexall
AEROSOL
sunburn
cream

Finger-tip action releases gentle foam that swiftly soothes pain; forms protective film that prolongs relief from itching, irritation.

5 oz. $1.49

Rexall drug products are guaranteed to give satisfaction or your money back

NEW VALUES AT REXALL!

Bathing Beauties, Sportsmen Hail Rexall Eyelo For Speedy Eye Relief

Rexall's famous Eyelo eyewash bathes away dust, soothes eyes irritated by sun, wind, smog, reading or watching TV. Enjoy a refreshing, soothing Eyelo eye bath several times a day. Get two bottles—one to carry; one for home. Free unbreakable plastic eye cup. Big ½-pint Eyelo, only.......69¢

4-Oz. Bottle **39¢**

REVEALS SECRET OF LOSING UP TO 5 POUNDS A WEEK

Ann Delafield Reducing Plan for Women

Complete plan in her big beauty book; with vitamins, appetite-reducing wafers for 30 days.

Complete $6.95 Refill $5.95

Delafield Reducing Plan for Men

Complete plan—instruction book with menus and 10-day supply of diet-protecting vitamins, appetite-reducing wafers.

Complete $3.50 Refill $2.50

BEAUTY TIPS by Cara Nome

After-Bath Luxury

CARA NOME DUSTING POWDER

Here's a smooth-textured powder so pure it's recommended for even baby's tender skin. Its fine white talc base makes it extra-absorbent, always cooling.

5½ oz. $1.50

★ ★ ★

Conceal Skin Blemishes

NEW CARA NOME "PAT-A-WAY" STICK

It hides shadows, circles and lines, too. Just touch it on and pat them away.

4 shades, each $1.50

★ ★ ★

Beauty in a Drop!

NEW CARA NOME LIQUID BLUSH

This liquid rouge comes in three flattering shades.

¼ oz. $1.10

★ ★ ★

Stay Fresh All Day

CARA NOME DEODORANT CREAM

A delicately-scented anti-perspirant that keeps you dainty and fresh from bath to bath. It applies very smoothly and is quick-vanishing, so leaves no sticky film and will not stain even the finest fabrics.

1 oz. 60¢

★ ★ ★

Soft Curls from the First Day

CARA NOME NATURAL CURL HOME PERMANENT

You won't have to suffer with "friz"—Neutralock Neutralizer assures a natural look right away! Choose from 5 types: for Normal, Dyed or Bleached, Gray-to-White, or children's hair—or the new Pin Curl Permanent.

5 types, each $1.50

★ ★ ★

It's so easy to stay lovely on care-free summer days—when you discover these Cara Nome favorites: New **Perma-Creme Lipstick** that stays *on*, stays *moist*—exciting new shades, just $1.10 each...and **Liquid Cleansing Cream,** a new deep cleanser in a 6-oz. plastic squeeze-bottle, only $1.50! You'll love the new **Liquid Foundation**—just $1.25 ...and you'll find the **Deodorant Spray** so neat and easy-to-use, so long-lasting—3 oz., only **$1.10.** And don't forget hair in beauty care! Alluring hair color is as vital as lipstick. Cara Nome's **Color Shampoo** takes only minutes, yet lasts for months! Choice of 12 shades, $1.25 each. And Cara Nome's **Natural Curl Spray Hair Net** (with lots of lanolin!) keeps curls under control, lustrous and picture-perfect—5 oz., just $1.25.

Double Your Money Back

If You Don't Agree CARA NOME SUNTAN LOTION is the Best You've Ever Used

This amazing lotion is the answer to your big summer problem—for it lets you tan without torture! It contains the newest development in sun screening agents—combined with special ingredients to protect your skin from burn, yet allow tanning rays to filter through, give you a golden hue!

It is a non-drying, greaseless formula that will positively not stain your bathing suit or sun clothes! Apply it before sunning to protect—and after to keep your skin soft and smooth. Try Cara Nome Suntan Lotion *now*—you'll find it the *best protection you ever had* from sun, snow or wind!

Large bottle, just $1.00

"CHECK THESE VALUES," REXALL DRUGGISTS ADVISE

Rexall Anapac for Hay Fever Miseries. Aspirin, phenacetin and caffeine plus antihistamine for quick relief. 15........**49¢**

Rexall Biokets for Simple Sore Throat. Anesthetic, antibiotic troches. 15....**69¢**

Rexall Glycerin Suppositories for constipation. Adult or Infant. 12........**43¢**

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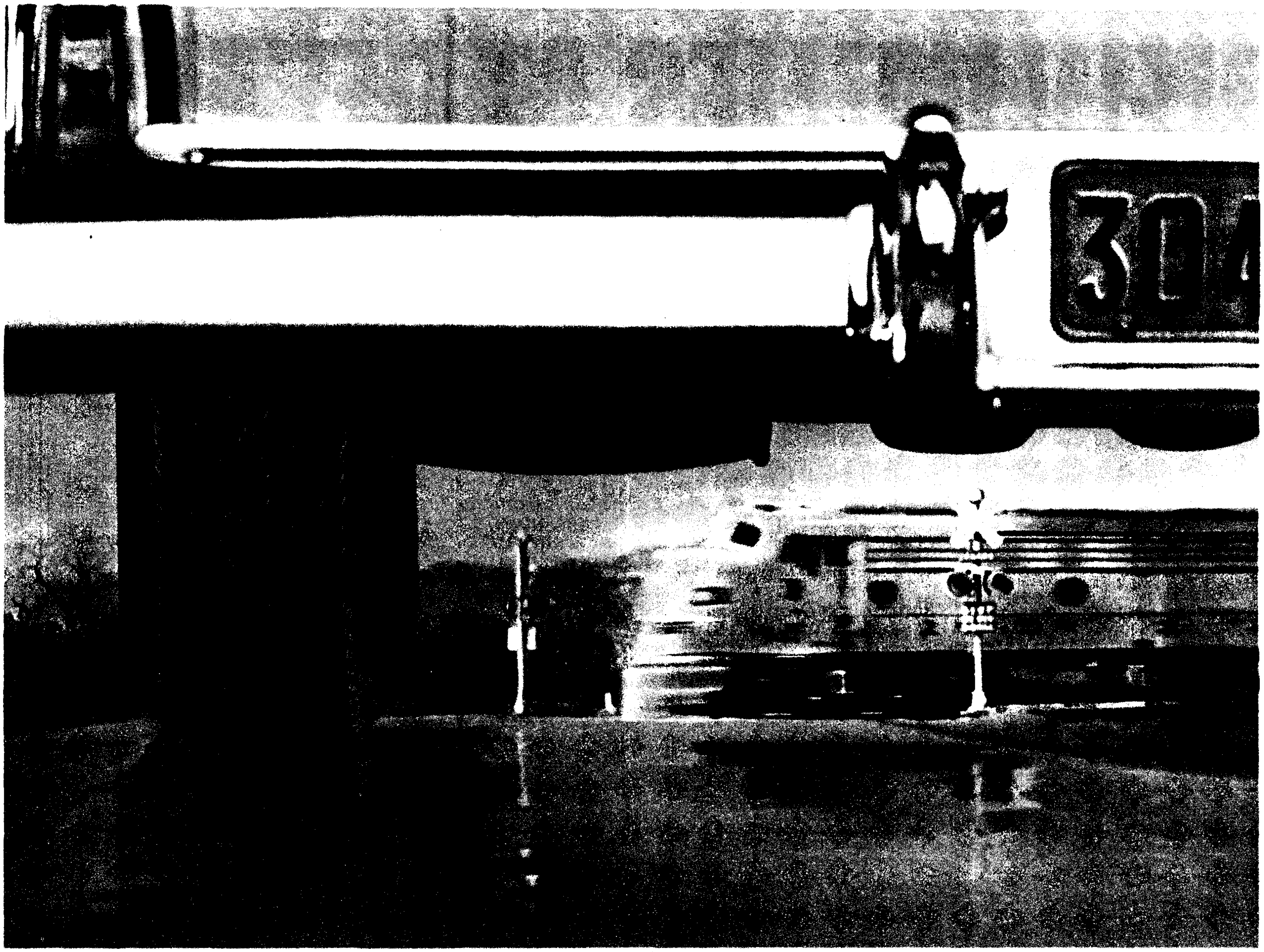

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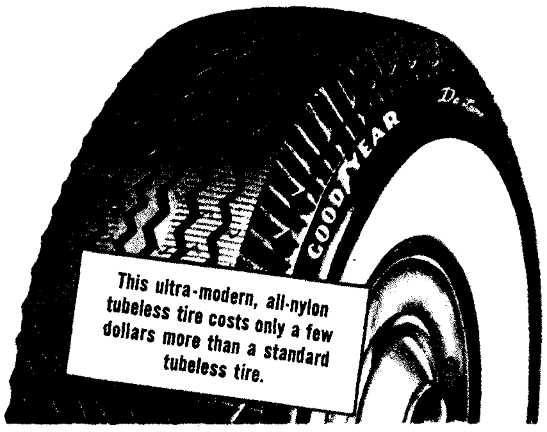

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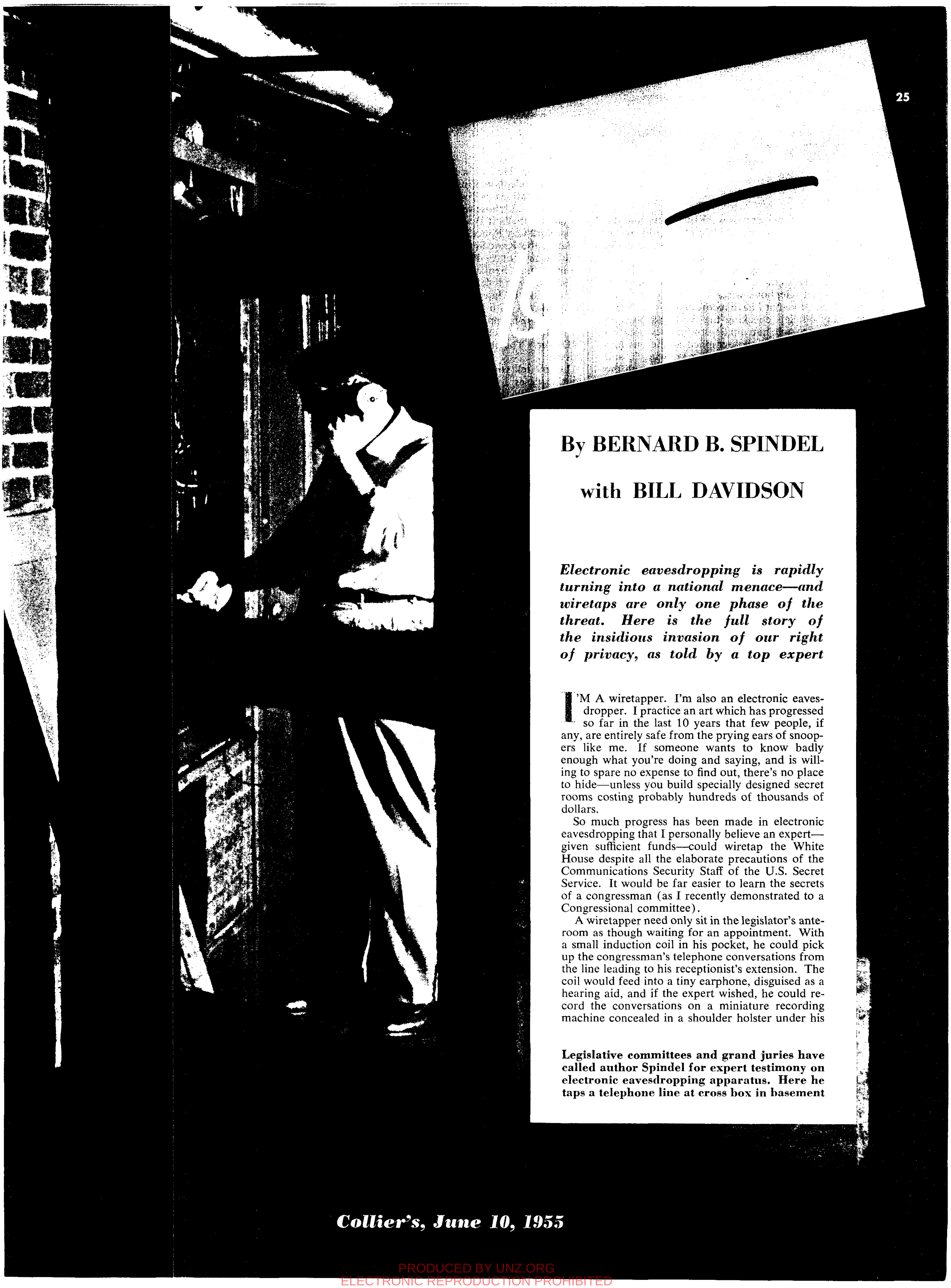


By BERNARD B. SPINDEL

with BILL DAVIDSON

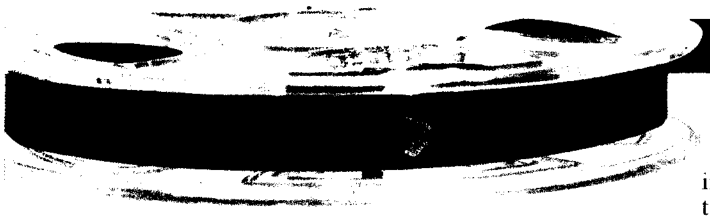
Electronic eavesdropping is rapidly turning into a national menace—and wiretaps are only one phase of the threat. Here is the full story of the insidious invasion of our right of privacy, as told by a top expert

I'M A wiretapper. I'm also an electronic eavesdropper. I practice an art which has progressed so far in the last 10 years that few people, if any, are entirely safe from the prying ears of snoopers like me. If someone wants to know badly enough what you're doing and saying, and is willing to spare no expense to find out, there's no place to hide—unless you build specially designed secret rooms costing probably hundreds of thousands of dollars.

So much progress has been made in electronic eavesdropping that I personally believe an expert—given sufficient funds—could wiretap the White House despite all the elaborate precautions of the Communications Security Staff of the U.S. Secret Service. It would be far easier to learn the secrets of a congressman (as I recently demonstrated to a Congressional committee).

A wiretapper need only sit in the legislator's anteroom as though waiting for an appointment. With a small induction coil in his pocket, he could pick up the congressman's telephone conversations from the line leading to his receptionist's extension. The coil would feed into a tiny earphone, disguised as a hearing aid, and if the expert wished, he could record the conversations on a miniature recording machine concealed in a shoulder holster under his

Legislative committees and grand juries have called author Spindel for expert testimony on electronic eavesdropping apparatus. Here he taps a telephone line at cross box in basement



"THERE ARE SO MANY LOOPHOLES IN THE LAW THAT ELECTRONI

jacket. If the congressman were suspicious and did not reveal anything on his office phone, the expert could follow him to a pay phone. There he could use a more powerful induction-coil device to listen to and record the congressman's conversation.

I have used all these devices—and many more. I have tapped telephone wires with new techniques so undetectable that I have recordings of telephone-company officials checking the lines and phoning the tappee to tell him that tests had revealed no interception. I have photographed adulterous lovers in total darkness without their knowing it, and recorded every word of their conversation with the aid of tiny radio transmitters the size of a pack of cigarettes. I have penetrated electronically a fortresslike trysting place so heavily guarded that it would have taken a company of infantry to break in. Using hidden microphones, I have helped save union leaders from murder and business officials from fraud and blackmail.

Abuses of Electronic Eavesdropping

But I'm not proud of my achievements in electronic eavesdropping. I've seen too many people injured without a fair trial, too many abuses of these new techniques by unscrupulous police and a small handful of corrupt telephone-company employees. (The professional honesty of the vast majority of telephone workers has never been questioned.) I've seen the technical advances which make possible a wholesale invasion of the right of privacy of American citizens as guaranteed in Article IV of the Bill of Rights of the Constitution. Although I limit my business to legal wiretaps (if I wanted to take illegal jobs, I could earn upwards of $200,000 a year), there are so many loopholes in the law that electronic listening devices can be dangerous weapons in *anyone's* hands. They can go off at any time to wreck innocent lives.

Who am I to speak out on such a complicated constitutional subject? I have been a private detective (licensed), and I am one of the country's dozen-or-so wiretap technicians (no license required) who are hired by other private detectives to do their electronic snooping. I have designed some of the equipment in use today. I've testified as an expert witness before Congressional committees, state legislative bodies and grand juries. I have told them that stringent safeguards must be written into the wiretapping and eavesdropping laws—even if it means legislating me out of business. I have used cases from my own files to show how power-hungry officials could make this country a nightmare super police state such as that visualized by George Orwell in his book, 1984. Already some government officials are spying electronically on subordinates, some businesses are spying on competing firms, some unions are spying on rival unions, and anyone can have a peep-show view of anyone else's life.

If these statements sound fantastic and unnecessarily alarming, just consult your daily newspaper. Only a few weeks ago the press carried page-one stories about a New York City wire-tapping ring that set up elaborate listening posts in two East Side apartments to monitor the telephones of assorted business firms and individuals. Two telephone-company technicians—since discharged—were accused of making certain technical adjustments in a nearby telephone exchange building to enable the listening posts to eavesdrop on any of the 56,000 lines served by the building. A cable capable of carrying up to 100 calls simultaneously led from one of the apartments to the telephone building. The ring operated for a year and a half before a police raid forced it to cease operations.

Indicted as mastermind of the setup was John G. (Steve) Broady, a New York attorney and private investigator. He was accused specifically of having tapped 14 telephones in the names of eight persons and corporations on four different exchanges. The indictment said those whose phones were monitored included Ethelbert Warfield, former law partner of New York City Police Commissioner Francis W. H. Adams; the Knoedler Art Galleries; the pharmaceutical firm of E. R. Squibb & Sons; the wife of an investment banker involved in divorce proceedings, and two models. Broady had had a previous brush with the law over wiretapping. In 1949 he was indicted with two other private investigators on charges of tapping the telephones of New York City officials, including the then mayor, William O'Dwyer. The indictment subsequently was dismissed.

Let me tell you, too, about some of the 70 or so routine cases I handle every year. All point up the ease with which someone can eavesdrop electronically on you without your knowledge.

Not long ago, I was called in on an Alabama case involving the president of a metal products company. The executive's wife suspected he was philandering, but she had not been able to get proof. My first move was to install a wiretap on her phone. (In 32 states, it's legal to tap your own phone.) The tap was easy. The executive and his wife lived in a big house in the suburbs. Posing as a telephone repairman, I climbed a pole outside their house and noted the identifying number of the pair of wires leading to their telephone. The wires fed into a cable containing the wires of many other telephones in the neighborhood.

I followed the cable to an "appearance," or bridging point, three miles away. There the cable joined several others. I found the executive's telephone wires again and hooked to them another pair of wires leading to a room I had rented nearby. I could sit there in comfort and record every conversation on the executive's line.

The very first night the pattern became clear. The executive phoned a young woman he called Mary Ellen and arranged to meet her the next evening in his office. His wife told me that he often stayed at his office until ten or eleven at night.

I checked the office; it was a veritable fortress protected by a private alarm service and three heavy oak doors which were locked and bolted at night. Also, according to the wife, the executive had spent thousands of dollars to make his office microphone-proof—on the pretext that his competitors might try to plant bugs, as we call hidden microphones, to learn his trade secrets (a practice which is legal in most states).

Baiting a Trap for an Erring Husband

I decided to use a Trojan-horse ruse. I told the wife to buy her husband a combination radio, television set, phonograph and bar for his office. The handsome piece of furniture cost $650, and I had a use for it. Among my eavesdropping gadgets is a miniature transmitter, only slightly larger than a book of matches. It has a built-in microphone and sends its signals over conventional electric power lines. I concealed the transmitter in the speaker of the radio. The moment the executive plugged his handsome new gift into the electric outlet, I could hear every word spoken in his office. I listened through a receiver plugged into an electric outlet in a vacant store which I had rented a block away.

My signal was drowned out when the executive played the set, but fortunately there were times when he was interested in other activities. In two weeks, I obtained three good recordings containing evidence of adultery—and more besides. The husband bragged to his girl friend about assets he had concealed from his wife. "Take this check I'm making out for you," he said to Mary Ellen. "It's drawn on a California bank and my wife doesn't even dream that I have an account there." Not only did the wife get her divorce, but in a quick settlement out of court she also got a share of money and property she didn't even know existed.

If you think such electronic eavesdropping occurs only in big cities, let me tell you what happened in 1949 in a small Midwestern town. I was called in by a hardware jobber who handled expensive tools and dies. He had suspected that his partner was cheating him, and a study of the books one weekend revealed that $40,000 worth of material was missing. I was hired to find out what was going on.

I installed a wiretap at the hardwareman's switchboard and listened in at a "plant" (listening post) in the basement of an empty building four blocks away. Again I got the key evidence the first day.

The partner's telephone calls revealed that he was shipping the missing goods to a secret warehouse, then selling some of them on his own and storing the rest so as to have an adequate stock to start an independent business. He was planning to break up the partnership.

Parabolic Microphone on a Truck

But we still didn't know the location of the secret warehouse and who was receiving the stolen goods—so I reached deeper into the bag of electronic tricks. One day I drove up to my client's establishment in a truck bearing a fake name, "Bates Sound Service," and parked across the street. In the truck was a gadget mounted on a tripod and aimed through an opening covered with thin black muslin. The device was my own version of the parabolic microphone, a sensitive, dish-shaped "ear" which radio and TV stations use to pick up the voices of cheerleaders hundreds of feet away across a crowded football stadium.

I knew from the wiretaps that during the morning the wayward partner would often say he was going out for coffee, but usually he would meet a man in a car in front of the hardware company. On this particular day, he left the building precisely at 10:30 A.M. and got into the waiting car. It was warm and the car windows were open. The partner pulled out a sheaf of papers and began to talk to the driver. In my truck across the street, I aimed the concealed parabolic microphone at an open window of the car, and began to record the conversation. It came over as clearly as though the two men were talking in the same room with me—and the dialogue was interrupted briefly only when passing trucks drove across my line of sight. The partner was discussing bills of sale for his illicit side business. The driver of the car was his deliveryman. In 15 minutes I learned the location of the warehouse and the names of most of the customers for the stolen goods.

Two days later my client and I called in the partner and informed him that we knew what he was up to. I recounted the details. "You're a liar," he shouted. "Okay," said my client, "then let's listen to some recordings." The wayward partner listened and turned pale. "I don't want to send you and your friends to jail," said my client. "All I want is an amicable settlement of the partnership." Two weeks later the partnership was dissolved. Not only did the larcenous partner have to pay for all the stolen merchandise—but *he* paid me my $3,000 fee.

A recent case of what might be called political intelligence provides another example of my techniques. I was hired by a private organization to try to get information about a group in New York called the National Renaissance party, which the House Committee on Un-American Activities has cited as a Fascist organization. A contact who had managed to become a member of the party had arranged for an important meeting to be held one night in his uptown apartment. He sneaked me into his apartment the day of the meeting and in a few minutes I converted a telephone into a live microphone which picked up every sound in the room, even when the phone was on the hook. Using spare telephone lines, I then connected the bugged tele-

PHOTOGRAPHS FOR COLLIER'S BY VICTOR JORGENSEN

LISTENING DEVICES CAN BE DANGEROUS IN ANYONE'S HANDS. THEY CAN...WRECK INNOCENT LIVES"

phone to a tape recorder disguised as a piece of luggage. I hid the recorder under the tenant's bed, among half a dozen other suitcases.

The meeting took place that night as scheduled, and we obtained some amazing recordings. One speaker extolled the late Adolf Hitler as a great man. "Hitler made one mistake which led to his downfall," the speaker said, "and we must avoid that mistake—concentrating on too many objectives at once." In the course of the evening, we got confirmation of some of the party's plans and of the identity of its principal backers. I turned over the recording to the organization that had hired me. It was preparing a report for the House committee.

In all these cases, my electronic eavesdropping was legal and attained desirable objectives. Just think, however, how the same equipment could be used in other ways. Various Congressional investigations have revealed that a Rhode Island governor, William H. Vanderbilt, had the wires of Republican and Democratic adversaries tapped; that a Pennsylvania state senator listened in on the phones of Philadelphia's then mayor, S. Davis Wilson; and that a Washington, D.C., police lieutenant named Joseph W. Shimon on a private job wire-tapped the executives of an airline. Of this last case, a Senate report said: "Your subcommittee is impressed by the ease with which unauthorized persons, such as Lieutenant Shimon, can invade the privacy of telephone conversations."

One of the most shocking abuses of wiretapping came to light in 1953, when Brooklyn District Attorney Miles McDonald told a subcommittee of the House Judiciary Committee: "We found in the course of our investigation in the Harry Gross [bookmaking and police bribery] case that the police officers were buying their own wiretapping equipment. They would sit in on a telephone such as a coin booth near a baseball park or near a race track, and when they heard people call up to make a bet they would forward that to another plainclothes detective, who would then go and shake that bookmaker down."

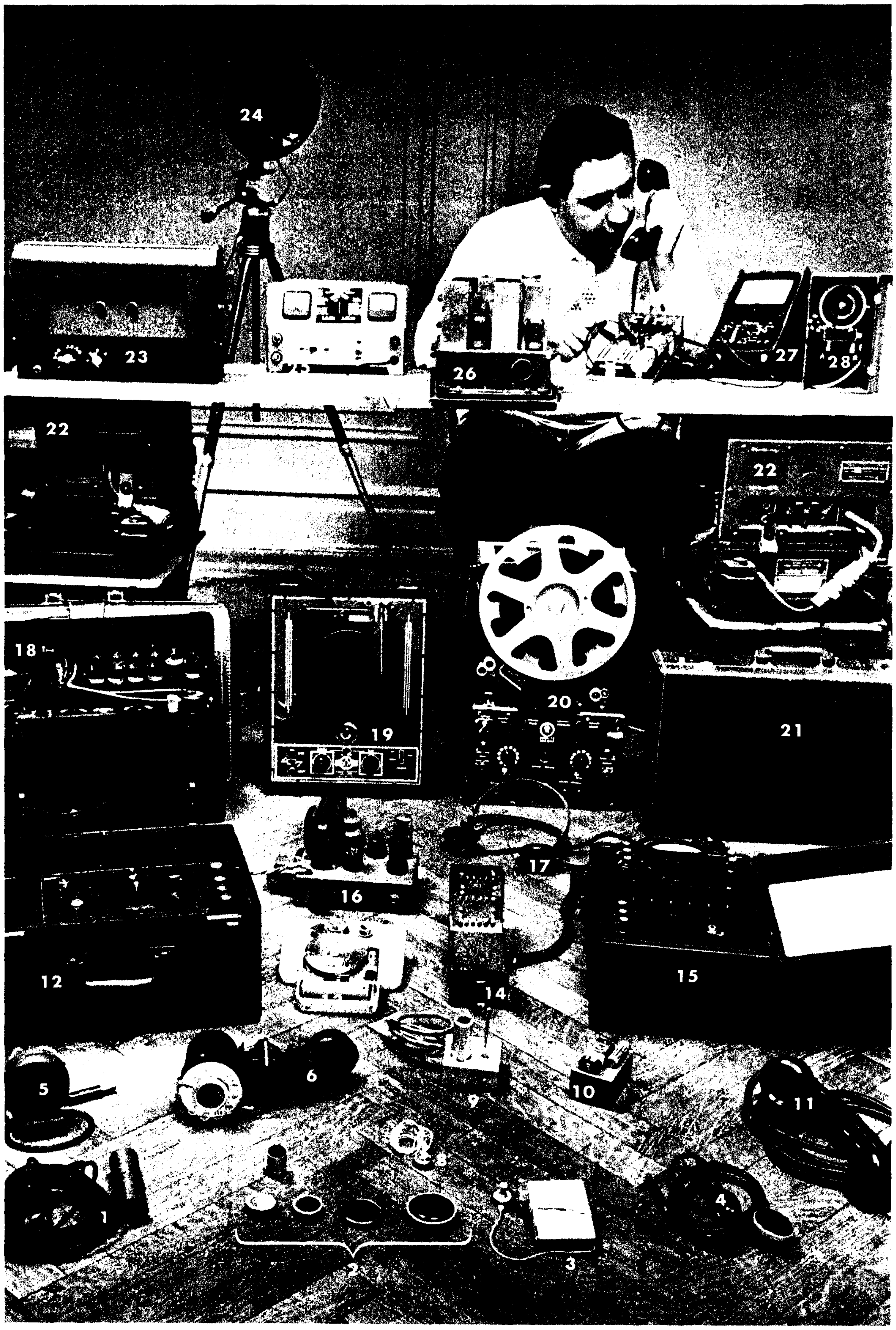
Oil-Company Geologist's Phone Tapped

In Texas, a wiretapper (now dead) admitted to reporters that he had made a small fortune by tapping the phone of an oil-company geologist, then reporting the expert's findings to a land speculator who paid handsomely for the information. And it is well known in political circles that a former governor of a big state had several police wiretap experts on his personal staff listen in on the phones of his principal subordinates as well as those of his political foes. The system backfired, however, when a recording was played for him and he heard a voice say, "And I don't give a damn whether or not that miserable so-and-so———is listening to this."

Serge Rubinstein, the sinister international financier who was murdered in New York City a few months ago, was devoted to the use of electronic eavesdropping devices. He even bragged he had pulled off business coups after illegally tapping the wires of his competitors. He called the tapped material business intelligence.

The Rubinstein murder investigation revealed that the financier also had made other uses of eavesdropping equipment. He had got hold of a tiny, powerful, battery-operated radio transmitter, which was supposed to be manufactured for use only by law-enforcement agencies. (New York's Anti-Crime Committee determined that Rubinstein got the device from a wiretap technician, who got it from a private detective, who got it from a New Jersey police department.)

The transmitter would operate on its batteries for 10 days, and it could be installed as easily as screwing in an electric-light bulb. Rubinstein hooked the transmitter under the springs of the bed of a woman friend named Pat Wray. A private detective sat in a parked car a block away with a radio receiver and a recorder. After the story



Wiretapper Spindel tests an intercom amplifier. Other equipment: 1. Induction coil. 2. Microphones. 3. Miniature short-wave receiver. 4. Microphone that can be concealed in sleeve. 5. Speaker. 6. Lineman test set. 7. Transformer. 8. Hearing-aid earpiece. 9. Control unit to start phone-tap recorder. 10. Pocket transmitter. 11. Handset. 12. Phone-tapping unit. 13. Pocket wire recorder. 14. Phone-line locater. 15. Line-test equipment. 16. Phone-transfer unit. 17. Earphones. 18-20. Types of recorders. 21-22. Transmitters. 23. Voice actuator. 24. Parabolic microphone. 25. Power supply unit. 26. High-power transmitter (range: 100 miles). 27. Multi-test meter. 28. Automatic timer

"THE MOST DANGEROUS OF THE NEW ELECTRONIC EAVESDROPPING DEVICES ARE THOSE THAT PIC

leaked to the newspapers, Miss Wray was quoted as making the classic remark, "I guess everyone now knows my bed squeaks."

Altogether, nearly a dozen manufacturers are producing electronic snooping devices, mostly for law-enforcement agencies. However, I design many of my own. For tapping phones, I have a device which enables me to find one pair of telephone wires in a jungle of hundreds of others—even though the lines are not numbered or identified in any way. The device has 36 tiny neon bulbs in it. From each bulb runs a pair of wires tipped with clips. I attach the clips to 36 terminal pairs at a time in the "cross box," in the basement of the building in which the phone I want to tap is located. (All telephone lines in a building run into a cross box and from there are fed into an outgoing cable.) When I dial the number of the phone I am seeking, one neon bulb will light up, identifying the pair of wires I'm looking for. I follow those wires to the next bridging point many blocks away and set up my plant in a basement or vacant apartment nearby.

In the plant itself, I use special recording machines which I design and construct. My recorders operate for 13 hours without requiring a change of tape. They can be equipped with a gadget which punches out telephone numbers as the tappee dials them. They also have a device, designed by me, which turns them on only when the telephone is lifted from the receiver.

For hidden microphone jobs, I have other devices to start and stop the recording equipment. I conceal these tiny gadgets in a light fixture or lamp. The gadgets all have an extremely sensitive circuit which is activated by the sound of the human voice. Without such a circuit, the recorder would have to operate 24 hours a day.

The voice activator turns the machine on (even though the recorder may be in a plant many miles away) when human voices are talking in the bugged room; the same device turns the recorder off after the conversation ceases. Some of these voice activators transmit their signals over power lines; for others, I may rig my own wires between the bug and the voice-activated recorder. Where it is impossible to run wires out of the building, I use TV antenna wires that go to the roof. There I have a specially housed electric bulb (called an exciter lamp) that emits invisible infrared rays when it receives an impulse from the microphone in the room below. When a person talks in the room, the rays beam across the street to another roof where a photoelectric cell picks them up. This "electric eye" sends the signal over wires to the plant—and the recorder starts operating.

The infrared ray is one of my most valuable weapons. I have special infrared flash bulbs and infrared photographic film to take pictures in total darkness. The flash bulbs give off no more warning light than an instantaneous glow the size of the tip of a lighted cigarette. Time after time, I have photographed adulterous lovers in the moment it took me to drive past their parked cars—or through windows they had left open in the belief that darkness was their ally.

Phone Booth Doesn't Ensure Privacy

I make my own induction coils, some of which are so sensitive and directional that with them I can pick up a conversation in a telephone booth from many feet away while pretending to shop or study a telephone directory. (The standard commercial induction coil must be placed directly under the phone in order to intercept the magnetic field of the electric current carrying the voice impulses.) To record such conversations, I sometimes use a wire recorder the size of a paper book, which can be carried in a shoulder holster or in a pocket. If I am in a public place and want to tap a line with an induction coil and listen in directly without anyone spotting me, I use a powerful pocket amplifier with an earphone that looks like an ordinary hearing-aid earpiece.

Using tiny printed circuits and miniature tubes or transistors the size of a pencil eraser, I also construct "line-carrier transmitters" no bigger than a cigarette lighter. These can be concealed in electric sockets, in electric clocks or picture moldings, and they accurately transmit the human voice over power lines. In most cities an entire block is fed by the same power line, so I can pick up the signal anywhere in the block—as I did in the Case of the Wayward Alabama Executive—simply by plugging a receiving set into any electric outlet.

The line-carrier transmitter works on the same principle as the wireless interoffice or "baby-sitter" intercom system you can buy in any appliance store for about $30. The only difference is that my transmitters must be reduced to the smallest possible size.

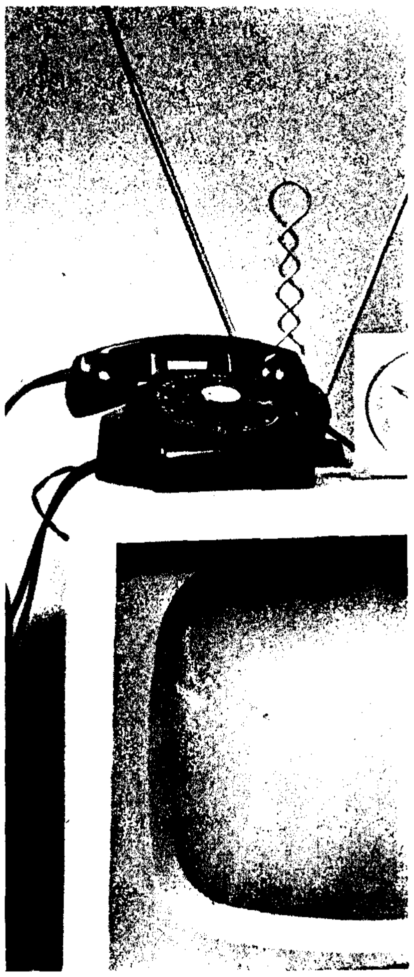
When I can't get into a room to install a line transmitter or a proper microphone (some of my most sensitive bugs are no bigger than a dime and can be flush-mounted in a wall), I use miniature radio transmitters such as the one that Rubinstein hooked onto his girl friend's bedsprings. These tiny transmitters come in three types and are manufactured commercially for law-enforcement agencies. I make my own. The smallest of the three commercial models is a battery-operated type the size of a pack of cigarettes. It runs for 12 to 24 hours. The second is the slightly larger external battery-pack type used by Rubinstein. It transmits for as long as 10 days. The third type operates on house current and runs for months—until the parts burn out.

All three types are simple to use. You merely press a button to start them transmitting. They have a range of up to two miles—depending on the location, the power and the frequency. I have dropped them into cars, slipped them into hotel rooms in vases of flowers, smuggled them into offices in brief cases left behind "by mistake."

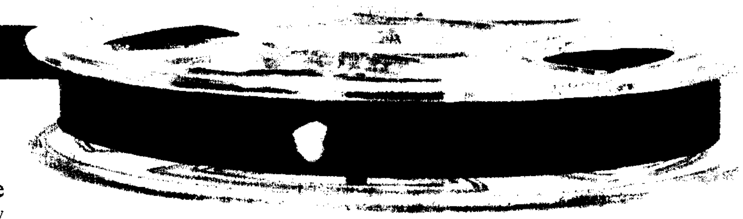
Another modern method of eavesdropping on an inaccessible room is to use a contact microphone, which picks up sound by resonance. If I drive a nail through a wall and attach a contact mike to the nail, the microphone will faithfully reproduce the voices through the wall. In one case in Ohio, I had to know quickly what was going on in an art studio in which my client's wife was entertaining a man supposed to be her cousin. On a hunch, I attached a contact microphone to a plate-glass picture window. The glass acted as a resonating surface and the contact mike picked up every word said inside.

If I can get into a room to do the actual bugging, the job is easy—especially if there is a telephone. I have learned from long experience that the mouthpiece of the standard telephone is one of the most effective, most unsuspected eavesdropping microphones ever invented. Entering a house in the guise of a telephone repairman checking the instrument, I can replace the standard two- or three-wire line from the telephone to the wall connection with a special three- or four-wire line. The whole job takes only three or four minutes—and after that the tele-

Below: Spindel shows how a telephone conversation can be picked up with induction coil (in hand) and recorded on pocket wire recorder. Normally coil would be concealed in trouser pocket and recorder would be out of sight in coat pocket. Right: instructions are sometimes relayed to agents by radio. This receiver has a hearing-aid earpiece. Messages can be transmitted from a nearby office or auto



UP VOICES WITHOUT ANY WIRES OR TRANSMITTERS WHATEVER"



phone mouthpiece will pick up all conversation within 30 feet and transmit it over the telephone lines, even if the phone is on the hook.

For this type of bugging, I set up my plant the same way I would a wiretap. I trace the subject's telephone lines to a bridging point and connect them with another pair of wires leading to the plant. I can listen in from several miles away, or even in another office in the same building—as I demonstrated to the staff of Collier's a few weeks ago.

To me, the most dangerous of the new electronic eavesdropping devices are those that pick up human voices without any wires or transmitters whatever. Chief among these instruments in current use is the parabolic microphone, which radio and TV networks use at President Eisenhower's press conferences to pick up his voice from the rear of the room—and which I employed in the Case of the Larcenous Hardware Jobber. True, the effectiveness of the parabolic microphone is limited by line of unobstructed sight; if a closed window, a heavy curtain, or even the body of another person comes between the subject and the microphone, conversation cannot be heard. But even so, the device is devilishly effective.

The "dish" or "ear" of the broadcasting companies' parabolic microphone is a cumbersome object about three feet in diameter. As it points at its target, it looks like a huge cereal bowl standing on end. I have a less obtrusive model which uses a smaller dish. It is so sensitive and selective that I aim it with a gun sight equipped with an eight-power telescope; unless it is zeroed in directly on the subject I lose contact. I have used it to eavesdrop on lovers who thought they were safe on lonely park benches and in parked cars. But my most unusual use of the instrument was in another kind of case. One of my clients was asked to meet a suspected shakedown artist on a New Jersey beach. The alleged blackmailer demanded that my client, like himself, wear only a bathing suit so that no recording machine could be concealed on his person, but the precaution was in vain. Not a word of the conversation escaped the parabolic microphone hidden in my truck on a nearby hill. When my client let it be known that he had recordings of the conversation, the would-be blackmailer stopped bothering him.

The parabolic microphone and other devices I have described—plus some still secret—are the reasons why I say that even the White House may not be completely safe from the electronic eavesdropper. Such high-level eavesdropping would be difficult, of course, because of the vigilance of the Secret Service, but nevertheless it is within the realm of possibility. Defense against an expert wiretapper is most difficult. The telephone exchange handling the White House is carefully watched by the Secret Service, but so many technicians work in and around an exchange that just one dishonest or disloyal employee conceivably could run a still-secret type of invisible connection from the White House wires in the course of his normal work without being spotted. Then a plant could be set up 10 or 50 miles away, and looking for it would be like searching for the proverbial needle in a haystack.

Then, too, the cable from the White House runs underground for a considerable distance. There always are men working near it, servicing power lines, cleaning sewers or digging in basements and excavations. If a wire tapper could get to the cable for just a few minutes (perhaps even buying a nearby building to do so), he would need only to cut into the cable and run six inches of wire off the President's line. Then he could place an induction coil near the added wire, run his connections back to the adjacent building and bury the cable and the coil in the earth again. There would be no physical connection with the cable, and there is no known way of detecting the presence of an induction coil.

Greatest Risk Is at the Receiving End

There's an excellent chance that the ever-alert Secret Service would thwart any such plots in the vicinity of the White House. But remember there is almost half a mile of cable between the White House and the telephone exchange. Also, it's possible to tap the unguarded wires of persons receiving calls from the President—perhaps 3,000 miles away.

The government's top-secret cables would also be vulnerable to an expert wiretapper. There are ways to circumvent the warning and protective devices with which they are fitted. One type of cable, for example, is filled with compressed air. The moment the cable is opened, the air pressure drops, setting off an alarm. There is an eavesdropping device, however, which fits around the cable and permits only a negligible amount of air to escape into a cup. For jobs taking long periods of time, pressure can be fed into the cable to compensate for any air that may escape.

Other top-secret cables are wrapped in a special winding which constantly transmits a high whining sound. It's like a radio-jammed signal, and it's designed to foil induction-coil pickups. To circumvent it, an expert would record the conversations passing through the cable—along with the jamming—and later use special electronic equipment to filter out the jamming.

Sometimes an important official conversation is scrambled and split up electronically; half of it is transmitted by radio and the other half by telephone line. This technique, too, is designed to foil the wiretapper, who would get only a meaningless jumble of sound if he eavesdropped on the cable. But it's always possible to intercept a radio signal, and if you can obtain either the radioed or telephoned half of the conversation, there is electronic equipment that can fill in the missing half and give you the complete conversation.

All in all, the offense has been able to keep ahead of the defense in this ultraserious business of electronic eavesdropping. Is there any defense at all? I'll discuss that in my article in the next issue.

Meantime, I can only say that I practice one important defense tactic in my own home. I don't own a telephone. Such a drastic step isn't necessary for most Americans; it's inconvenient, and the average person is rarely involved in matters that others would pay money to learn about. But since I am a wiretapper—and a target for snooping—it is the only way I know to keep others from prying into my professional secrets.

In the next issue, loopholes in the present laws and possible legislative and technical controls for wiretapping will be discussed

Left: Spindel inserts a line-carrier transmitter and microphone in lamp base. Television sets, electric clocks and phones can also be "bugged." Below: condenser and transformer will convert any radio into phone-tapping device. Right: the author shows how he aims tripod-mounted parabolic microphone to pick up conversation in a room across the street

20 NEW Budget Vacations

By NORMAN D. FORD

Tired of the same old places? Try one of these off-the-beaten-path trips

FORTY million American families are planning their summer vacations right now and facing the same old questions: Where shall we go? How much will it cost? An answer that avoids familiar places and doesn't strain limited funds isn't easy—yet it's easier than most people believe. Scattered across the continent are a surprising number of little-known, unspoiled vacation areas that offer excitement, relaxation and fun for the whole family at budget prices.

Two days' drive north of Boston, for example, is an island with miles of deserted beach, the warmest sea bathing north of Florida and rates as low as $15 a week including meals. Not far away are two tiny islands, a transplanted corner of Brittany still under the French tricolor, where you're met by a gendarme with fluttering kepi and can eat two gourmet meals a day in a pension (boardinghouse) for $35 a week. In the opposite corner of our continent—in Mexico—prices are so low that you can tour for 15 days on less than $100 a person.

In between are peaceful country farms where you can relax for $35 a week, genuine Western ranches that take guests for as little as $56 a week (including a horse at your disposal), river-boat expeditions, the Black Hills, the Ozarks, neglected vacation spots like Florida off season, "lost" islands that were once pirate strongholds. And more.

As a travel expert, I was asked by Collier's to choose 20 such bargain vacations and outline them for you. If any of them interest you, additional information can be obtained from the sources listed in the chart on pages 32 and 33. No matter where you live in the United States, at least four of these vacation areas lie within easy reach.

All but four of the 20 vacations are for two full weeks, all but one for a family of four (including two children twelve or under). I assume that you have a car, no objection to housekeeping in a kitchenette-type cottage or motel, and a sincere desire to minimize costs without necessarily penny pinching. Practical details, such as a day-by-day itinerary and costs, are shown in the chart. Remember, the costs are all-inclusive, from and back to each of the five base cities. The estimates won't cover the purchase of an alligator handbag in Mexico City, but they do include all meals and accommodations, gas, oil, greasing, admissions, taxes, tourist cards, and ship and plane fares.

Set your expense target for each day's car travel at $29 for a family of four. Wherever possible stay at motels and cabins with housekeeping units. In high-priced areas which have none, try a share-the-bath tourist home. Plan picnic lunches every day. Start early and stop by 6:00 P.M., before "No Vacancy" signs go up. Take a hot plate for cooking breakfast and light supper in nonhousekeeping units. A fan and a radio are also useful. So is a large thermos bottle for holding a thirst quencher. Incidentals and admissions are traditional budget wreckers; concentrate on free sights and pay only for those really worth the admission price.

Some days you'll spend up to $33, others only $26. But if you conscientiously follow these tips, your daily average won't vary much from $29. Of course, if there are fewer than four in your party, costs will be less—about 20 per cent less if there are two adults and only one child, 35 per cent less if there are just two adults.

Your expenses also will be less if you live nearer the chosen vacation spot than the base city, but slightly more if you live farther away. However, in the battlefields circular tour, it is not necessary to go to the base city of Atlanta, Georgia, to start. You can begin the tour anywhere along the route and merely complete the circle.

Take Your Choice of These Twenty

Here are some of the attractions of the 20 bargain vacations I have selected:

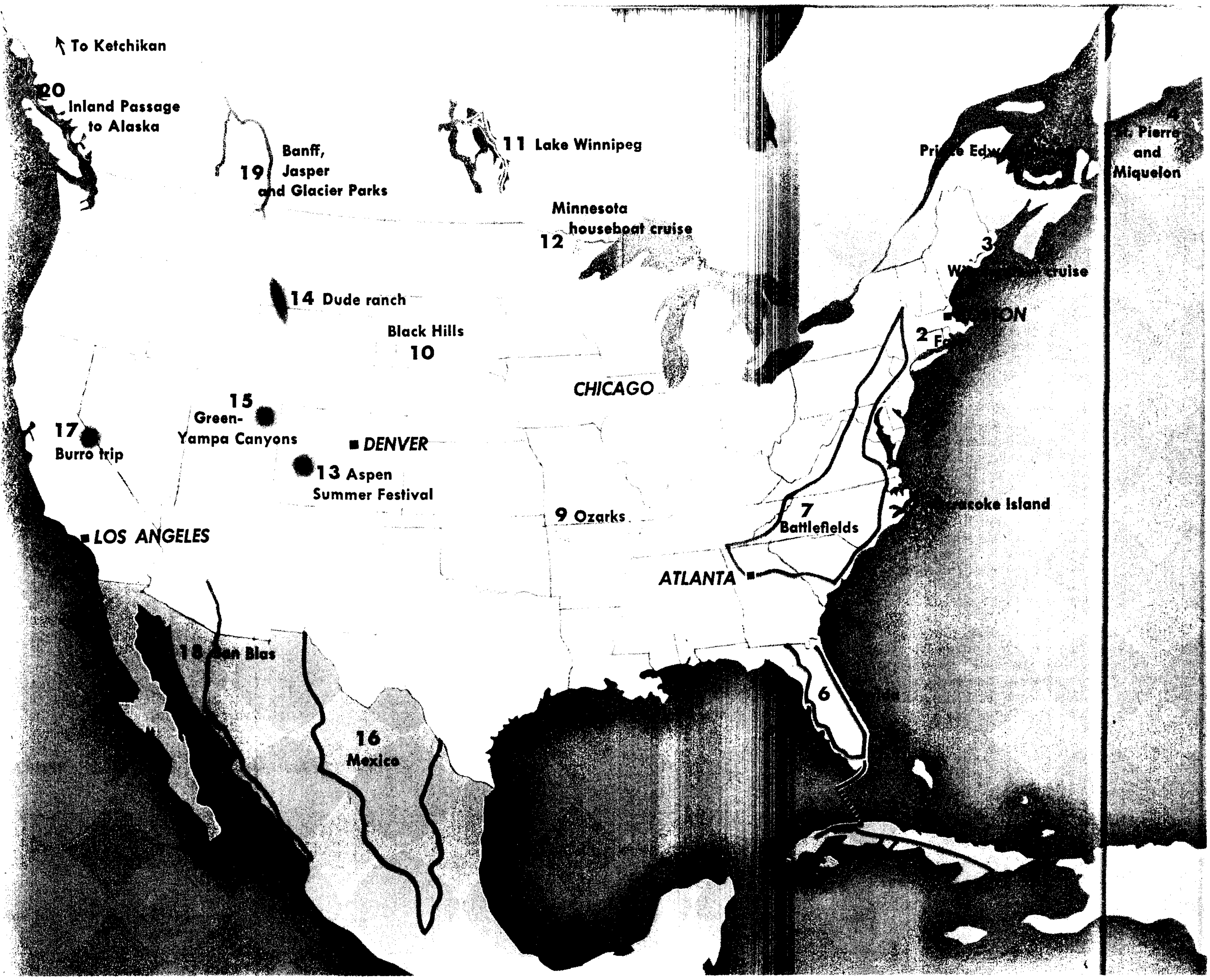
1. If you live in the northeastern states, try driving to Canada's sea-girt province, Prince Edward Island. Low prices and magnificent swimming beckon as you drive your car off the auto ferry onto the island. Dotted along Prince Edward's 140-mile length are hotels and farm tourist homes that offer full board for four at $75 a week. Some charge as little as $60. Housekeeping in a beach cottage is even cheaper, and live lobsters can be bought for 25 cents a pound, oysters for $3 a bushel. Lining the north shore are some of the Atlantic's finest beaches, with water at a constant 70 degrees throughout the summer. French Acadian fishermen will take you lobstering or fishing, you'll warm to Scottish and Irish reels at rollicking island dances, and you can golf on the famed Green Gables course (fees: $2 a day, less by the week).

2. Wherever you live in the East or Midwest, there are probably a dozen nearby farms at which you and your whole family can spend a vacation for $110 a week. You can pick your farm from an easily obtainable list (see chart) by the mouth-watering descriptions of the food served; a typical farm offers "charcoal steaks, smoked pork chops, chicken dinners, buttermilk pancakes, hot biscuits and honey." Children get unlimited milk and farm produce. All farms listed have inside plumbing and electricity, and specialize in rural hospitality. Some are modernized colonial homesteads beside New England lakes, others are near golf links, art colonies and beaches. Children, of course, revel in the hay rides, wiener roasts, picnics and swimming holes—and there's always a baby sitter handy.

3. Any summer weekend you can sign on board a tall-sparred schooner for a week of cruising off the Maine coast—but remember windjammer cruises are for adults only (children get bored). You can pilot the ship past buoys and islands with fascinating names like Old Squaw, Smutty Nose and Wooden Ball. Nights your ship will anchor in sheltered rock-bound harbors such as little-known Monhegan Island or Isle au Haut, where you'll boil lobsters over a driftwood fire and dip them into hot melted butter with your fingers. Then you'll be off to a fishermen's square dance before rowing back to your snug, lantern-lighted cabin. Faded blue denims will see you through a windjammer cruise and there are no extras over the average $80-a-head charge. "June and September are good windjammer months," says Captain Frank Swift, who operates five schooners out of Camden, Maine. "There's more space then and you have the pick of the cabins."

4. A one-hour plane ride from North Sydney, Nova Scotia, will bring you to French territory. So foreign, indeed, are the tiny islands of St. Pierre and Miquelon, off Newfoundland, that you need a passport to land. St. Pierre, the capital, complete with gaily painted little houses and its Place Général de Gaulle, might have been lifted straight out of Brittany. Many housewives supply full room and board for $5 a day per person, while at least two hotels with good chefs charge $35 a week, including meals with wine. Every store—and there is one to each 40 inhabitants—is an emporium of low-priced European goods: Scotch for $2.50 a bottle, kid gloves $4 a pair, silk scarves $1, and French perfumes and Swiss watches for what you'd pay in Paris or Geneva. You make your own amusements on these cool, sometimes foggy, islands, and from the time you leave Canada until you return you won't see a train, bus, streetcar, TV set, night club or newspaper. A word of caution, however: there's only one boat trip a week and three plane trips a month to the islands and you may be delayed by fog.

5. If you've ever yearned for an escapist isle peopled by descendants of shipwrecked sailors, where



AL TARTER

Map indicates vacation areas recommended by author, travel expert Norman D. Ford. Numbers correspond to those used in description of vacations in article and in detailing costs and itineraries in chart on pages 32 and 33. Starting point for suggested vacations numbered 1 through 4 is Boston, 5–8 Atlanta, 9–12 Chicago, 13–16 Denver, and 17–20 Los Angeles

life moves with the tides and time has stood still for the better part of a century, head for Atlantic, North Carolina. Garage your car ($5 a week) and take the daily boat to Ocracoke Island. Three hours later you bump alongside a jostling shrimp-boat fleet and clamber ashore in a new world of Elizabethan English, rolling porpoises, barefooted bankers, lighthousekeepers, skeletons of once proud ships and 16 miles of almost deserted beach. Beside the harbor, fishermen's white homes rise picturesquely from the live oak and yaupon. Among them are small lodges, hotels and cottages. But there is no jail, no police officer, no bar, and you cannot buy a drink. What you can do is loaf, swim, fish (best channel-bass fishing in the Atlantic), clam, crab, slide down majestic sand dunes and explore wrecked ships. Don't go without advance cottage reservations—accommodation is limited—and bring your own linen. If you cannot get reservations at Ocracoke, try Tangier Island and Chincoteague in Virginia, or Hilton Head Island in South Carolina; they're almost as good.

6. Florida in the summer is a poor-man's paradise. There are a thousand miles of vacancy signs, and $5.50 will get you a double room in a swank beach-front hotel. Head first for St. Augustine and plunge through the old city gates into seventeenth-century antiquity. From ancient Castillo de San Marcos drive to carnival fun at Daytona Beach, to Palm Beach's mansions, and to Miami Beach, America's bargain-rate summer resort. Across the silent Everglades are Fort Myers and Sarasota, where you can visit jungle gardens, circus museums, Edison's home, ancient automobiles and dozens of other sights. In Tampa you can glimpse the atmospheric Latin quarter known as Ybor City. Then head for Clearwater for a last dip and sun tan. Make your next stop the colorful sponge market at Tarpon Springs, gateway to Florida's enormous springs. The largest and best show is put on by Silver Springs, near Ocala, which gush 650,000,000 gallons of fresh water a day. From Ocala, you roll north toward home and higher prices.

7. For a new appreciation of American history, try a swing through Revolutionary and Civil War country. If you start from Atlanta, drive first to Charleston, where the Civil War began, then north to Jamestown, site of the first permanent English settlement in America, and Yorktown, where the British surrendered to General George Washington in 1781. Guns, forts, earthworks, colonial houses, inns and even horse-drawn phaetons and citizens in satin knee breeches bring the past to life as you wander on through Williamsburg to Richmond, the Confederate capital. It's Civil War country between Richmond and Washington; several great battlefields lie close to U.S. 1. The nation's capital, of course, is a galaxy of free shows and a demonstration of what history has achieved. Northward, you're in Revolutionary and French and Indian War territory: Baltimore's Fort McHenry, Valley Forge, Saratoga, Lake George, Fort William Henry and Ticonderoga. Homeward bound, you visit Gettysburg, then follow the scenic Blue Ridge Parkway to Chattanooga. There you can ride up the world's steepest inclined railway to reconstruct the Battle Above the Clouds, and you can see bloody Chickamauga Field. Most battlefields are admission-free, have museums, dioramas, guides with tall tales and slide lectures.

8. A swing through Florida and a ferry hop from Key West will launch you on an auto tour of Cuba. Make a suburban Havana hotel your first headquarters. Park the car while you visit Morro Castle, Columbus Cathedral and a score of other

exciting sights in the Cuban capital. Then drive to Matanzas to see the beautiful Bellamar Caves, and to Cienfuegos to view the Hanabanilla Falls, Cuba's finest. As you continue your swing around the island, you'll find vignettes of Old Spain, twisting cobblestoned streets, grilled windows, shady patios, palaces and fiestas. Returning to Havana, you can spend a last night at exclusive Varadero Beach before catching the ferry home. Boat charges take a $106 bite from the budget, but a 30 to 50 per cent summer cut in Cuban hotel rates helps keep expenses down. Patronize the better commercial hotels and restaurants instead of the tourist palaces.

9. Two days' drive south of Chicago lies a land of tall timber and deep hollows, odd superstitions, tree frogs and catfish, homemade sassafras, cane sorghum and 25,000 square miles of pine-clad Ozark hills, valleys and streams. It's low-priced country, where $30 a week gets you a hideaway cottage beside a lazy river or lake. (Examples: near Cowskin and Honey Creek on Grand Lake; near Noel, Pineville and Cassville, Missouri, and at small resorts on Bull Shoals and Lake Norfolk.) You'll have just as much fun as at the big lakeside resorts and, more important, you'll discover the real Ozarks. You'll catch a few black bass, splash in cool streams, attend steak fries and country dances, and take a variety of short car trips. You can drive to the Cherokee Indian region in nearby Oklahoma, see the Ozarks' big springs and deep caverns and take a medicinal bath at Hot Springs National Park.

10. Gold mines, war-whooping Indians, boom towns, buffalo, frosted caves, mammoth stone statues—all are easily accessible in the Black Hills to the motoring Midwestern family with 15 days and $325 to spare. Enter the southern Hills via U.S. 18 and make Custer State Park your headquarters. Housekeeping cabins there average $7.50 a day. There's a lot to see at this end of the Hills: Mount Rushmore, Wind Cave, Crazy Horse, Hot Springs and the Needles Highway. Rest a day, then head north to historic Deadwood where Jack McCall shot Wild Bill Hickok. As you continue over Cheyenne Crossing to wondrous Spearfish Canyon, every gulch, every hill has been immortalized in Western fiction. Complete your stay in the wild West by driving home through the bizarre Bad Lands.

11. The least-known cruise in North America takes you the length of Canada's Lake Winnipeg through a fur-trading northland that hasn't changed in over a century. On the ship you'll rub shoulders with missionaries and trappers, swap yarns with Mounties, and see brown-faced Cree Indians trading at one of Canada's largest Hudson's Bay Company outposts. Head for Winnipeg via Duluth, Minnesota, the rugged North Shore Drive, and Fort William, Ontario. Check the car ($5) at the pier in Selkirk, just north of Winnipeg, take a last look at civilization, and hustle your bags aboard the steamer. Touching at fishing stations and Indian villages by day, sailing under the northern lights by night, you'll sample the primitive northland in comfort. High light of the five-day voyage is the call at Norway House—a big trading post complete with fort, Indian schools and missions, and the stone jail and log warehouses built for the booming fur trade a hundred years ago. Southbound, you'll hear tales of adventure from trappers and prospectors returning to Winnipeg. If you are returning to Chicago, drive through the Paul Bunyan country, follow U.S. 61 from St. Paul beside the Mississippi, and stop for a boat trip through Wisconsin Dells.

12. There's probably only one place in America where you can rent a comfortable houseboat and sail away on an escapist cruise to 300 uninhabited islands. That's at Basswood Lake, which is so far back in Minnesota's wilderness you must leave your car at Ely and go in by station wagon over Four Mile Portage. The houseboats are unsinkable, inboard-powered craft roomy enough to accommodate a family of four, with linens, food, refrigeration, rowboat and a guide who cooks and waits at table. Within minutes after you board your craft, you're out of sight and sound of civilization, deep in the seclusion of a half-tamed wilderness. Day after day, you'll cruise, fish, swim and explore scores of smaller lakes—all in modern comfort.

13. For a different vacation, try the Aspen Summer Festival at Aspen, Colorado. From June 27th to September 4th, there's an unending round of lectures, public discussions and concerts. Between mental bouts, you can ride the chair lift to the summit of Ajax Mountain and join artists and students in the heated outdoor swimming pools, or sample some of the area's other attractions: riding, climbing, wildlife study, and short car trips to ghost towns, hot springs, silver mines and Glenwood Canyon. Admissions ranging from $1.25 to $3 push costs up, but with housekeeping accommodations starting at $50 a week, a fortnight at Aspen is within easy reach of most families.

14. Riding herd on white-faced cattle, learning to rope, fishing for rainbows, developing an appetite like a hay hand—you can do all these things at Western ranches, and at a price you can afford. I'm speaking now of ranches run primarily for marketing cattle—not the so-called dude ranches whose main business is herding tourists. "We charge $56 a week per person," says the proprietor of one cattle ranch. "That includes cabin, meals, horse, and swimming and fishing privileges—no extras at all." Says the owner of another: "Our rates run

Here's the key to 20 new summe

	NORTHEAST *(Based on Boston)*			
1	**Prince Edward Island** *(15 days)*	**Calais, Me. (1); Summerside, P. E. I. (1); P. E. I. resort (11); Calais (1)**	**$200**	**Prince Edward Island Travel Burea** **Charlottetown, P. E. I.**
2	**Farm** *(15 days)*	**Day's drive each way, 13 days on farm**	**$240**	**Farm Vacations and Holidays, In** **500 Fifth Ave., New York 36, N. Y** **(enclose 25c)**
3	**Windjammer cruise** *(9 days)*	**Day's drive each way to Camden, Me., week on schooner**	**$200** **(for adult couple only)**	**Maine Information Bureau** **3 St. John Street, Portland 4, Main**
4	**St. Pierre and Miquelon** *(15 days)*	**Bangor, Me. (1); Amherst, N. S. (1); N. Sydney, N. S. (1); St. Pierre (8); N. Sydney (1); Amherst (1); Bangor (1)**	**$475 by air** **$415 by ship**	**French Government Tourist Office** **610 Fifth Ave., New York 20, N. Y**
	SOUTH *(Based on Atlanta)*			
5	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]
6	**Florida** *(15 days)*	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]
7	[illegible] *(15 days)*	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible] **Washington, D. C.**
8	**Cuba** *(15 days)*	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]
	MIDWEST *(Based on Chicago)*			
9	**Ozarks** [illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]	**Ozark Playgrounds Assn.** **Joplin, Mo.**
10	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]

from $65 a week including horse, guide for new riders and heated swimming pool."

15. Twenty dollars will enroll your whole family in California's famed Sierra Club and qualify you for the cheapest river-running trip in the West. In large 10- to 14-man boats, you can drift in six remarkable days the length of fantastically eroded Green and Yampa Canyons. These river-camping trips combine a minimum of exertion with a maximum of sight-seeing and family fun on the shore. After you shoot dramatically deep, multicolored canyons the first two days, your time on the river is limited to two hours a day. Invalids and children as young as eight may go. Spectacular flesh-colored walls sculptured in a thousand shapes drift past as the boats laze through Harding's Hole, Echo Park and Wild Mountain Fault—storybook gorges that the average tourist never sees. Arrange your vacation early, for these trips operate only in June and July. The price is $60 each; bring your own camping gear.

16. For a bargain vacation in one of the world's most colorful countries, head for El Paso and the Mexican border—and keep going until you're two full days south of the border. That brings you to mountain-rimmed Guanajuato, and for the next week you can drive through most of Mexico's colonial cities. You'll find them a kaleidoscope of tiled plazas, lacy Spanish architecture, palaces, cathedrals, serenading *mariachis* and pretty girls. All highways are excellent, traffic easy, restaurants, hotels and motels numerous, and vacancies plentiful in most places.

17. Like to travel for two weeks in a mountain paradise without suffering either the rigors of hiking or the high cost of pack horses? California has the answer—burro trips! Along with three other families, you meet in the High Sierras, probably back of Yosemite Falls, you learn to throw a diamond hitch on your own three burros; then you start a leisurely 14-day journey across the top of the world. A favorite route leads from Tuolumne Meadows over the Sunrise Trail, through Merced Canyon, across Vogelsang Pass, and back—a path easy enough for children yet studded with colossal ice-cut chasms, meadows and deep, chill lakes that mirror the Sierra's granite peaks. Several organizations operate the burro trips. Cost of those run by the Sierra Club, most active group in the field, is $70 for each parent and child; bring your own food and camping equipment and cook as a family unit. There's no fixed schedule. You set your own pace and travel on alternate days. Early reservations are essential, since vacancies are limited.

18. "More like the South Seas than the South Seas themselves," was how Zane Grey described Mexico's Pacific Coast. Since the Pacific Highway opened, motorists have discovered a score of bargain paradises in this Latin Polynesia, but few drive 22 miles down a side road from Tepic to dreamy San Blas in the state of Nayarit. A colorful old seaport with thatched huts, rakish coconut palms, banana trees, bowers of figs and frangipani, and jungle-rimmed beaches, San Blas is an exotic tropical paradise five days by car from Hollywood and Vine. San Blas has good accommodations, including several smaller hotels and cottages where weekly rates run about $28 with two six-course feasts and breakfast daily.

19. Six national parks clustered near the Canadian border enclose the continent's most thrilling adventure in automobile sight-seeing. First-class roads lead over alpine meadows and past timeless glaciers, myriad lakes, the largest ice field outside the arctic and scores of waterfalls—all thrown into high relief by a hundred titanic snow-capped peaks. From California, start north for the heart of Banff, Jasper and Glacier National Parks. Take a day in Banff to explore Lake Louise, glacier-surrounded Moraine Lake, Mount Norquay, hot springs, caves and other guidebook sights. Continuing, switch back over Sunwapta Pass, dip down to within yards of Athabaska Glacier, and finally reach Jasper. Dropping back to Banff, leave the parks for oil-rich Calgary, re-enter the U.S., and visit Many Glacier in Glacier National Park. Returning, take the spectacular Going-to-the-Sun Highway over Logan Pass, then streak across country for home. Reserve ahead if you want cabins for as little as $6 for four; overnight rates vary but seldom average above $8. And don't forget sweaters, wool socks, coats and stout shoes. Even in August, it's cool living above the clouds.

20. A combined car-ship cruise to Alaska will cost you less than $10 a day per head. Vancouver is your first base, and the fastest way there from California is to drive *east* of the mountains over U.S. 395. Deserts, lakes, hot springs, wheatlands, the Columbia River, apple orchards, canyons and forests line this lonely route across cool, dry, high country. Board ship at Vancouver and during the next six days you'll cruise through the Inland Passage to Ketchikan and back. Green islands, steep inlets, fiords, snow-streaked mountains, Indian villages and remote logging towns mingle in astonishing beauty as you forge north through glassy waters into a land of perpetual twilight. You'll walk the planked streets of frontier towns, and at Ketchikan and Prince Rupert they'll teach you to read the many lofty totems.

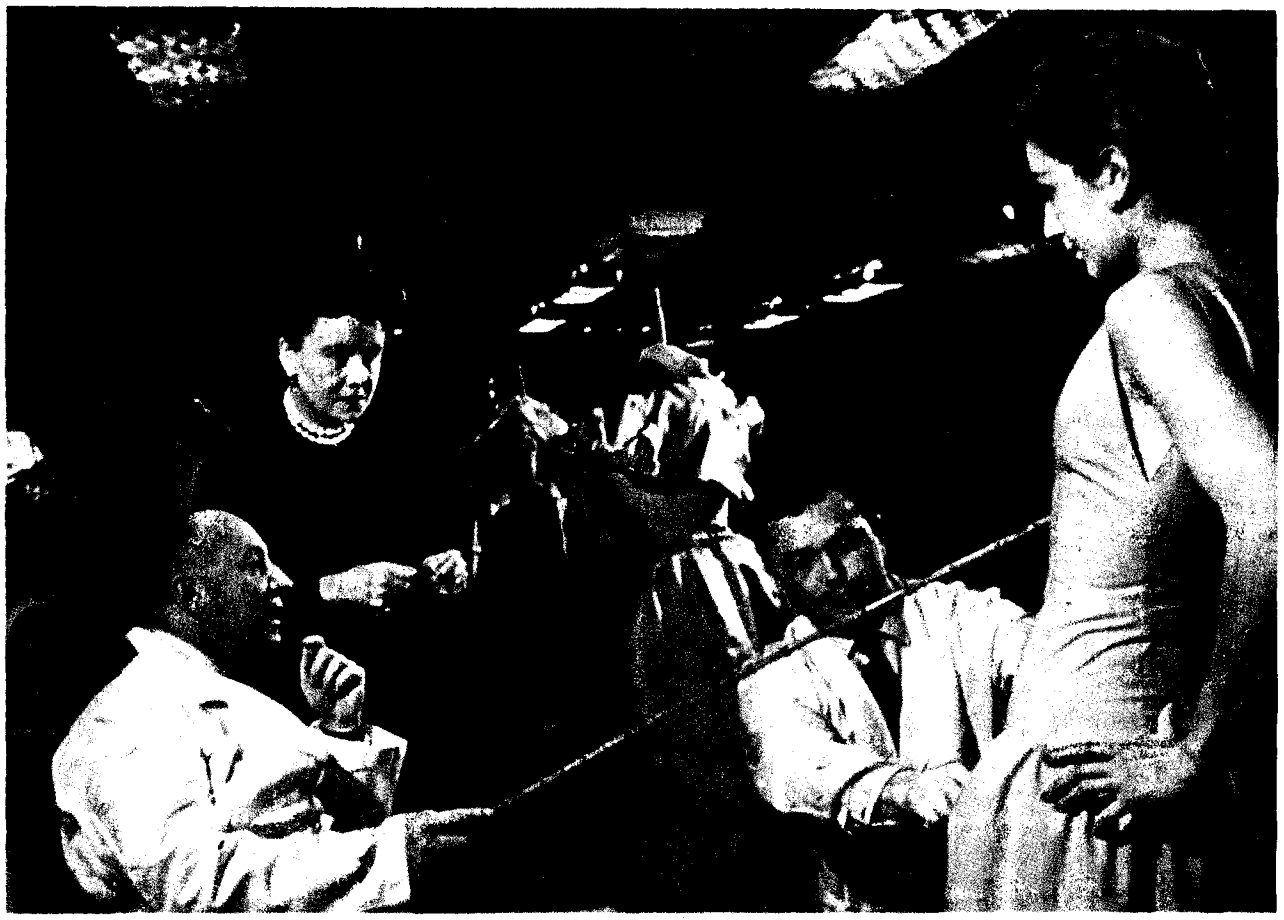
And that's the list, 20 off-the-beaten-path vacations at bargain rates. All you have to do now is decide which one you want to take. Have a wonderful time; wish I could be there with you.

acations—all at bargain prices

WHERE TO AND FOR HOW LONG?	ITINERARY (Figures indicate number of nights spent at each place):	COST FOR FAMILY OF FOUR:	FOR FURTHER INFORMATION WRITE, Attention Dept. CC:
Lake Winnipeg *(14 days)*	**Wausau, Wis. (1); Duluth, Minn. (1); Ft. William, Ont. (1); Winnipeg (1); cruise (4); Winnipeg (1); Bemidji, Minn. (1); St. Paul, Minn. (1); Wisconsin Dells (1)**	**$465**	**Bureau of Travel and Publicity Legislation Bldg. Winnipeg, Manitoba**
Minnesota houseboat cruise *(11 days)*	**Chippewa Falls, Wis. (1); Ely, Minn., and cruise (9); Chippewa Falls (1)**	**$500**	**Minnesota State Tourist Office State Capitol, St. Paul 1, Minn.**
ROCKIES *(Based on Denver)*			
[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]
PACIFIC COAST *(Based on Los Angeles)*			
Burro trip *(16 days)*	**Day's drive each way to Yosemite National Park, 14 days camping in Sierras**	**$300**	**California Chamber of Commerce Travel and Recreation Dept. 350 Bush St., San Francisco 8, Calif.**
San Blas, Mexico *(15 days)*	**Phoenix, Ariz. (1); Nogales, Mex. (1); Guaymas (1); Culiacán (1); San Blas (6); Culiacán (1); Guaymas (1); Nogales (1); Phoenix (1)**	**$345**	**Mexican Govt. Tourist Bureau 8 W. 51st St., New York 20, N. Y.**
Banff, Jasper and Glacier Parks *(15 days)*	**Carson City, Nev. (1); Payette, Idaho (1); Coeur d'Alene, Idaho (1); Cranbrook, B. C. (1); Banff (1); Jasper (1); Banff (1); Glacier (2); Butte, Mont. (1); Salt Lake City, Utah (1); Las Vegas, Nev. (1)**	**$425**	**Canadian Govt. Travel Bureau Ottawa, Canada**
Inland Passage to Alaska *(14 days)*	**Mono Lake, Calif. (1); Valley Falls, Ore. (1); Yakima, Wash. (1); Vancouver, B. C. (1); cruise (5); Vancouver (1); Otis, Ore. (1); Crescent City, Calif. (1); Monterey, Calif. (1)**	**$565**	**British Columbia Gov't. Travel Bureau Parliament Bldg., Victoria, B. C.**

That Friend of Your Wife's

His aim is "to save women from nature." No highway engineer ever flattened a curve more ruthlessly



Gowns are fitted to exact measurements of models who will wear them in the twice-yearly fashion show. Here M. Dior uses Malacca stick to point out a defect to production boss Mme. Marguerite and assistant M. Paul

Dressing room is tense spot while show is in progress. Dior calls gown in foreground Fête du Printemps

The show. Seats cost up to $1,000, credited against purchases. Name of this gown: Accroche Coeur

PHOTOGRAPHS FOR COLLIER'S BY EUGENE KAMMERMAN

Named DIOR

By RICHARD DONOVAN

MONSIEUR CHRISTIAN DIOR, the stout and startled-looking grand vizier of the high-fashion Paris dressmakers, is the main reason most women look the way they do today. Despite that fact, he is a good man. M. Dior does not swear, smoke, exercise, gossip cruelly or indulge in exotic public behavior. He sends flowers to his needleworkers and gives them short talks on harmony and rectitude. Although alive with tensions himself, he is said to have rescued several even more jumpy little old ladies from the jaws of Paris traffic. He is so kind to animals and birds that he was unable to kill a goose given him for a Christmas dinner eight years ago, and has it still, honking around his country place near Cannes in the vapors and rages of extreme old age.

The greatest of all M. Dior's virtues, of course, is his burning desire to make all women look beautiful. "My dream," he says, "is to save them from nature."

With such a heart-warming ambition, surely rectitudinous, goose-loving M. Dior has a right to expect an equally heart-warming response from the world. But no. However earnestly he sews good will, his chief crop always turns out to be violent controversy.

Last January, for example, after making a chance remark about the unsightliness of women's knees, he was castigated on the front pages of five continents. Before that, his helpful attempt to round down the warlike feminine bustline caused a hideous international Flat Look uproar. Long before that, when he was crossing the U.S. in 1947 after introducing his then explosive New Look, he was picketed in Chicago. Fortunately, he looked so much like a small-town Midwestern savings-and-loan official that he walked from his hotel unrecognized and got mixed up in the picket line for some moments, thinking it a fire drill.

Wherever M. Dior turns his hand, unrest seems to ensue.

Just a few months ago, to cite one reported case, he sold one of his "structural" ballroom gowns to the wife of a Belgian. The gown was an extremely heavy creation, braced with wires and bone stays. Soon after delivery, he got a note from the wife saying the gown had made her deliriously happy. Soon after that, he got a note from the Belgian saying he had ordered the gown, and his wife, out of his house. Every time he waltzed with his wife, complained the Belgian, the centrifugal pull of the weighted garment set the two of them whirling uncontrollably. Not only that but he couldn't feel her through the gown.

"It was like grasping a bird cage," he said.

This complaint may seem a little eccentric at first glance. Nevertheless, it is very important, for it bears directly on the great problem of M. Dior's life. He is charged with unintentionally worsening relations between the sexes. More and more, as his fashion designs are copied all the way down the international garment line to the mass-produced $3.95 house dresses, he causes thousands of women to rush out and buy new clothes, thus aggravating thousands of men. "Without question," says a rival Paris dressmaker, "dear Christian is the outstanding *agent provocateur* of domestic schisms. No other world leader can make that claim."

That is interesting theory. But the fact about these schisms seems to be that the man-in-the-street, not women or even M. Dior, is at the real bottom of them. M. Dior and the majority of women get along fine. When he orders a new look, they look new. There is little malingering. Men, on the other hand, not only refuse flatly to look new themselves; they put up the most sullen and loutish resistance to any little change in the appearance of women.

What is behind this masculine attitude is not known. According to a Los Angeles psychologist the cause may be mass fear. Most men are not poets, says this expert; they wrench their dreams out of the street—secretly, at noonday, from the jolly-bosomed spectacle of the working girls, bounding to lunch. Obviously, therefore, when some unseen and seemingly ruthless foreign power like M. Dior loftily decrees that waists, hips, busts, everything must be abolished in a coming season, terror of a widespread and deep-seated nature gets to work at once among the male population.

How Men React to His Style Changes

Reactions to this terror, or Dior phobia, differ among men, according to other observers. Sometimes a sudden fashion change sets them whining and hollering. Sometimes they fall into a general listlessness and melancholia. If the situation is really bad, the victims characteristically begin writing letters to M. Dior. There are so many such cases that he hardly dares look at his correspondence any more. For every letter of affection from women, he gets two or three of challenge or abuse from men.

In his hushed and handsomely decorated Paris office one recent morning, fifty-year-old M. Dior had a typical go at the mail. Standing five feet nine in a drab, three-button business suit, the light gleaming on his bald head, his discreet bay window rising and falling nervously and his sensitive, large-nosed face wearing a perpetually surprised expression—as though he had just sat on a pencil sharpener—M. Dior braced himself and tore open the first letter.

It was from a lady in Seattle. "You are a godsend," she wrote. "You waved your wand; suddenly I was young and hopeful again. I love you!"

The second letter was from a gentleman in Kansas. "Stay out of Topeka, you bum!" he began. M. Dior put that letter aside.

The third letter, from a gentleman in Idaho, said: "I want to make you a proposition. You have disfigured my wife with your genius . . . Why don't I send you the remains? She is about a size 46 . . ."

Needless to say, poor M. Dior read no further that morning. He had stretched forth his hand and it had come back covered with lipstick and tooth marks.

Now, if there is anything M. Dior does not want, it is this type of correspondence. Or any other form of controversy. He has enough problems;

JOE COVELLO

What's in the cards for next year? His mind on the future, Dior relaxes with a game of solitaire

Needleworker, right, expresses high satisfaction with new Dior gown

A successful showing for the press—and the monsieur accepts the congratulations of (left to right) noted fashion reporter Virginia Pope, assistant M. Paul, and good friend Carmel Snow, editor of Harper's Bazaar

he has always preferred to remain relatively anonymous, for example. But from the hour in 1947 when he first opened his *maison de haute couture* at 30 Avenue Montaigne, in Paris, reporters have covered him as though he were a war. Now he finds himself in the lamentable position of being a famous international figure.

The Little Salon That Grew and Grew

M. Dior never wanted to become a big businessman. Yet in eight years Maison Dior has grown inflexibly from a chaste little salon (three workrooms, 70 workers) into the General Motors of high fashion (five buildings, more than 1,000 workers). "We have manufacturing branches in the United States, South America and many other places, and retail outlets in 27 regions, including Central Africa," said M. Dior, a while ago.

He was holding himself in. Last year, Maison Dior grossed $15,000,000, an unheard-of take for high dressmaking. It accounted for around 66 per cent of the whole Paris *couture's* foreign export. In addition, M. Dior designed, manufactured or put his label on perfume, hosiery, hats, shoes, furs, gloves, bags, ties and other items, and fought off squads of promoters who wanted to paste the Christian Dior label on everything from bras-of-the-month to toenail polish.

As head of the largest world organization ever built by a Paris *grand couturier*, M. Dior not only finds himself a big businessman, he is in the even more bizarre position of being the chief idea man and motive force of the entire frenetic, international female fashion industry.

When a new Dior idea sets women in motion toward stores, not only do the workers at Maison Dior find themselves with more work than they can handle but the whole Paris *couture*, numbering some 57 houses, begins to vibrate—following, fighting or conspicuously ignoring the trend. Then, the world-wide corset and brassière business, which will have to do the assault work in flogging reluctant nature into the new shape, promptly jumps in. The makers of hats, hose, shoes and other accessories joyfully follow. Fashion buyers and editors start flying the Atlantic; newspapers and magazines get set for ad bonanzas; from thousands of manufacturers and retail stores rise sighs of gratitude and relief. Then, like 10,000 calliopes, Seventh Avenue, New York, the great equalizer, bringing you Christian Dior and all those other hot *couturiers* at $6.95, comes roaring up from the rear.

With all this power stacked against him, M. Dior hasn't a chance to put up effective resistance. He is fated to be a leader. A multibillion-dollar world industry teeters like a precariously balanced pyramid, point down, on his head.

"If the U.S. industry had to put up one tenth of what Christian Dior is worth to it in making women throw away last year's dress," says an official of one of this nation's largest department stores, "it would have to pay him around twenty million dollars a year."

Unfortunately, considering his troubles, M. Dior doesn't make $20,000,000 a year. In fact, he doesn't own his business. Marcel Boussac, the French textile king who started M. Dior going on his own in 1947 with an investment of $500,000, owns Christian Dior, Paris, Christian Dior, Caracas, and Christian Dior, New York. Most of M. Dior's shoe, hosiery and other tie-ups, to which he rents his label, pay the house, which is to say, Boussac. The monsieur may indeed be *worth* $20,000,000 a year. But his take is $100,000, virtually all of it in salary.

M. Dior feels he is a case of mistaken identity. The press and public may be convinced that he is "the most incisive, daring and influential figure ever to appear on the high-fashion scene"; "a tyrant of the hemlines," and so on. In fact, however, he is a shy, emotional, dreamy and superstitious Ferdinand of the hemlines whose often expressed wish is to retire into a small, elegant, low-pressure establishment of high fashion.

"All the *patron* really wants," says one of his closest associates, "is to create a few $2,500-and-up gowns a year for ladies of the highest discernment and financial backing. I have never seen such a retiring personality in so prominent a man."

Sweeping as it is, this statement seems to have some fact to it. M. Dior's whole life is a study in withdrawal. A moody, taciturn child, from his own report, he spent most of his early childhood alone, wandering the gardens of his family home at Granville, in coastal Normandy.

When his family moved to Paris, neither his schoolmates, his brother and two sisters, his well-to-do parents nor the beckoning world could draw him out very much. "Part of me retired at the age of five," he says.

At seventeen, when M. Dior finally emerged into Paris as a top-hatted, velvet-collared young gentleman of means and introverted charm, the ladies got set for siege. But the only serious scuffle he gave them, he says, was in ballroom dancing.

M. Dior's father, a practical manufacturer of fertilizer, among other products, wanted him to become a diplomat. But that calling involved controversy. M. Dior turned to quieter studies—architecture and musical composition. When he showed no marked talent for either pursuit, he tried painting, and when he showed no marked talent for that, his father helped set him up in an art store. But M. Dior was even less of a salesman.

"When a customer wanted to buy a picture I liked," he recalls, "I ran it down until the customer went away."

Gradually, as he got older and older without settling into any form of gainful work, it became apparent to M. Dior's family and friends that he might have withdrawn too far. M. Dior felt fine, however. He was bright and witty in a subdued way, according to his old friends. He was a wonderful guest. Had he not had a bad accident when he was twenty-seven, he might today be one of the most charming and uncontroversial of all the well-heeled ne'er-do-wells of Paris.

The accident was that his father suddenly lost all his money. Immediately, the unrest that was later to dog the younger M. Dior set in. M. Dior hunted and was refused work as an insurance salesman, a baker, an office boy. For two years, he lived at the homes of Paris friends, eating an average of one meal a day. One morning, he could not get out of bed. The doctor said he was very sick from malnutrition. It was 1934; M. Dior was twenty-nine.

His First Try at Fashion Sketching

One of the interesting characteristics of M. Dior is that he can be quirky. Instead of despairing at the sanitorium where his friends sent him, he cheered up, recovered rapidly and began to sketch and sew tapestries—the only needlework he has ever done. But back in Paris, he had another accident. The tapestries sold. Instead of lying low, he listened to friends in the *couture* who urged him to try fashion sketching. He drew some sketches and they sold, for around $2.50 apiece. He was amazed. Little by little, never suspecting what lay ahead, he was drawn into the *couture*.

"Later on, after I had withdrawn into the house of Robert Piguet as a salaried designer," M. Dior says, "war broke out and the army put me on a railroad track gang. I was known as the worst-dressed soldier in the transportation corps. My leggings always came unwrapped."

M. Dior got his last chance to remain a happy,

***"Merveilleux!"* The new Dior line is a hit—and women everywhere will be flatter than ever**

anonymous artisan some months after his discharge when the renowned Lucien Lelong hired him, along with the now famed Pierre Balmain, as one of his top designers. M. Dior threw the chance away. When Balmain left to establish his own house, M. Dior also ventured out gingerly for a look around. Then he ran into M. Boussac and the damage was done. M. Dior went into business for himself.

A Celebrity Who Shuns the Spotlight

Today, as a world celebrity, M. Dior finds retreat into his lost anonymity cut off. But he keeps trying. He does not know his Paris neighbors, who have lived wall-to-wall with him for three and a half years. Although he is the foremost decorator of women, he clothes himself to fade into the Paris scenery, which is mostly gray. He wears no jewelry or other attention-getters, except the little red lapel ribbon of the *Légion d'Honneur*, awarded him by his grateful government for rescuing the *couture* from its postwar doldrums with his New Look. Even in slumber, he often withdraws his head under the covers.

"Sleep," he says, "is your best friend."

A fugitive from the machine age, he cannot drive a car or handle clocks or fountain pens very long without breaking them. He will not have television in his house. "It throngs the place with strangers," he says. He knows that sports and group games exist but he plays only canasta, at which he is very good, and solitaire, at which he is, naturally, better. A monarchist in politics, he feels France would be better off if it still had a king; a traditionalist in soul, he is often accused of trying to take fashion back to the bustle age.

M. Dior is a closemouthed man, as might be expected. He never makes a speech or discusses his private life, and rarely talks to reporters (although he was "born under the star of publicity," in the phrase of his good friend Carmel Snow, editor of Harper's Bazaar). He maintains the most stubborn secrecy about his customers, even though they are generally known to include Princess Margaret, the Duchess of Windsor, Gloria Swanson, Marlene Dietrich, Jane Russell and Zsa Zsa, among other majestic and famous ladies.

Because he has one of the world's great views into the secrets of feminine nature, M. Dior has remained a bachelor. As such he comments on women only with reluctance. "I am very respectful of them," he says.

M. Dior has reasons for this attitude. If he should have two or three dull collections in a row, the female world which now proclaims his genius and obeys his laws might suddenly tire of him and turn into millions of Madame Defarges, knitting malignantly while poor outmoded M. Dior rode by in a tumbrel to the guillotine.

"When I go into anonymity, I do not want women behind me, pushing," says M. Dior. "I want to be behind myself."

In the most guarded terms, M. Dior reveals that women are most fascinating between the ages of thirty-five and forty—"after they have won a few races and know how to pace themselves. Since few women ever pass forty," he says, "maximum fascination can continue indefinitely.

"I rarely design anything but wedding gowns for young girls," M. Dior adds. "A woman does not really need chic until the animal has lost some of its spring and the mind begins to prowl. That is the time for masking. *Merveilleux!*"

As an apprentice recluse, M. Dior rarely goes out to the opera, plays or even to the movies. Most of his nonbusiness life centers either in his beautiful seventeenth-century French farmhouse at Milly (about 20 miles south of Paris), his even more beautiful eighteenth-century French farmhouse near Cannes or his great three-story, graystone nineteenth-century town house on Paris' fashionable Boulevard Jules Sandeau.

Exquisite Décor of the Town House

The town house is his base of operations. It is staffed by a butler, valet, maid, cook and chauffeur. With its spiraling white-marble staircase and its dozen richly decorated rooms, it is probably one of the most beautiful homes in the world. M. Dior has the traditionalist's deep attachment to it.

"Whenever I'm away from home," he says, "I long for my old stones."

Except for weekends, when he is usually driven to one of his country places, M. Dior entertains three out of five evenings a week—always at home. The entertainment consists mainly of conversation with his intimate friends, including composer Darius Milhaud, poet-playwright-movie-maker Jean Cocteau, painter Sir Francis Rose and ex-Ambassador and Madame Henri Bonnet. Marlene Dietrich is a frequent caller when she is abroad.

On workdays, M. Dior is roused in his canopied Louis XVI bed by his valet. After breakfasting and reading the paper in bed, the monsieur reclines in his antique bathtub for some 15 minutes, dresses himself in one of 20 funereal suits and runs a gourmet's eye over the cook's lunch and dinner menus.

If the weather is bad, M. Dior bundles up in a heavy overcoat and scarf and leaves for work, hatless and hairless. His chauffeur whisks him through terrifying Paris traffic in his black Citroën sedan. He enters his sprawling *maison* at a side entrance, ascends in a creaky elevator and walks toward his office. Automatically, he begins to tense up.

The Model in the Mink-Lined Raincoat

Maison Dior is such a concentration of gray-toned, thickly carpeted, mirrored and chandeliered elegance, alive with so many nimble, dark-eyed, musical-voiced and exquisitely chic salesladies in black dresses that sales resistance is hard to achieve within its walls. Here is a gown for $2,000 (14 per cent off if paid for in dollars); there is a suit that would make a down payment on a house. A tall Eurasian model, moving with the fast, skirt-twirling walk M. Dior has taught her, demonstrates a mink-lined raincoat for a customer from Brazil. Behind the customer hangs a kind of end-all of high fashion —a mink-lined mink.

The only arresting item missing from the scene is M. Dior himself. Upstairs, trapped in his office, trying desperately to keep ahead of female fashion desire around the world, *le grand monsieur* sits shooting out tensions so powerful they can be felt by sensitive employees on the first floor.

No man has a better right to tensions than M. Dior. Twice every year, his organization is wound up tighter and tighter as it struggles to create new collections. Then, in February and August when the collections are shown, the tensions are released with a frightful twang, only to begin all over again.

At the center, the mainspring, M. Dior, is always wound tighter than anybody. The first reason for his tension is that he has to think creatively, a nerve-racking business. To begin with, he has to find design ideas, usually in unlikely places.

"The idea for the full skirt in my New Look came to me while I studied the heaving hipline of a female Paris fishmonger," M. Dior says. "The New Look is based on her work skirt."

Once the monsieur has an idea, working it out can be even more nerve-racking. An aircraft designer may sit weeks pondering every millimeter of a wing section, shaping it for more lift in his mind's eye. But when M. Dior wants more lift out of a section, what does he have to sit and ponder for weeks in his mind's eye?

"Buzzums!" he says, nervously.

The second reason for M. Dior's tension is fashion itself. Fashion is basically emotion.

"To manufacture emotion," says M. Dior, "a man must have a working agreement with madness." He apparently has such an agreement. After he has thought how to move portions of the female anatomy around to form silhouettes that will be mistaken everywhere for new ones, M. Dior must then transmit the thoughts to paper.

Sketching is probably the only part of the dressmaking process that gives him real pleasure. It enables him to retire to his place near Cannes for a couple of weeks, completely cut off from the world except for his caretakers and Madame Raymonde, a warm, wise woman who is his constant companion and canasta partner, as well as a cornerstone of his organization. It also enables him to sit in the bathtub.

During one recent sketching session at his Cannes place, Madame Raymonde left the monsieur seated in the bath at 10:00 A.M., with coffee, paper and pencils at hand. She returned at two o'clock. Wrinkled up like a prune, M. Dior was still in the bath, which he had kept refilled with hot water. Some 100 sketches littered the floor.

When the sketches are finished, the winding of M. Dior's inner spring really begins. He returns to Paris and goes into conference with Madame Marguerite, his *première* or production chief, who has charge of Dior's 25 *ateliers,* or needleworkers' workrooms. About 200 of the best sketches are spread among the 25 sub-*premières,* whose workers immediately start making muslin mock-ups of them.

At this point, M. Dior is forced to come down out of his office. He walks around in a kind of druggist's smock, pointing out defects with a long Malacca stick. By the time work on the final creations is begun, showing day may be only a month away. Pressure mounts. Madame Raymonde is everywhere, soothing nerves, urging speed, urging perfection. M. Dior is also everywhere, pointing and whacking with his Malacca stick, dodging customers, alive with premonitions of disaster. As his inner spring tightens, the vibration gets into the needleworkers.

Not long ago, when he was about to twang, M. Dior found clumsy stitching in one workroom. "Pigs!" he cried, according to a witness. "I am being crucified!"

This harmless exclamation, directed at the ceiling, caused an overwrought junior needleworker, or "little hand," to back into a dressmaker's dummy. The dummy fell with a crash. The crash made M. Dior moan, as though he had been tapped with a bung starter. The moan caused the unhappy "little hand" to burst into tears. With a high-strung wail, a tall, elegant model standing nearby promptly clutched the roaring little one to her protective bosom and also burst into tears.

This action set off the entire roomful of nervous ladies, who instantly fell into one another's arms, raising such a heart-rending lamentation that other late-working ladies roundabout could not help running in and adding to it.

For a moment, Monsieur Dior, the absolute dictator who yearly bends multitudes to his will, stared about him with a stern expression. Then his chin began to wobble. Then he flung his arms impulsively around both the model and the "little hand," the master floodgates opened and *le grand couturier* joined the ladies in tears. Together, they rocked and roared.

Relaxing as such explosions may be to one and all, M. Dior always gets wound right up again. He has reasons.

Those Who Buy for Mass Reproduction

All over the world, the press, the buyers, the exclusive and mass retailers, and finally the millions of Madame Defarges, are waiting to see what he will come up with.

His heart is with his elegant private customers. But unfortunately, they buy only a few garments a year. The big buyers are professionals, more interested in M. Dior's style line than in his individual dresses. They represent huge dress manufacturers, on and off New York's Seventh Avenue, and buy the patterns, the idea, or the dresses themselves for simplified mass reproduction. They also buy the right to reproduce dresses for specialty shops and other outlets too numerous to set down here. They may pay up to $2,000 for a gown.

In the United States, M. Dior's principal export market, a huge and complex fashion mechanism is set to start grinding out Dior ideas for the American woman in all brackets as soon as they are available.

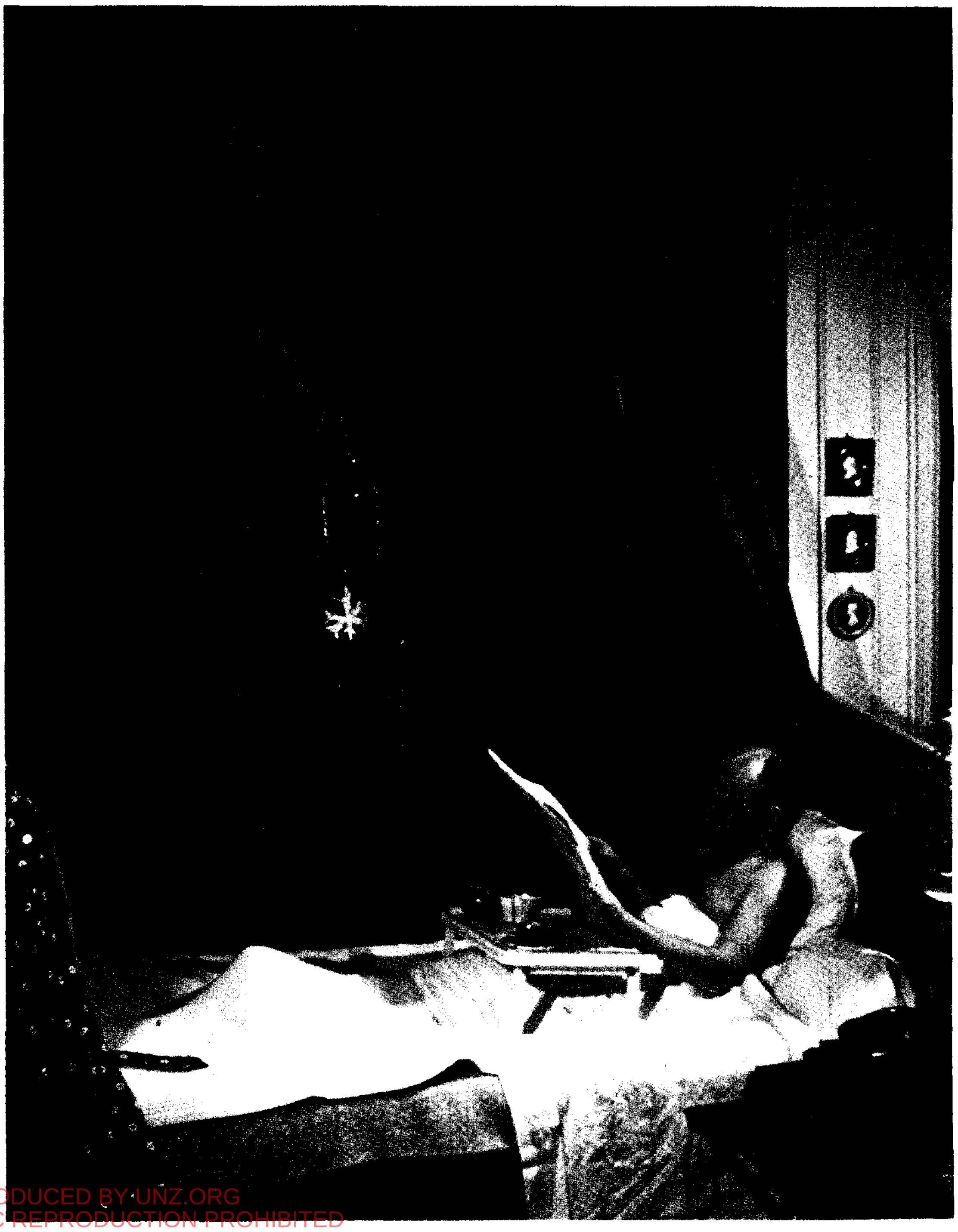
Top fashion experts, like Ben Reig and Nettie Rosenstein, will attend M. Dior's showing, buy models they like (from $750 up) and then "translate" them (add U.S. casualness) for the $250 trade. Other "adaptors," like Suzy Perette, will also attend the showing, buy the same models and "translate" them for the assembly line all the way down to the $24.95 level. From the low-price "adaptor," the middle-bracket U.S. woman gets her first shot at a version of a Dior look.

Crouching behind the low-price "adaptors" is Seventh Avenue, that volatile and roaring canyon which really clothes Mrs. America. Seventh Ave-

The monsieur and two satisfied customers—Princess Olga, right, of the Yugoslav royal family (now deposed) and her daughter, Princess Elizabeth, wearing Dior creations

After awaking at his Paris apartment, Dior stays in bed for an hour, breakfasting and reading paper

JOE COVELLO



ithout letup. But the ladies think he's great

The monsieur is a tense man, and the biannual showings in February and August leave him limp

nue is inhabited by many conscientious manufacturers who go to Paris and pay for their designs. It is also inhabited by pirates—the poor-woman's stay. The pirates never go to Paris. They wait until the perspiring "adaptors" get back and turn out their "translations," then go to stores and buy them for copying, or copy them off the racks, for sale at $20 less.

Lower-class pirates then pirate the pirates and undersell them by $20. At this point, larceny becomes wholesale, with pirates plundering plunderers amid cries of indignation until eventually what remains of poor, manhandled M. Dior's original design ends up on some giant rack at $6.95 or less.

When the Critics Go to Work on Him

When M. Dior isn't plagued by pirates, he is plagued by critics. The critics insist he is trying to take women back to the hideous shapelessness of the 1920s—a proposition he denies with the greatest vigor. While pointing admiringly with one hand to the "sculptural" style of Napoleonic times (when ladies used to soak sheer garments with cologne to make them cling), some critics point censoriously with the other hand to M. Dior's ribbed and wired "structural" creations, claiming that he expects women to fit the creations, and not the other way around.

"Dior gowns are semirigid molds," says a Los Angeles dress manufacturer who regularly buys Dior patterns for reproduction. "He tries to pour women into them like wet plaster. But American women won't pour. The average American woman stands five feet three, weighs around 133 pounds, has a 35½-inch bust, a 29-inch waist and 39-inch hips. Try getting that into one of Dior's fuselages," he concludes—neglecting to add that the average U.S. woman never buys a Dior original, built to model measurements, but only a U.S. copy of it, thoughtfully let out here and there by domestic manufacturers in the national interest.

When poor M. Dior is not plagued by critics, he is plagued by out-and-out thieves (who differ from pirates in that they usually steal direct from M. Dior himself and not from some middleman). Thieves cost Maison Dior about one fourth its possible income every year. There are no workable copyright laws in any country to prevent the theft of a *couturier's* new design ideas, which are basically all he has to sell. Hence M. Dior's salons are always alive with larcenists, most of them women, who try to sketch garments surreptitiously at showings, photograph them with tiny cameras or have patterns sneaked out to them by confederates in the house.

Little thieves—usually Parisian dressmakers who can be fined up to 500,000 francs and jailed up to three years if they steal more than once—do not drive M. Dior's tensions up so much. It's the syndicate thieves who get him.

One syndicate device is simplicity itself. Suppose an exclusive shop, say in Zurich, is in league with a group of "model renters" in New York. The Zurich shop buys a Dior original at 100,000 francs, copies it in three hours and puts it on a plane to New York. The model renters buy the original for 50,000 francs; the Zurich shop sells its copy as the original, for 200,000 francs.

In New York, meanwhile, the model renters get busy renting out the original to dressmakers, 24 hours to a customer, at a price ranging up to $200 per shot. The dressmakers feed their work into mass-distribution channels, turning a profit on volume. From one Dior original, almost everybody makes many times more than its creator made. And in every city and town even the $12.95 dress customer gets a version of Dior as soon as, or before, the manufacturers or retailers who have worked the straight ticket.

Critics, buyers and thieves are enough to create tension in any man's *maison*. But the unending necessity to have new collections ready for showing every February and August—to meet that inflexible biannual deadline—is the problem that has given M. Dior a nervous stomach, for which he has to gobble potions all the time.

In Paris, new Dior showings are said to outrank changes of premiers in excitement. Press speculation goes out to all Western nations to agitate the man-in-the-street. Such famed Dior competitors as Balenciaga, Balmain, Givenchy, Jacques Heim, Dessès and Madame Fath become unavailable for comment on the coming event.

Inside Maison Dior, on which a complete security blackout has been clamped (an employee can go to jail for deliberately leaking information about a new collection), the tension which has been gathering for six months becomes intense. Working scared, M. Dior makes new changes in gowns that may have been reworked 10 times. Voices are raised; tears flow; M. Dior's correspondence takes on a threatening tone. When he stops to rest, the monsieur himself has a trance-bound expression. What if the collection should fail?

It is that thought which unstrings urbane, deeply religious, even more deeply superstitious M. Dior. Even when he's relatively relaxed, he knocks wood all the time, carries amulets on his key chain and suffers the most hair-raising premonitions of ruin. Before showings, his need to know what is crouching in wait for him becomes so intense that he has to visit lady mediums for advance information. They always tell him everything is going to be all right and he always tenses up worse than ever.

One evening last January, shrouded in flickering candlelight in the parlors of a celebrated Paris medium, M. Dior watched anxiously while she worried the astral circuits. Contradictory statements and corrections kept coming in. Then—there it was. Great news! The new collection would be a big success and make wonderful headlines. Alive with apprehension, M. Dior flung himself into final preparation for his press showing, which was only four days away.

Two days before the showing, a reporter in Paris wrote a story totally unsupported by fact in which she said that M. Dior really intended to flatten women this time. "There will not be a curve left," she predicted dismally.

A Garage Man Who Had Dior Phobia

This speculation was bulletined internationally. In Los Angeles, O. B. Fenton, a garage proprietor who always got considerable spiritual uplift from the sight of his lady customers, read it on the day of M. Dior's press showing, and became violently incensed. Fenton, a lifelong man-in-the-street, who had been hit bad by the New Look and worse by the Flat Look, had Dior phobia of an advanced kind. He did not whine, nor fall into melancholia nor write letters. He astounded his wife by suddenly hollering: "I'll mangle the bum!"

About the time the garageman made this barbarous statement, there was a shriek in faraway Paris. Christian Dior, rushing around making last-minute changes before show time, had stuck a pin in his finger.

Nevertheless, the show had to go on. The elite of the world's fashion press were jammed into the glittering *grand salon* at Maison Dior. The non-elite were jammed into the hall and stairways—anywhere they might catch a glimpse of the dazzling new creations. In the *grand salon*, in one of the *fauteuils d'honneur* (best seats), Harper's Bazaar editor Carmel Snow (black suit, white hat) sat with a stern expression, flanked by Bazaar reporters. Iva Patcévitch, who publishes Vogue and is another great power in enforcing fashion conformity, waited cheerfully. Madame Henri Bonnet, one of the few celebrities admitted on press day, circulated exquisitely about. A murmur of many languages fell upon M. Dior's apprehensive ear as he peeked through the curtain shutting off the *cabine des mannequins*, or dressing room. It was now 10:30 A.M., show time, too late to withdraw his fragile little creations from the lynx-eyed assembly.

Out came the mannequins, following one another with split-second precision—some tense and disdainful, some bored-looking, some serenely beautiful, some picked not so much for looks as for a kind of "average" appearance, calculated to make a whole range of sizes feel that they, too, might look well in the dresses. There was applause and M. Dior smiled weakly. There was laughter and he frowned, and shook an admonitory finger at an *habilleuse* (model dresser) for not working fast enough. The press ladies fanned themselves with their programs and checked off creations they meant to write about. M. Dior mopped his brow with a leftover swatch of purest silk. One, two, three hours went by in what seemed like 15 minutes to M. Dior. Then it was over. Silence.

Tentatively, fear mingling with the usual surprise in his expression, M. Dior peeked out through the curtains. The press ladies were charging him, arms outflung, faces working with emotion. They grabbed him. There was an enormous confusion. Cheeks were rubbed against M. Dior's quivering jowls. Adjectives of praise and joy were expended without regard for extravagance. By acclamation, this newest showing was the greatest success in all of M. Dior's long, long string of successes. Then, the wire service reporters rushed out to inform the world.

"Christian Dior," said the United Press, "switched from the 'H' to the 'A' line today. His new silhouette wipes out curves . . . It has narrow shoulders, straight torsos, big hips . . . It completely bypasses the bosom . . ."

Then came fiendish news.

"The bosomless 'A' line is only for daytime wear . . . But for night, Dior's lavish, wide-plunging V-neckline gowns barely contain bosoms pushed almost to shoulder height . . ."

As he read this message next morning, O. B. Fenton—a man who never got out nights among the plunging necklines but only in the big-hipped and bosomless daytime—pushed his breakfast aside, rose and walked silently from his house. There was no trace of his usual rage. This thing was too big for rage. It was class discrimination. At the garage that afternoon, Mr. Fenton decided to forget the whole thing, as beneath him. That was probably just as well. For sitting in a bathtub in Paris, getting wrinkled up worse than a prune, M. Dior was at that moment turning out new designs so cunning, so diabolical, that they rather worried even himself.

▲▲▲

LARRY FRIED

Bowles urges that the U.S. make full use of 16,000,000 Americans of African descent

The continent is in the grip of a revolution, a former U.S. diplomat says. In the struggle of its 200,000,000 people for independence, the United States can play a historic role

AFRICA

By CHESTER BOWLES

WITH all his other worries, Mr. Average American has a right to ask: "Why in the world should I worry about Africa? What can Africa mean to me?" The answer is that Africa is important to him for many reasons. Next to Asia it is the world's largest continent, covering one fifth of the earth's surface. Although no one can tell the full extent of its resources, we know that they are fabulous.

Already we are looking to Africa for strategic uranium, rubber, cobalt, manganese, industrial diamonds, chromium, lead, zinc, iron ore and bauxite —and the surface of Africa's mineral wealth has barely been scratched. Seventy geological teams are said to be operating now in French Equatorial Africa alone, and at least as extensive surveys are under way in the Belgian Congo and British Africa.

But perhaps the most momentous development in Africa today is the awakening of its 200 or more million people. After a long night the sleeper is stirring, blinking away his drowsiness and stretching his limbs with all the eager, impatient spirit of youth approaching manhood. In the next few years Africa will be bursting with explosive problems, conflicts and headlines. Mr. Average American will be worrying about them whether he wants to or not.

The great British historian, Arnold Toynbee, tells us that our time will be remembered "not for its horrifying crimes or its astonishing inventions, but because it is the first age since the dawn of history in which mankind dared to believe it practical to make the benefits of civilization available to the whole human race." Today the revolution generated by this new awareness is alive, self-conscious and racing ahead. In all parts of Africa, in fact, one starts from the point that the inertia of the past is being overcome, that nearly everyone knows it, and that for better or worse—I believe for better—a new day is dawning. The effect on government priorities has been spectacular.

In every country my wife and I visited on a recent African journey, I asked European and African officials the simple question: "Tell me, what were your principal responsibilities before the war?" Invariably the answer was: "The maintenance of law and order, and the collection of taxes."

When I asked the officials about their present responsibilities, the replies came back with equal unanimity: "Growing more food, building more schools, digging more wells, eliminating malaria, ridding the countryside of tsetse flies and rinderpest, building roads to help get village goods to market."

What more convincing evidence could there be of the momentous changes now taking place in what the world so recently called "darkest Africa"? It is not surprising that the new awakening has profound political implications. The day when the African will placidly accept the status of second-class citizen is rapidly coming to a close. He may reluctantly accept some delay, but there will be no fundamental compromises.

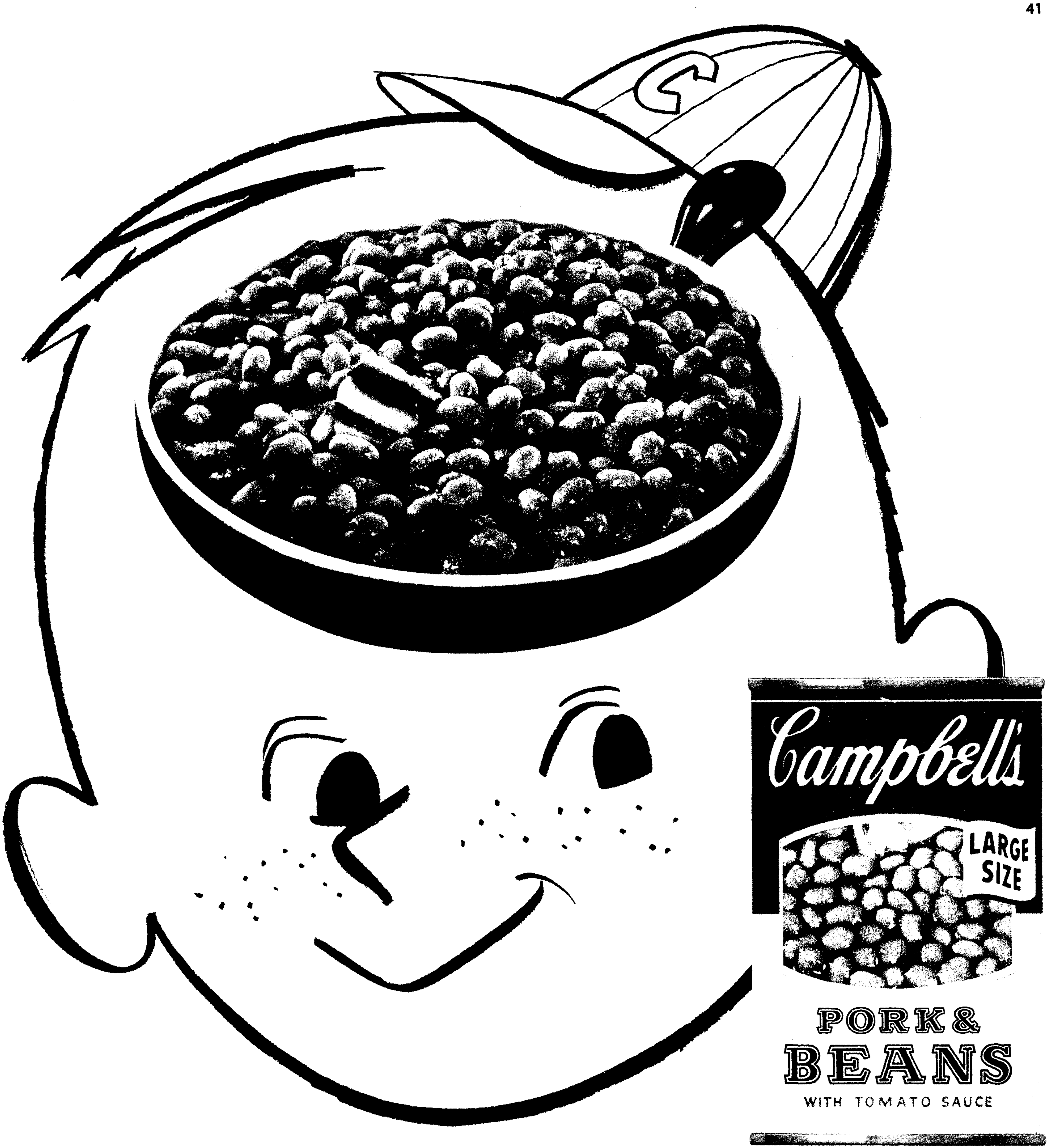
Everywhere Africans are starting to ask some particularly hard questions of the West. Many of these questions have racial overtones: "Why, when so much wealth is being taken out of Africa by white Europeans, do we black Africans remain so poor?" "Why, when the Christian religion considers all men to be brothers, do most Europeans and Americans continue to discriminate against us in economic, political and social affairs?"

To Americans in particular, Africans say: "Why, with your long history of anticolonialism, does your government now remain silent on the question of African freedom? Why do you consistently straddle this problem in the United Nations?"

These questions are not always easy to answer. Yet, strangely enough, in Central Africa radicals are few. Even the most conservative European leaders agree that so far the Communist danger is negligible. Over and over again I heard Africans say: "We cannot move forward without the Europeans. We need their technical and management skills, and we need their capital for development. We ask only that the Europeans recognize that they also need us. If Africa's future is to be prosperous and peaceful, we must start now to create a partnership."

Such generalities, valid as they may be for Central Africa, should not be allowed to obscure the sharp contrasts which exist elsewhere in Africa, north, south, east and west. At the two geographic extremes—North and South Africa—the problems are most complex and explosive. French North Africa, with its 2,500,000 Europeans and 22,500,000 Arab-Berber population, is seething with unrest. So is the Union of South Africa, with its equal number of embattled Europeans living uneasily among 10,000,000 stirring Africans and Asians.

The four free multiracial nations of Liberia, Ethiopia, Egypt and Libya naturally provide the greatest contrast to the discontented areas. They, too, have plenty of problems, but no colonial whipping boys to blame for the mistakes and delays. And before long these independent nations will be joined by three former British colonies—the Sudan, the Gold Coast and Nigeria—now all on their way to freedom. Italian trusteeship over



"Folks who know their beans ask for Campbell's"

Though he's the king of the sandlot league, his mind fixes on food once the last run has crossed the plate. And that, Mom, is where you come in. For, like most young 'uns, he's probably got a hankering for beans. So why not give him the very best? Why not load up his plate with Campbell's Pork & Beans? *Because—*

FIRST, Campbell's start with the best—the choicest of beans, specially spiced sauce made from the Campbell tomato, and lean bacon pork.

SECOND, tenderly, gently, these Campbell Pork & Beans slowly simmer in the famous Campbell kitchens until they're perfect for your table.

Isn't this more than reason enough why folks who know their beans always ask for Campbell's?

[illegible] REGULAR, LARGE, AND THE BIG FAMILY SIZE

Somaliland is scheduled to end in 1960.

In French West and Equatorial Africa and in the Belgian Congo, colonial areas which together are bigger than the United States, the pace of political development is slower. In Mozambique on the east coast and in Angola on the west, the Portuguese, who were the first to come to Africa, still confidently assert that they will be the last to leave.

Finally there is the remainder of British Africa, including the Central Federation of Southern Rhodesia, Northern Rhodesia and Nyasaland, and to the north of the Federation, Tanganyika, Uganda, Kenya and Zanzibar. Although these colonies, protectorates and trusteeships are in various stages of development, none of them is yet at the self-governing stage. Both Kenya and Southern Rhodesia are troubled with conflicts between European settlers and land-hungry Africans.

In all these contrasting Africas, most of the literate, hopeful young Africans reflect the influence of the Western Christian missionary movement. With the exception of Europe and the Americas, Africa has offered Christianity its biggest opportunity. Today about one eighth of the people of Africa are Christian, and practically every African leader south of the Sahara has been educated in a Christian school.

The implications of this record are far-flung. Christian missionaries first brought a modern revolution to Africa, going there to lead the fight against the slave trade, ill health and illiteracy. It was they who planted in Africa such explosive ideas as individual liberty, potential dignity and capability of all men, and self-government—the central moving forces behind our own Western society.

If any of us are tempted to feel that the African's demand for social justice is premature, let us remember that in the last 300 years the most politically explosive force in Africa has been the Bible, and that so far the impact of Karl Marx's Das Kapital has been almost nil. Why should we be terrified by our own ideas? It is they that are generating the African Revolution!

THIS revolution still has formidable obstacles to surmount. There is still confusion and lingering inertia. Few Africans receive a balanced diet or are free of parasites or chronic disease. As they lose faith in their tribal organizations, customs and religions, they are often left frustrated and insecure. It is not always easy to break the habits of village life and to adapt creatively to the requirements of a city job.

Europeans sometimes rely on these and similar facts to argue that the African can never effectively manage his own affairs. But when we see the competence that Africans are showing in those areas where they are given an opportunity, such arguments often sound like handy excuses for the European's own privileged status.

In most of Africa, the positions of power are still held by Europeans, sometimes actively assisted and sometimes actively opposed by the educated African elite. This latter group includes some graduates of Cambridge, Oxford and the Sorbonne, but totals well under 2 per cent of the total population.

The thousands of still-powerful chiefs of tribes and subtribes also fill an important role. Many speak only their own tribal languages, cling to past prerogatives, and often regard both the younger, European-educated, politically conscious leadership, and the whole prospect of national independence, with a jaundiced eye.

Finally there is the great mass of Africans, more alert in some areas than in others, but everywhere gradually moving toward an increased political consciousness.

All three African groups are profoundly affected by the presence of the white Europeans, but in widely varying degrees.

In British West Africa, where there is no competition between Europeans and Africans, the situation is encouraging. Because this low-lying area was so infested with deadly tropical diseases, it became known generations ago as the "white man's graveyard." The Europeans came here chiefly for the lucrative trade in slaves and gold. Later they came to hold down temporary jobs in government, and eventually, if they survived, they slipped back to a comfortable retirement in England. Today relations between the 10,000 British and the 38,000,000 West Africans are generally excellent.

WITH their extraordinary talent for government and their willingness to face difficult situations, British officials are working earnestly to turn these West African colonies loose as soon as possible. In both the Gold Coast and Nigeria, the heads of all government departments are Africans, and there are combined British-African civil services. In the Gold Coast the prime minister is Kwame Nkrumah, a graduate of Lincoln University in Pennsylvania and for several years a member of an American labor union. He told me confidently that freedom would come within two years. Nigeria is also headed for independence, but because of internal conflicts, somewhat more slowly.

In British East Africa, the situation differs fundamentally. Although the British territories there stretch for hundreds of miles on both sides of the equator, most of the land is high and the weather is excellent throughout the year. During the last 50 years, this ideal climate has attracted thousands of European settlers. Second-generation families have grown deep roots and developed a financial stake in this rich and lovely country. With a few notable exceptions, they are determined to cling to their favorable economic and political status at almost any cost.

In Southern Rhodesia, 50,000,000 acres of the best land is owned by 25,000 Europeans. Less than 10 per cent of this land is actually tilled. Some 36,000,000 acres, much of it sandy and unproductive, is assigned to the 1,700,000 Africans. The situation is explosive. An African farmer, viewing from his meager sandy holdings the great, rich, red-soiled farms of the Europeans, quite naturally says: "This is because his skin is white and mine is black." Similarly, an African worker in the Northern Rhodesian copper mines, paid less than one twentieth of what the European is paid for nearly comparable work, blames his inferior position on the sense of racial superiority of the whites.

Decent and well meaning as the European settlers in Kenya and Southern Rhodesia undoubtedly are, many of them resist thinking in long-range political and economic terms. They retreat into almost any rationalization to explain and maintain their present preferred position.

One afternoon in Salisbury, Southern Rhodesia, we visited a wagon factory operated by a determined young Englishman who had broken through all the local taboos and insisted on training Africans to run modern machinery. His workers were satisfied and efficient, and their relations with the 10 or 12 European foremen and engineers were excellent.

That night I asked a high government official if he had visited this plant. He hesitated for an instant and then said, "No, I haven't. But I understand they have managed somehow to teach the Africans to do simple repetitive work." I couldn't resist saying: "Yes, it is the same kind of 'simple repetitive' work that produces autos in Detroit, Michigan."

In Kenya we found an ominous sense of violence and bitterness that we had not felt elsewhere. In 1952 a substantial minority among the Kikuyu tribe joined lesser members from two other tribes in open and horrible rebellion under the auspices of the secret Mau Mau society. Today 40,000 Europeans and 120,000 Asians live among 5,000,000 Africans in a land of death and the fear of death.

One Sunday noon in the town of Nyeri in the heart of the Mau Mau country, 95 miles from Nairobi, we watched a stream of European settlers move in and out of the nearby restaurant and bar. All of them carried automatic pistols and many had rifles. As an elderly couple of perhaps seventy-five passed by, we saw that the man held a carbine and that the lady packed a .45 automatic.

The Mau Mau movement is reaction gone wild. It seems to be slowly petering out, not because the essential reforms have been forthcoming, but because the Mau Mau members have overplayed their hand and shocked their own fellow tribesmen with their bloody excesses.

The basic problem remains, however, and that problem, as in most parts of the world where revolution threatens, is land. In Kenya the choice land is in the hands of no more than six or seven thousand European families, and much of it remains idle.

An educated young Kikuyu told me, "We have no quarrel with the European who tills a thousand acres, or even *ten* thousand acres, so long as he produces good crops. But we Africans do object vigorously when he tills only a small fraction of his good land, while we remain limited to a few rocky acres. The Europeans actually forbid us to till such profitable crops as coffee and sisal, except under strict limitations."

This African was typical of the young, earnest and largely moderate educated elite. Will the Europeans come to an understanding with him and his kind while there is still time? If not, he will be replaced by others who will talk a far tougher language.

UNDER earnest British leadership, excellent progress is being made throughout East Africa in public health, housing and education. In both Kenya and the Central Federation, multiracial universities are being developed. But the pace is dangerously slow in the political arena, where the explosions are most likely to occur.

Fortunately British officials seem aware that far more drastic measures of reform are called for. "There must be sweeping reform, or the European is finished," an able colonial administrator told me. "An enlightened few among the European settlers see this clearly, and they do their utmost. But so far the majority have refused to budge. Unless they wake up soon, they will eventually bring all of Africa tumbling down about our ears."

French Africa south of the Sahara presents a situation that falls between the enlightened liberalism of British West Africa and Uganda on the one hand, and British Kenya and the Central Federation on the other. In the French territories, the situation is eased by the fact that there are few European landowners to create the difficulties which led to the tragedy of Indochina and which have helped bring French-African relations in Morocco, Tunisia and Algeria to the explosion point.

The avowed French policy in Equatorial Africa is one of gradual but total assimilation into French culture. When an African has received French education and French professional standing, he becomes a full citizen of France Outremer—the French overseas departments. As such he is said to be treated with full social equality.

Free elections have already taken place for some offices; 400,000 people voted in the last balloting. When I asked the wife of the French mayor of Brazzaville how long they would live in Africa, she said, "Who knows? Within a year my husband must run for a regular term." Later I noticed that His Honor waved and smiled as persuasively to the people in the streets as New York City's Jimmy Walker did in his heyday.

THE Belgian Congo again affords both similarities and contrasts. The economic resources of the Congo seem almost limitless, and the Belgian government is developing them with skill and vigor. The African has been offered opportunities for advancement, including all kinds of specialized technical training. He is given the best of medical care, good housing and, at least in the cities, a high sense of economic security. The people appear well dressed and healthy. The authorities do not allow the African to vote, but in order to avoid racial overtones, they do not allow the 80,000 Belgians to vote either.

Nevertheless, there is something missing. Before I left Leopoldville, a group of newspapermen asked me for my frank impressions. I said, "Before the war, colonial governments in Africa did things *to* the people. Now you are doing things *for* the people. This is a great advance. But I wonder if you can establish the essential partnership with the African until you start to work *with* him?"

Everywhere Africans themselves are beginning to demonstrate an interest in the outside world. Educated Africans are now looking to Asia with avid interest, as the recent Afro-Asian conference at Bandung, Indonesia, so dramatically testified.

One night in January we sat with several African members of the Gold Coast cabinet and their wives, watching three Indian movies in the home of the Indian commissioner in Accra. The first was a film of a London press conference in which Prime Minister Jawaharlal Nehru answered questions from three British newsmen. One reporter bluntly asked Nehru if he felt he was "helping matters in Africa, as Prime Minister of India, by constantly stirring up the question of African freedom?"

Nehru's face clouded. "I will not be silenced by your appeal for the unhappy *status quo.* If I were not the Prime Minister of India, I assure you I would speak with even more vigor."

The Gold Coast cabinet members

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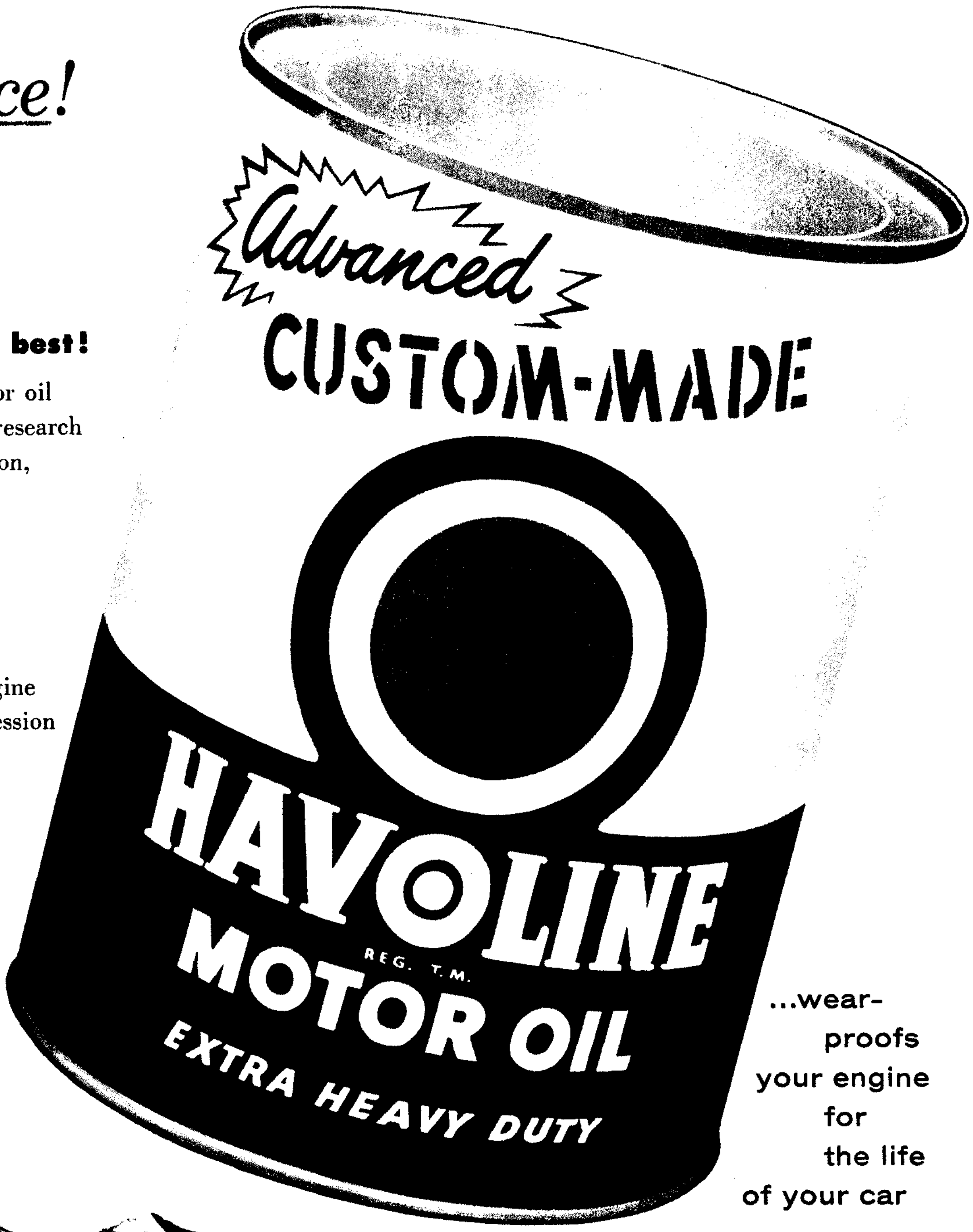

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THE TEXAS COMPANY

looked at one another and smiled. Here at last was the leader of an Asian nation who understood their deepest aspirations.

In a second movie, Prime Minister Ali Sastroamidjojo of Indonesia was shown arriving at the New Delhi airport. A handsome, smiling Nehru stepped forward to greet him. Bands blared. A full regiment of crack Indian troops snapped to "present arms." The African audience was impressed with the new India, confident of its position and strength.

The third film opened with the Damodar River in the north Indian state of Bihar flooding its banks, sweeping away villages through the "Valley of Sorrows" as it had done for a thousand years. The scene shifted. Huge dams were under construction. An alert, confident Indian engineer described the results in terms of flood control, electric power, irrigation and a happier people.

When the lights went on, a sense of excitement filled the room. In faraway Asia, a new nation was bringing benefits to her people and making her own decisions. Africa applauded.

Within two years, the British will face a profoundly important test growing out of this Afro-Asian relationship. The Gold Coast will request membership in the British Commonwealth as soon as it achieves its independence. Race-conscious South Africa indicates that if the Gold Coast is accepted, it will withdraw.

A British official in East Africa said to me. "This means that we will be forced to choose between the two." I suggested that the decision was in fact far more sweeping. "You will be choosing," I said, "between South Africa on the one hand, and the Gold Coast, India, Pakistan and Ceylon on the other." I have no doubt that the British will make the right decision.

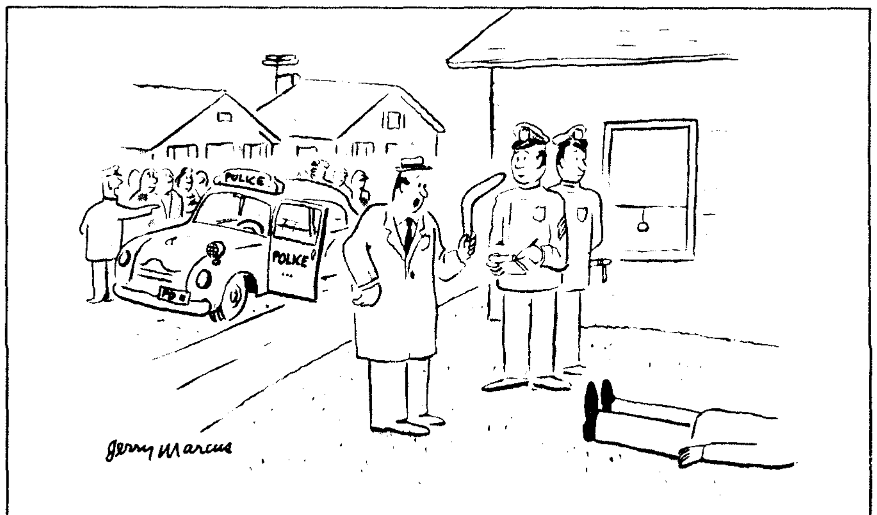
Africans also look to America with what sometimes amounts to a pathetic expectancy. We in return must soon start to look at Africa, not as a vast rich hinterland dominated by Europeans, as we so long looked at Asia, but as a great continent inhabited by a potentially great people.

What exactly is our African policy? It is fair to say that at present we do not have one. We do not have one because for years we have told ourselves that Africa was simply a projection of Britain, France, Portugal and Belgium, and that a European policy would suffice. This same kind of disastrous reasoning in Asia led us to look upon Indochina as a French problem and not as an Asian problem. It can cost us equally heavily over the years in Africa.

However, any responsible person will agree that the development of a rational African policy is not an easy matter. It is a subject on which European opinions are sensitive and easily aroused. It is highly complex, and wide open for reckless, racial demagoguery. I suggest the following points only as outlining the direction which our efforts might take:

1. Let us start with the fact that we do not control Africa, that we have no desire to control it and that there is a strict limit to what we can do there.

2. Without pompously lecturing our European friends on their colonial matters, or making a demagogic play for the applause of the African gallery, let us privately and publicly place our influence behind every orderly and responsible proposal that moves toward freedom.



COLLIER'S "It's a clear-cut case of suicide" JERRY MARCUS

3. For better or for worse, Africans themselves will eventually decide the pace of freedom. However, if America convinces the Africans that we honestly favor their independence as rapidly as they can manage it, we shall be in a position to help moderate the demands of those Africans who now want more authority than they are yet qualified to use. Premature self-government would only lead to failures which would play into the hands of the bitter-enders.

4. If the Gold Coast and Nigeria, like India, develop as free nations in an orderly democratic way, those who are honestly convinced that the African cannot govern himself in the foreseeable future will be forced to modify their views. Everything that America can do to help guarantee the success of these new, emerging, free West African governments will serve this constructive end. This means not only economic assistance from our government, but vigorous, imaginative help from our private agencies, including foundations and churches.

5. For the same reason we should generously and intelligently assist those African nations which are already free—Egypt, Libya, Ethiopia, Liberia, and soon the Sudan. Their progress will help determine the pace for others.

6. Before agreeing to support any economic program in Africa, we should scrutinize it carefully to see that it offers full opportunity to people of all races. If we identify ourselves even indirectly with continuing foreign supremacy in Africa, our influence will vanish.

7. We should give Africa a far higher priority in State Department attention. Today we have only a handful of diplomatic missions in Africa. Although I was impressed with the ability and earnestness of the personnel, most of them are vastly overworked and responsible for areas far beyond their physical capacities.

BUTCH

"I don't care what other businessmen do. We don't have time to fritter away on coffee breaks"

COLLIER'S LARRY REYNOLDS

8. We should also more clearly define our objectives. State Department and United States Information Agency people should be instructed that the primary purpose of their work is to develop close understanding and working relationships with the Africans, not simply with the thin European ruling group at the top. Our information programs in Africa should be stepped up materially and concentrated on persuading the Africans.

9. In the United States itself there are now 16,000,000 Americans of African descent, many of whom are contributing vigorously to the development of our democracy. In both private and official capacities, we could have no better ambassadors to Africa than those sons of America who are also great-great-grandsons of Africa. The mere presence in Africa of able American Negroes as visiting lecturers, teachers, government employees and missionaries would do everyone concerned a world of good.

10. Africa must be given a much higher priority in American universities. On this subject, as on others, the Russians show signs of outdistancing us. According to a recent announcement, a major center of African studies has been established at the university in Tashkent in the south central section of the Soviet Union. The two centers of African studies which are already in operation in the United States should be strengthened and expanded either through foundation assistance or by other means.

11. Through diplomatic channels we might tactfully suggest to our European friends the calling of a conference on Africa and the development of an African charter. Such a charter might lay down standards for self-government and emphatically restate the intentions of the European powers to press on steadily and purposefully toward self-government. If a partnership is effected between Europe's capital and scientific know-how and Africa's resources, natural and human, the future may be infinitely more prosperous and satisfying for Africa and Europe as well.

We are living in the midst of a revolutionary world. We cannot hold back the ties of economic and political change.

An earnest Belgian official told me: "We must stay ahead of the demands of the Africans or we are finished. If we move too slowly they will generate overwhelming explosive pressures that will force us into chaos. The wise thing to do is to anticipate their demands, and grant them in an orderly way before the pressures crystallize."

In this situation, America has a historic role to play. By tactful, intelligent and forthright policies we can appeal to the best in Europe and the best in Africa. We can help to promote the essential partnership which will serve to enlarge the areas of freedom and material well-being for all men.

This objective is a matter of essential democratic morality. To those who are preoccupied with expediency, I suggest a lesser moral too: that the strategic metals of Africa will remain available to us over a period of time only if the strategic peoples of Africa remain our friends. ▲▲▲

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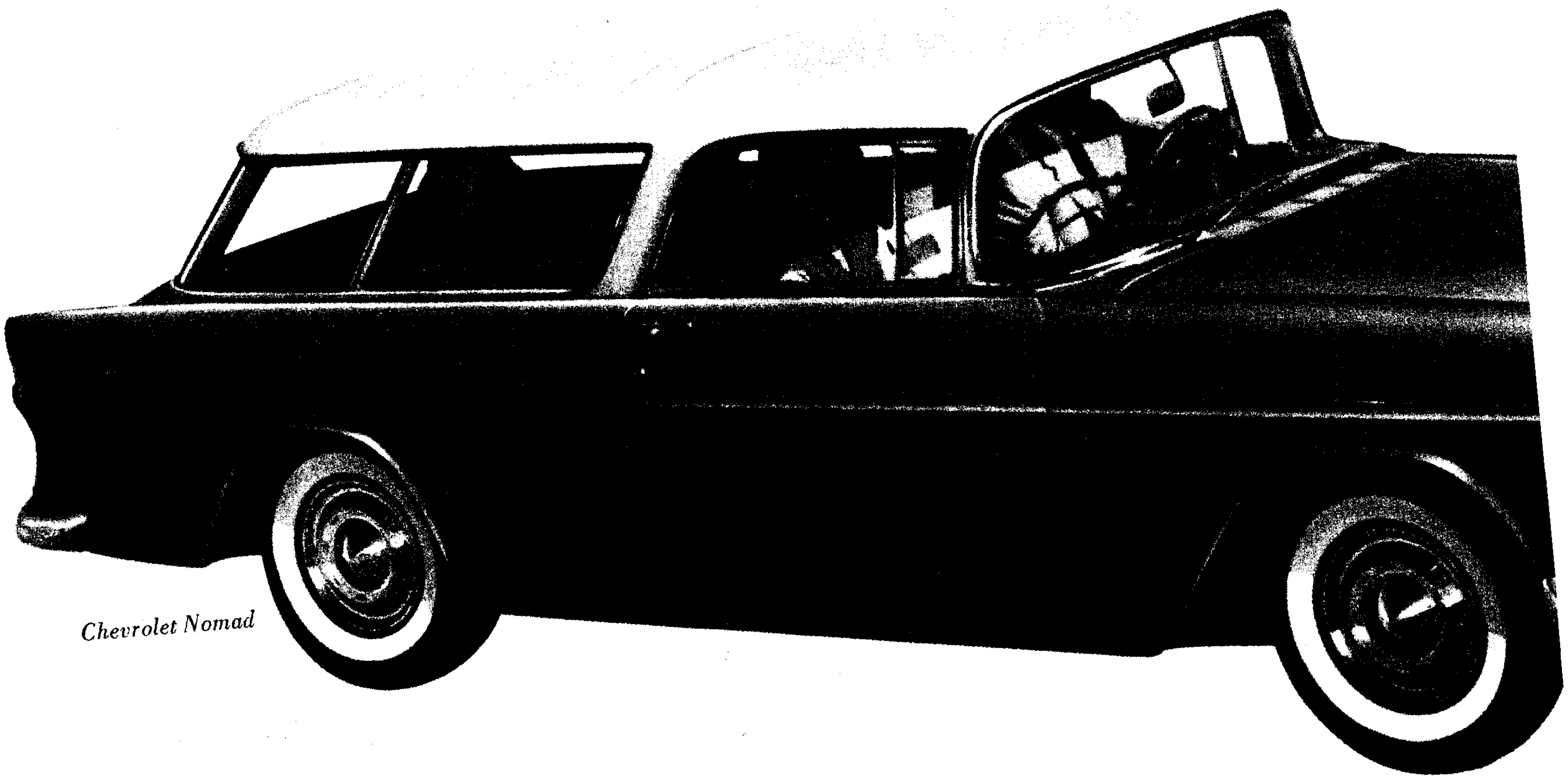

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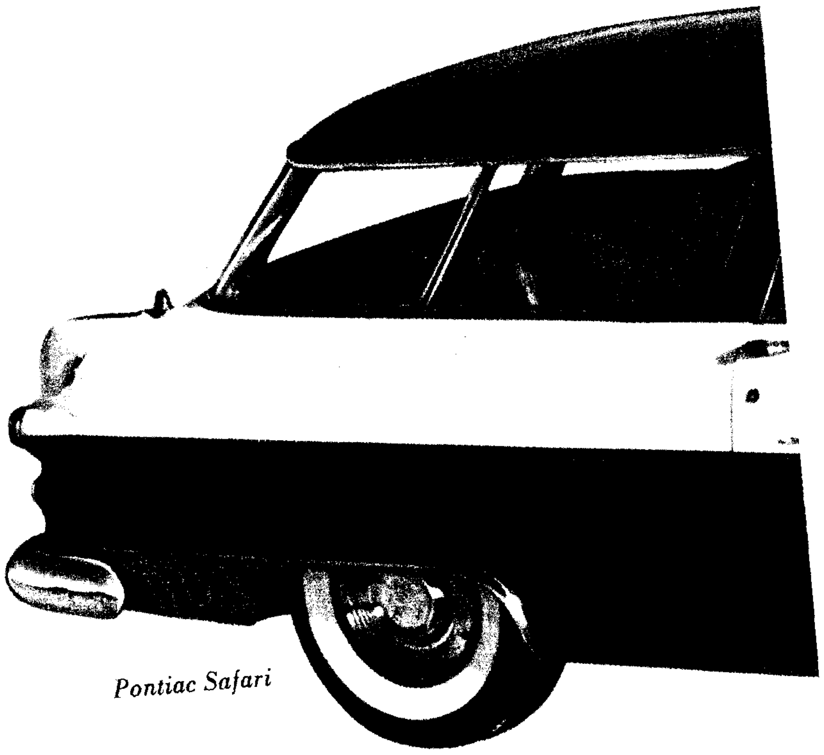

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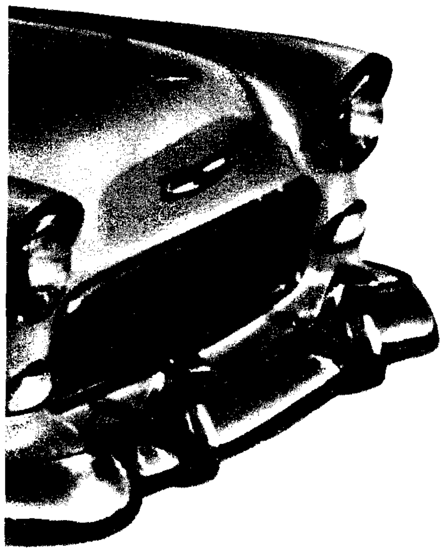

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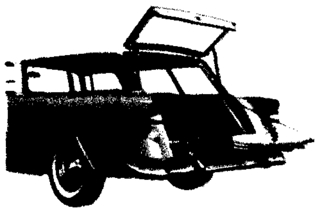

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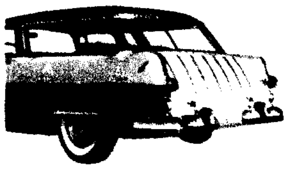

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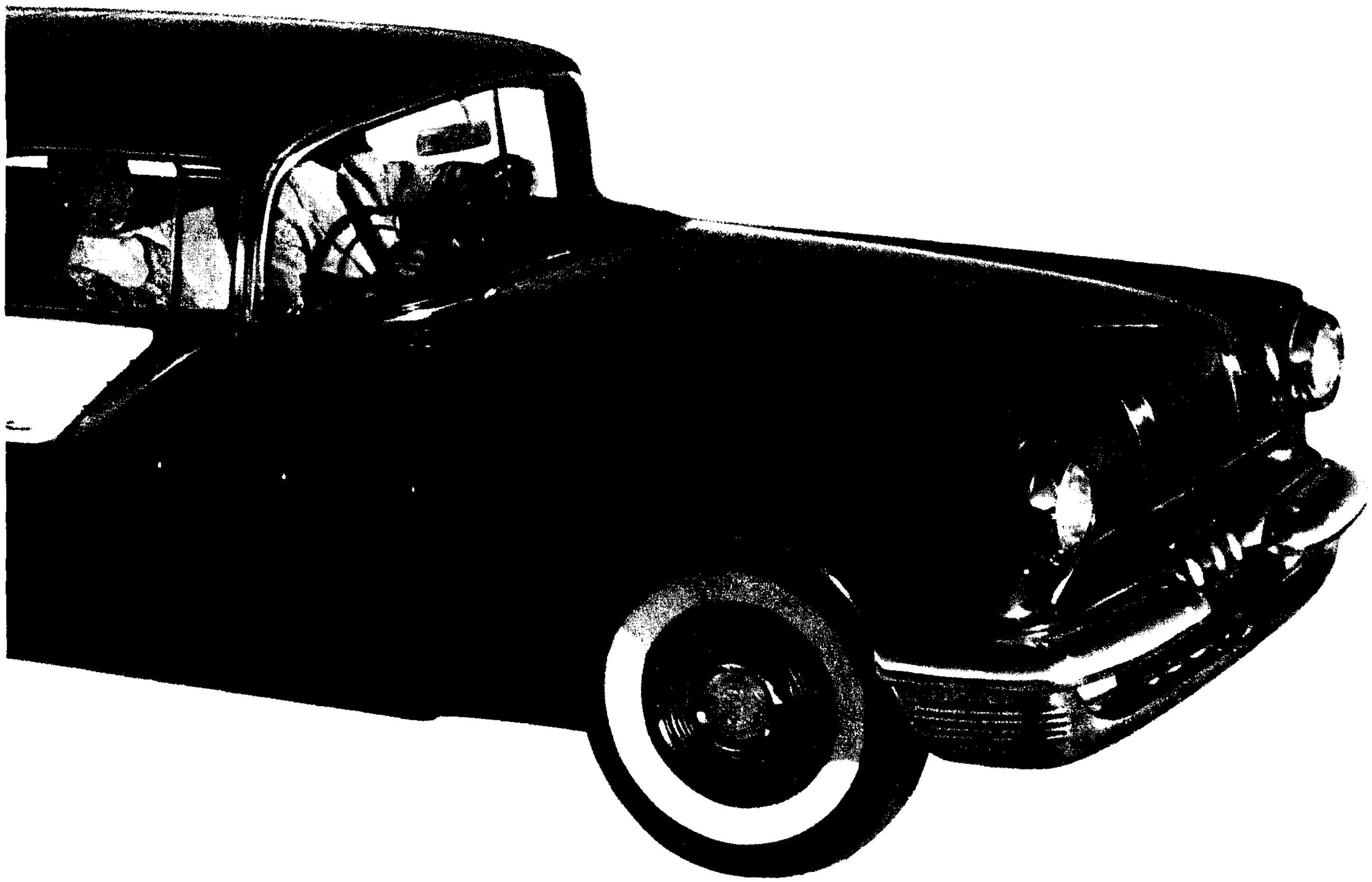

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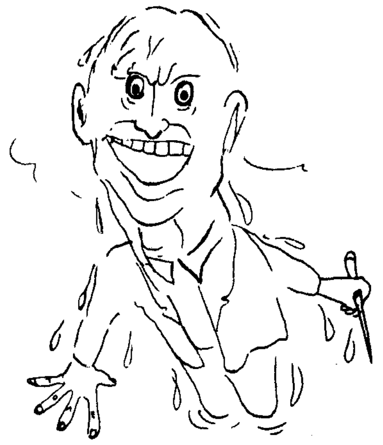
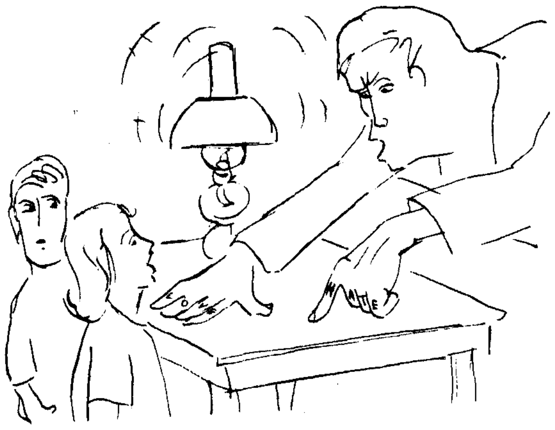


The Night of the Hunter



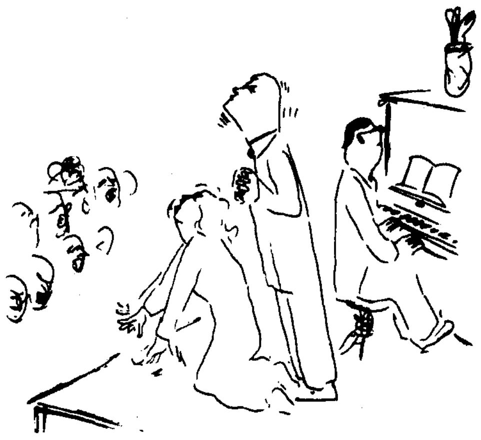
LAST year some 30,000 people lost sleep reading a terrifying novel by Davis Grubb called The Night of the Hunter. Several million more got their chills from the paperback version. It's a tale of an evil itinerant preacher who has LOVE and HATE tattooed on his fingers and roams the Ohio Valley cadging money to build a tabernacle to his twisted concept of a vengeful God, and of the two children who guard a treasure he seeks.

The book has now become a movie, to be released by United Artists this summer. But unlike many best sellers that change character and content on screen, Grubb's tale of the fictional camp-shouter, spun from situations and types the author observed in a boyhood on the Ohio river front, has been transferred to film with remarkable felicity. The Midas-touch theater team, producer Paul Gregory and actor-director Charles Laughton, chose the story for their first joint screen venture; and they reasoned the best way to keep Grubb's nightmare from becoming a movie-goer's bedtime story was to give the author a hand in the film. "Grubb hates to travel," says Laughton, "so I went to Philadelphia and sat in his study for five straight days asking him what he'd seen in his mind while he was writing the book."

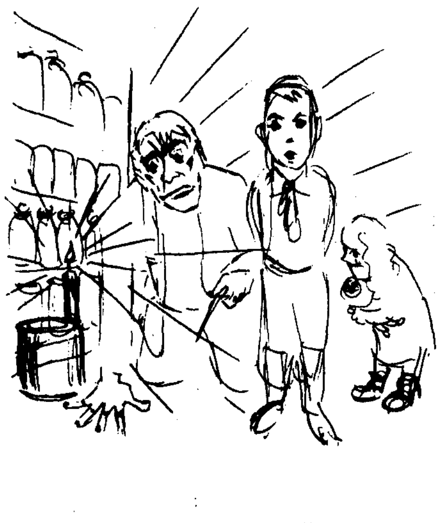
Author Grubb, a onetime art student, explains, "It was easier to draw the answer than tell it." The result, some 100 imaginative pencil sketches (see left), gave director Laughton the base for characterizations, action, physical details, even the brooding, low-key camera effects of the film. He added a score with back-country songs, and hired Robert Mitchum as the personable-yet-sinister man of the cloth; Shelley Winters as the careworn widow he marries; and Lillian Gish as the good countrywoman who foils the psychopathic evangelist in the end.

"But our theme," says Laughton, "like that of the book, is really the plight of little children who must learn that evil has many disguises, and kindness is often where you least expect to find it."

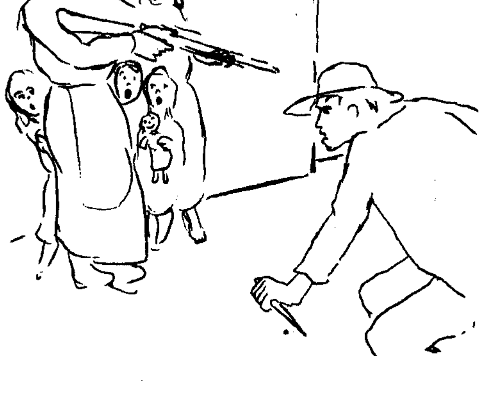
—EVELYN HARVEY

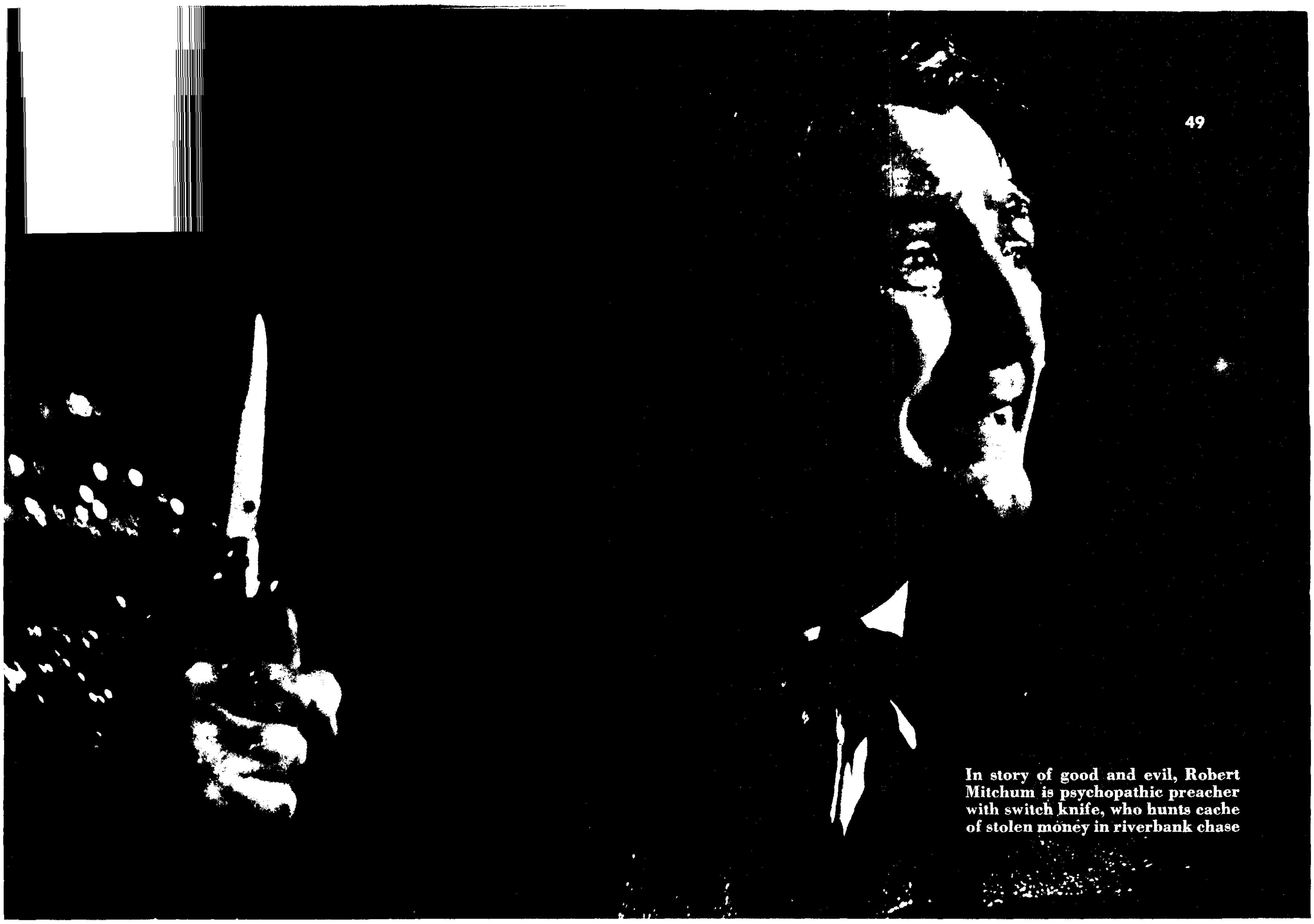


There's a new twist in the best-seller-into-film



When Preacher Powell learns cash from recent bank robbery hasn't been found, he seeks family of condemned thief, makes up to Pearl, five (Sally Ann Bruce), in effort to find hidden loot. Only 11-year-old John (Billy Chapin) suspects him



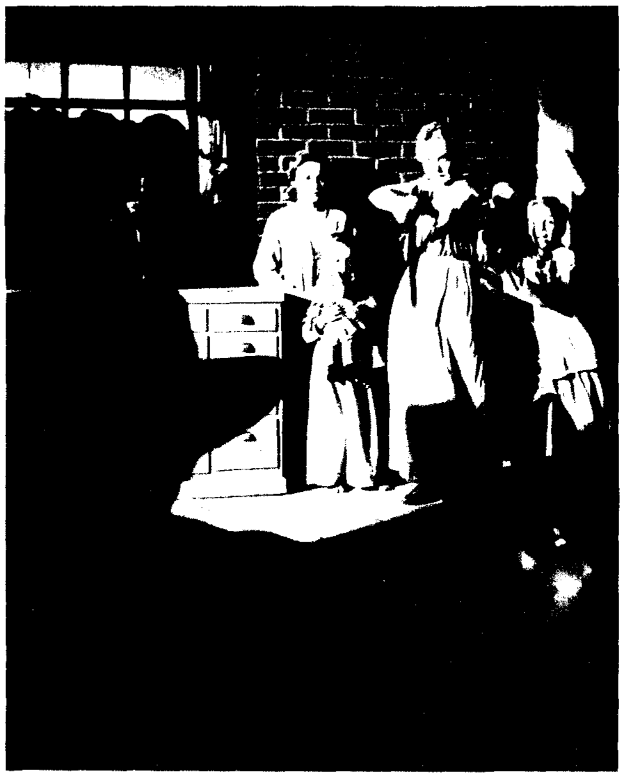


In story of good and evil, Robert Mitchum is psychopathic preacher with switch knife, who hunts cache of stolen money in riverbank chase

trend: scenes and characters are built from [illegible] sketches

Robber's wife, Willa (Shelley Winters), has no knowledge of cash. She is impressed by Harry Powell who marries, then murders her

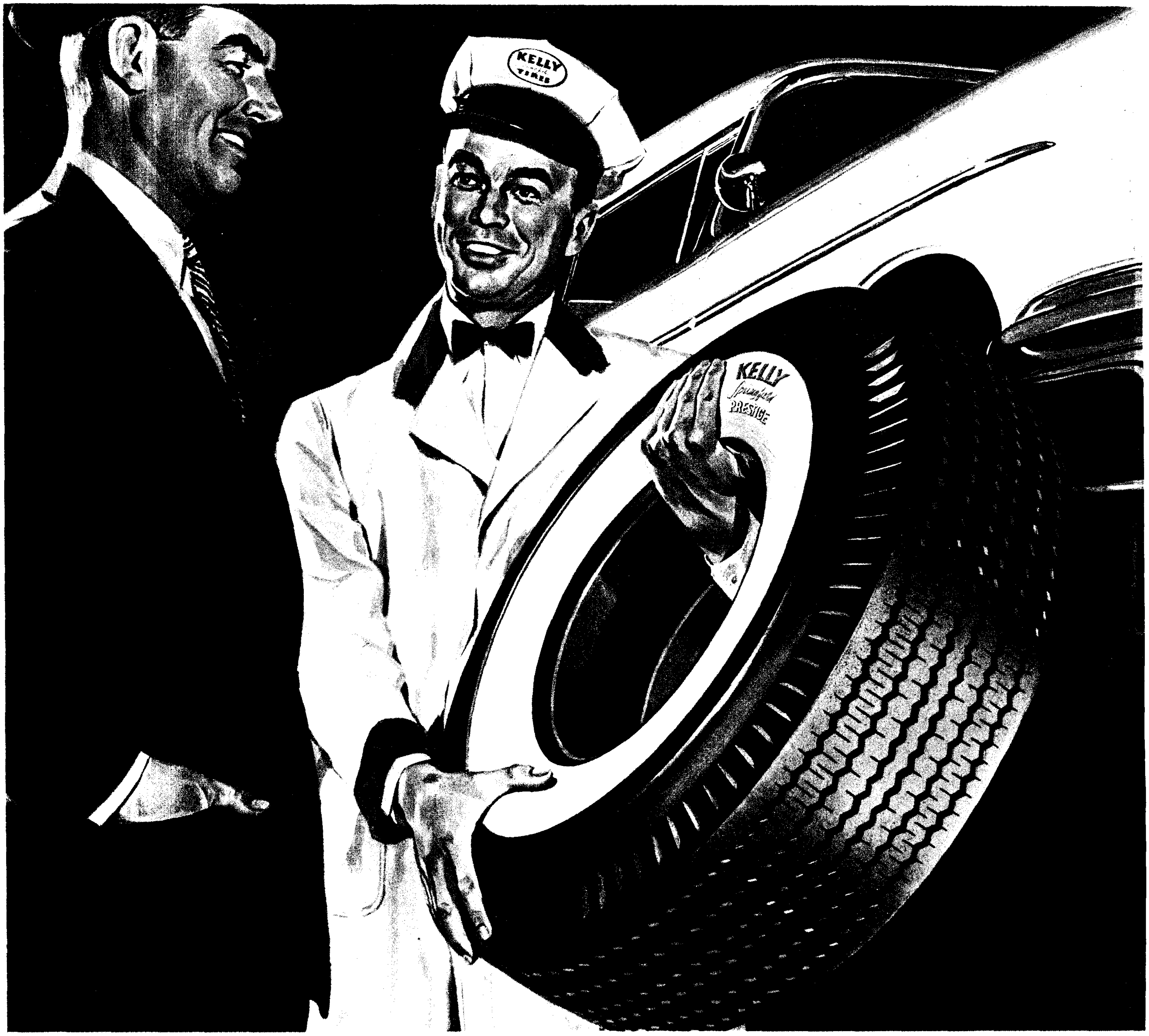
Grim struggle to learn secret goes on till spine-chilling climax in cellar when John and Pearl flee. Money is in Pearl's doll



Escape by rowboat leads the children to kind stranger, Rachel (Lillian Gish), who rescues them from the pursuing preacher

PHOTOGRAPHS FOR COLLIER'S BY DON ORNITZ

NOW SWITCH TO TUBI



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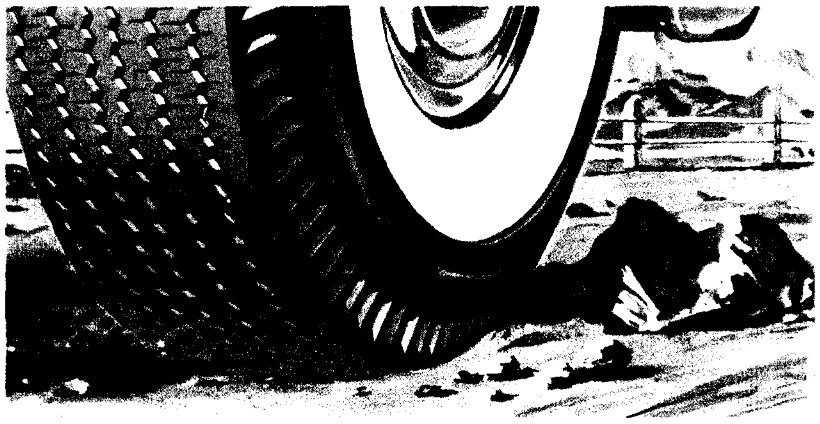

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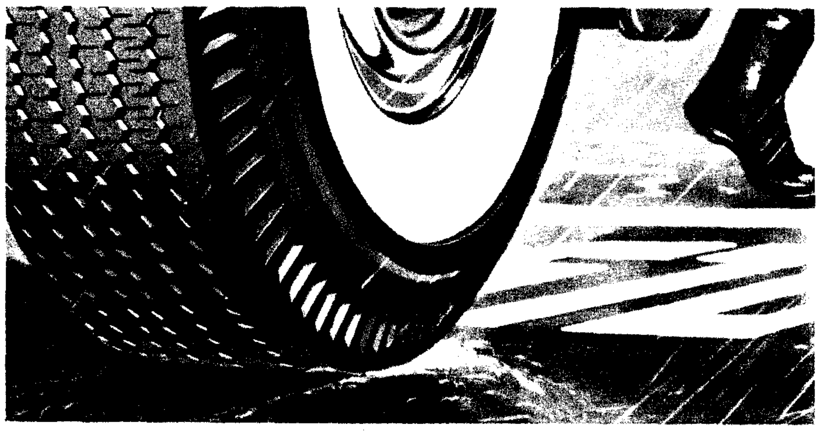

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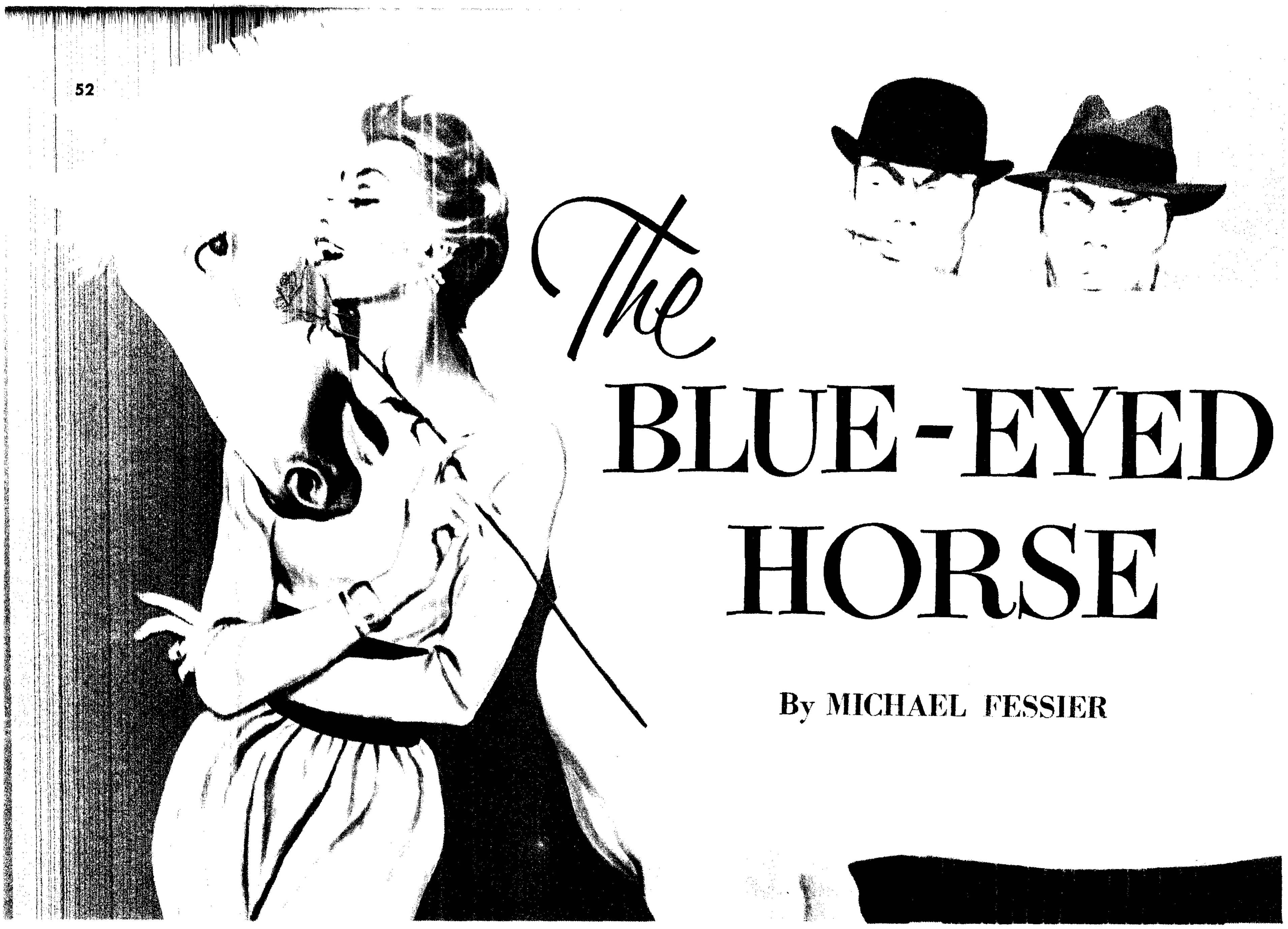


The BLUE-EYED HORSE

By MICHAEL FESSIER

Do-it-yourself was Dan's motto. If the horses he bet on couldn't win, he'd enter the race himself

WHEN Dan Q. McCaffery returned to his pleasant little home that fateful night, he would have been shocked if anyone had suggested that he enter himself as a starter in the hundred-thousand-dollar Santa Marita Derby. Mr. McCaffery was a two-legged male of thirty-one. He had crisp brown hair and his appearance was prepossessing even though a trifle indolent. His eyes were blue and deceptively innocent. Horse racing was not his career but his avocation. He was an insurance salesman.

Mr. McCaffery entered the cheerful living room, tossed his hat onto a table and called out lustily, "Haloo, there. What's to eat?"

Watson, his nine-year-old son, did not look up. He was reading a comic book. "Take it easy, Pop," he said. "This is a tense moment. Little Awful Arnie's about to be skewered by pirates."

"What odds will you take?" asked Mr. McCaffery, interested.

"Aw, I know they won't give her the main dose," Watson said, "but I keep on reading, just in hopes."

Jennie McCaffery entered the room. She was small, blonde and adorable, and therefore Mr. McCaffery adored her. Despite ten years of marriage she appeared hardly more than twenty, and people often mistook her for Watson's sister. Tonight there was a steely glint in her violet eyes. "Did I hear you mention food?" she asked.

Mr. McCaffery kissed her fondly. "You sure did," he said. "I could eat a horse."

"That," said Mrs. McCaffery, "is just what you deserve."

"What have I done *now?*" Mr. McCaffery asked his wife in a pained voice.

"I called the office today," said Mrs. McCaffery. "Your secretary said you haven't so much as hung up your hat there in a week. What have you been doing to earn a living?"

"Well," said Mr. McCaffery defensively, "I sold a health-insurance policy just this afternoon."

"And what did you do with the commission you earned?" Mrs. McCaffery asked suspiciously.

"Well," said Mr. McCaffery unhappily, "there was a horse named Zip in the fifth at Hollywood Park. He was a sure thing. I've seen him run before. Fast? Why, that horse's got wings."

"He should have," commented Watson. "He's a beetle."

Mr. McCaffery looked at him sourly and then turned to Jennie. "Something happened," he went on. "I don't know what, but we got beat out by a nose."

"That's the pattern of my life," said Jennie wearily. "Other women have fine clothes and fine cars and fine homes, but not me. Do you want to know why? It's because I'm always beaten out by a nose." Frowning, she fondled the lid of the old Irish teapot her old Irish grandmother had sent her from Ireland. "Dan," she said fiercely, "if you ever lose another dollar of our money betting on horses, I—I—hope you turn into a horse." . . .

The next morning Dan Q. McCaffery went into Harry's Horse Parlor, sniffed the heady odor of stale cigar stubs, and was greeted by his cronies, including his neighbor Pete Haggerty.

"Hiya, Pete, old sock," he said jovially. "How you doing?"

"I'm doing lousy," grumbled Pete. "These days I couldn't pick a winner from yesterday's paper. My wife's got some kinda pipeline in here and she knows to the dime what I'm losing."

Together they studied the chart and selected Johnny Jumpup at ten-to-one in the fifth. They did not play the first four races, and as they were run off, Mr. McCaffery had time to notice two strangers in the place. They were both small, furtive characters and could have been either pickpockets, con men or utterly respectable produce dealers. He lost interest in them during the fifth race, which wasn't even exciting until the very last. Johnny Jumpup got a five-length lead and maintained it easily into the stretch. Then, out of nowhere, came Caledonia to win by a nose.

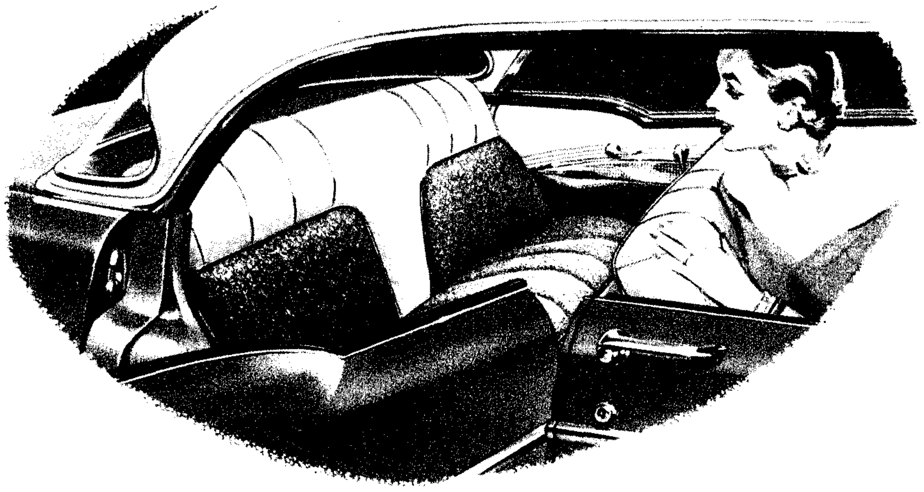
"I can't go home," Pete Haggerty said, moaning. "My wife'll kill me."

But Mr. McCaffery didn't hear him. Instead, he heard his own wife's voice, and she was saying, "I hope you turn into a horse."

A strange feeling came over him. He was slightly feverish and what he needed, he decided, was a couple of aspirin.

The other gamblers felt that the room had sud-

ILLUSTRATED BY FREDRIC VARADY



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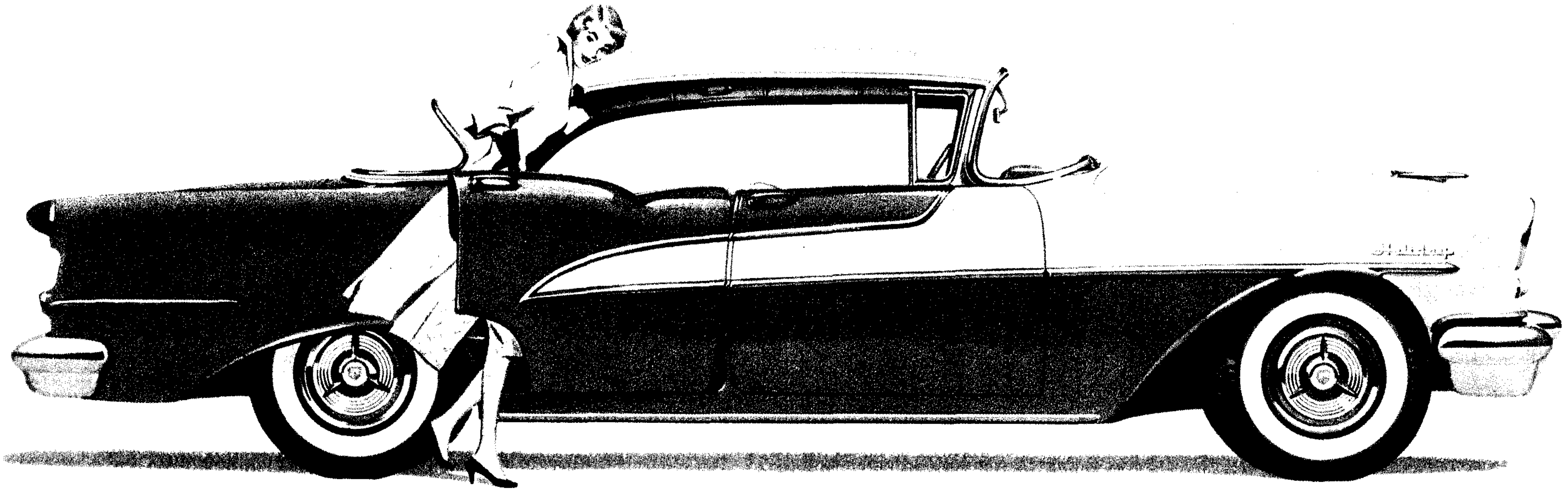

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denly become unreasonably crowded, and then they realized why. Standing in their midst was a horse, a blue-eyed white horse, who was returning their astonished stares with calm detachment.

"Why, there seems to be a horse in here," remarked Mr. Browning, unbelievingly.

"There sure is," declared Mr. Whittaker, and he turned to Harry, proprietor of the parlor. "Aren't you going a bit too far?" he said.

"I swear I don't know how that horse got in here," said Harry, beginning to perspire around the hairline. "I know *I* didn't bring him in."

"Dan—Dan McCaffery," cried Pete Haggerty in a frightened voice. "Where are you?"

"Here I am," said Mr. McCaffery, who couldn't comprehend all this talk about a horse inasmuch as *he* saw no horse. "I'm right beside you."

"The hell you are," said Pete.

AND then Dan Q. McCaffery understood what had happened to him, and he realized that a couple of aspirin would not help. He looked down at his two white forelegs and somewhere in the rear he felt a tail swishing. "Holy cats," he said, and the voice wasn't at all like a horse's voice; it sounded just like his own.

"Who said that?" asked Mr. Whittaker.

"When horses start patronizing the bookies," said Mr. Browning, "it's time to quit!"

"Look, gentlemen," Harry pleaded, "you're overwrought. This horse is just a stray. I'm gonna call the cops."

"Oh, no, you aren't," Mr. McCaffery said as he backed toward the door.

If he had to be a horse, he didn't want to begin by having a brush with the law. He needed to be alone, to think and to adjust to his new condition. He went out the door and started ambling down the sidewalk, to the consternation of pedestrians. At his heels trotted the two suspicious-looking little strangers whom Mr. McCaffery had noticed in the horse parlor. They were Waldo and Wilbur Snope, and they were brothers.

"What're we shagging that silly-looking nag for?" asked Wilbur.

"He may be a silly-looking nag," replied Waldo, "but I been around tracks long enough to know he's a race horse. He's got wind and limb. Lookit dat stride."

"What's in it for us?" asked Wilbur.

"He's a stray, ain't he?" Waldo said. "All we gotta do is catch him and we've got ourselves a race horse."

As Mr. McCaffery turned homeward, the Snope brothers trotted along a block behind him. . . .

Jennie McCaffery was tending her rosebushes when she became conscious of a strange presence in the yard. Finally she looked up and gasped. "Well, well," she said. "A horse. And what a pretty horse, all white and with such darling blue eyes."

Mr. McCaffery beamed. This was the first time he had drawn praise in his new status as a horse. He took her ear between his lips and tweaked it.

"Heavens," exclaimed Jennie. "What a way for a horse to act. What a way for *anyone* to act."

Watson came running up, his eyes wild with excitement. "Golly, Mom," he said, "where'd we get the horse? He's swell."

"Why, thank you, Watson," said Mr. McCaffery, pleased.

"He sure is a polite horse, isn't he?" commented Watson.

"Well, maybe," Jennie conceded, "but don't you think he's a bit unusual?"

"Come to think of it, he is," Watson agreed. Then he stared at the horse and his eyes widened. "Did you notice," he asked his mother, "that this horse talks just like Pop? Looks like him, too."

"I've just begun to realize that," said Jennie. "Why, I do believe it *is* your father. How'd you get to be a horse, Dan?"

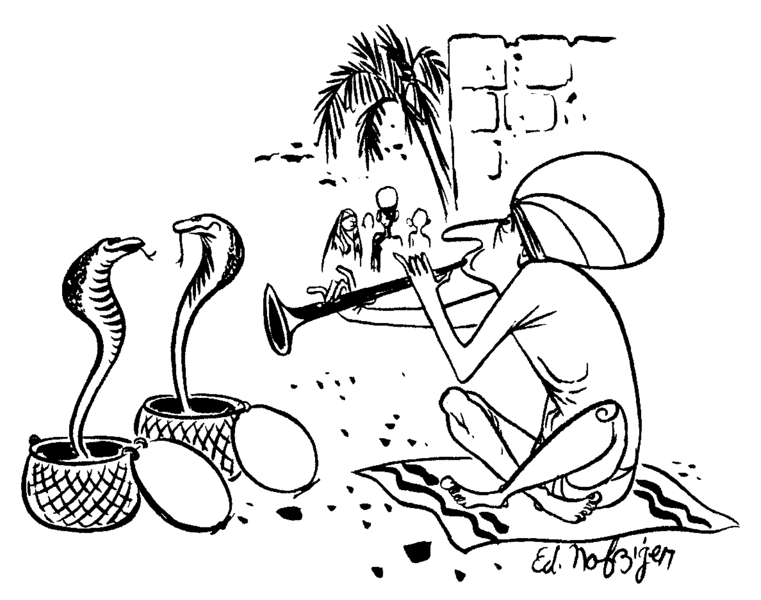
"I don't rightly know," Mr. McCaffery declared. "But it seems to me you had something to do with it."

"Oh, dear," cried Jennie impulsively, "I really didn't mean for you to turn into a horse, Dan."

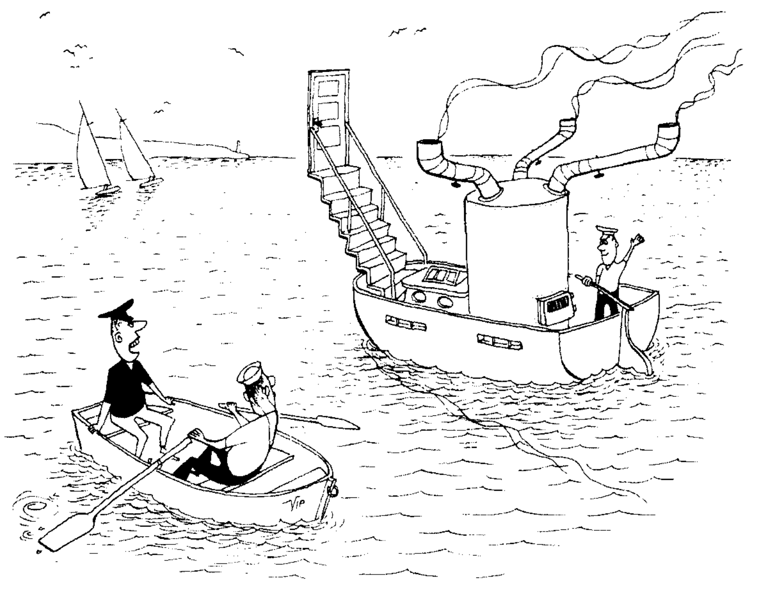
"Well, that's what you get for popping off," Mr. McCaffery told her brusquely. "Now I *am* a horse and I hope you're satisfied."

Jennie's sense of fair play and justice was outraged by Mr. McCaffery's attitude. "That's right, blame *me*," she said bitterly. "I suppose it's *my* fault that you've gambled away every dollar you've ever earned. Why, if I didn't have a small income from my aunt, we wouldn't even have a roof over our heads, or—" Then a thought struck her and she turned to Watson. "Do you think we can get him a job pulling a milk wagon?" she asked.

"Would you condemn the father of



COLLIER'S "That boy really sends me!" ED NOFZIGER



COLLIER'S "Claims he built the whole thing in his basement" VIRGIL PARTCH

your child to be a beast of burden?" asked Mr. McCaffery, horrified.

"Well," said his wife reasonably, "we've got to eat. And besides, you brought this on yourself, you know."

"I don't think Pop'd be a success as a milk-wagon horse," Watson said. "He'd never be able to remember the route." He looked at his father closely. "But I got an idea he might be able to do some tall running on a race track. Look at those withers."

"H'm," Jennie said, looking at her husband with a new light in her eyes.

"What're you thinking of?" demanded Mr. McCaffery uneasily. "I thought you were opposed to horse racing, Jennie."

"I am—from a betting standpoint," said Jennie.

"Did you ever see a horse coming down the stretch with a jockey beating the daylights out of him with a bat?" Mr. McCaffery asked.

"Don't worry, honey," said Mrs. McCaffery. "We'll get you a nice, kind jockey with just a little teeny-weeny bat." She turned to her son. "Watson," she said, "I think we'd better tie your father in the garage."

Mr. McCaffery made no attempt to resist as Watson improvised a halter out of a piece of rope and tied him to an upright in the garage. His spirit was crushed.

AS SOON as Jennie and Watson went back to the house, Waldo and Wilbur Snope, the two furtive race-horse fanciers, entered the garage.

"What do you two little punks want?" demanded Mr. McCaffery crossly.

"You," declared Wilbur, giving the halter a vicious tug, "and dere ain't a horse born which can call *me* a little punk."

"Me neither," said Waldo. "A good horsewhipping is what you need."

"Just try it," said Mr. McCaffery furiously. He rose up on his hind legs and assumed a boxing stance. "Put 'em up," he commanded.

This was too much for the Snope brothers. They uttered weak moans of consternation and turned and fled the premises.

"And now," said Mr. McCaffery complacently to himself, "we'll see about this business of making a race horse out of me." . . .

The next afternoon Jennie McCaffery walked alone into the almost deserted clubhouse at Santa Marita, one of California's most pretentious horse plants. She found the office of the racing secretary and entered. A handsome, blond young man was the only occupant of the office. "I beg your pardon," said Jennie hesitantly. "I would like some information."

"I would too," the young man said. "I—my name is Bayard Rassendale. What's yours?" His intense look of admiration caused Jennie to blush.

"Jennie," she said. "I want to know how you go about entering a horse to race at Santa Marita."

"The racing secretary isn't here," said Bayard. "I'm just an assistant, but perhaps I can help. Wait until I slip into something comfortable, such as a hat, then we'll run down to the bar and discuss this matter thoroughly."

"No," said Jennie. "Perhaps I'd better come back when the racing secretary's here."

"All right," Bayard said resignedly. "What's the name of this horse you wish to enter?"

"McCaffery," said Jennie. "Dan Q. McCaffery."

"What an odd name for a horse," said Bayard. "I don't believe I ever heard of a horse by that name."

"Well," said Jennie, "he hasn't been a horse very long. He used to be my husband."

"Somehow I feel that our romance is ill-fated," said Bayard. "A great gulf yawns between us. One of us is nuts."

"Perhaps you'd better come down and meet my horse—I mean my husband," Jennie said. "He's downstairs with my son, Watson."

"What does Watson look like?" asked Bayard apprehensively.

"Like any other small boy, of course," said Jennie.

"Well, that's a relief," Bayard said, sighing. "Come on, beautiful."

Mr. McCaffery, saddled and bridled, was idly munching rose petals when Jennie and Bayard strolled out of the clubhouse, and Watson was standing nearby. Both he and his father looked sourly at the handsome young man accompanying Jennie.

"Dan," Jennie said to her husband, "this is Mr. Rassendale of the racing secretary's staff."

"How do you do?" said Bayard, smirking. "This is the first time I've ever been introduced to a horse. Don't bother shaking hands. It would look silly if someone saw us."

"Looking silly must be a chronic condition with you," snapped Mr. Mc-

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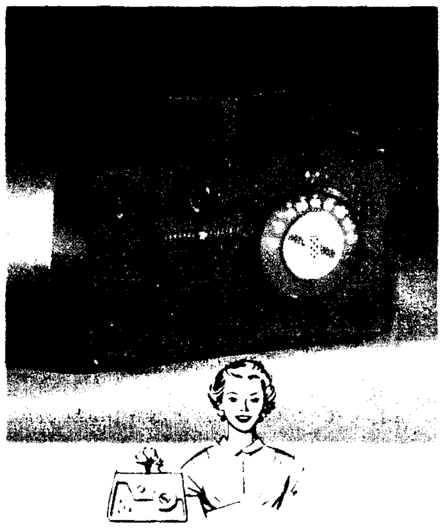

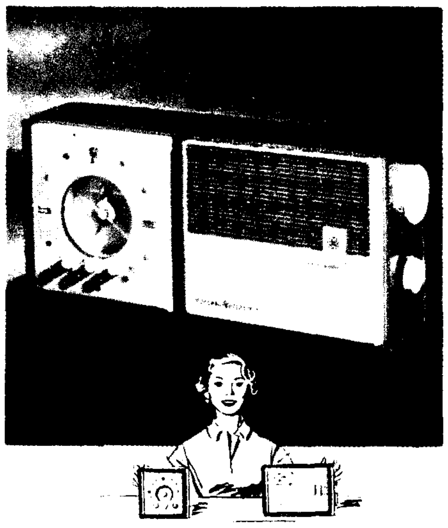

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Caffery. "I wouldn't wear a mustache like yours even to save my upper lip from frostbite."

"I've got a TL for you too," Bayard said. "But, before we go into personalities, what makes you think you're a race horse? Looks to me as if you should be hauling a junk wagon."

"Come on, Pop," Watson said to his father. "Let's go for a trial run, say six furlongs, and show this wise guy."

WALDO and Wilbur Snope had followed Jennie, Watson and Mr. McCaffery to the park. Hidden behind shrubbery, they watched as Watson walked Mr. McCaffery to the far side of the track and set him off. Mr. McCaffery started slowly at first and then began to get interested in his work. He lengthened his stride and streaked past the quarter pole. The wind felt good as it whistled past his ears. It was an exhilarating experience.

At the finish line Watson pulled him up, turned him, and he came prancing back to where Jennie and Bayard were standing. "How'd I do?" asked Mr. McCaffery.

"Sensational," Bayard said enthusiastically. "If you could run the mile at that rate, you'd be a cinch to take the hundred-thousand-dollar Santa Marita Handicap."

"Shouldn't we give him a few warmup races first?" asked Watson.

"If we do," Bayard replied, "somebody's sure to get wise to him. He's only good for one time out and we might as well aim at the top. It's the Santa Marita or nothing."

"Who cut you in on this deal?" asked Mr. McCaffery sarcastically.

"Don't get uppish about it," Bayard said. "You're going to need me more than you realize. Do you think it's easy to enter a horse with no antecedents, no registry and no record in the Santa Marita Derby? I may have to manipulate a few documents." What he meant was that he intended to forge the documents, but he wisely refrained from saying so on the theory that perhaps Jennie might boggle at anything illegal. "Of course," he went on, "I'll expect my share."

"Of course you will," said Mr. McCaffery bitterly.

"Take him home and keep him under cover," Bayard told Jennie. "I'll get a van and we'll exercise him early in the morning at an abandoned track I know. Above all, make him keep his big mouth shut."

MR. McCAFFERY trained faithfully at the abandoned track for over a month. At first he enjoyed himself. Running just for the sake of speed and excitement was a new and thrilling experience. Then the whole business began to pall on him. He began to resent being wakened at four in the morning and carted across town in a van.

His main worry, however, was the seemingly growing intimacy between Bayard Rassendale and Jennie. They were together most of the time at the track, and in the evenings Mr. McCaffery could look through the garage window and see Bayard come to the house. Always Bayard carried a brief case. Always the visits were strictly business—or were they?

"I know what's bothering you," Bayard told Mr. McCaffery one day. "If I were a horse and I had a pretty young wife like Jennie, I'd worry too." And then, while Mr. McCaffery chomped his bit in futile rage, Bayard walked off, chuckling fiendishly.

One night Jennie did not visit Mr. McCaffery in the garage. She went for a ride with Bayard in his automobile, and he parked on a moonlit bluff overlooking the ocean.

"You know, Jennie," said Bayard, "you're putting on a brave front, but you can't fool me. I know it's tough on you having a horse for a husband."

"It has its drawbacks," Jennie admitted, "but there are compensations. His being a horse does keep him out of Harry's Horse Parlor."

"Anyone taking advantage of you in your situation would be a heel, of course," declared Bayard. "And I'm *such* a heel." He took her hand and caressed it gently.

"I think," said Jennie coldly, "we'd better go home now."

The reason Jennie didn't visit her husband that night was that she was ashamed to face him. She had been tempted, just for a moment, by Bayard—the heel!

Later on that same night Pete Haggerty crept out of his house in his stocking feet. He went out into the yard, stepped over the fence and headed for the McCaffery garage. As his wife watched from the window, Haggerty approached the garage and hissed. "Pst," he said. "Dan. Dan McCaffery."

Mr. McCaffery stuck his head out the window and stared coldly at his old friend.

"Ah, there you are, Dan," said Haggerty. "And you *are* Dan, I know. I should of recognized you that day in Harry's Horse Parlor, but I was too scared. Speak to me, Dan."

Mr. McCaffery noticed Mrs. Haggerty sneaking across the yard in back of her husband, and he decided to dummy up.

"Come on, Dan," Haggerty urged, "be a pal. Spill the dope. Are you gonna win the Santa Marita?"

Mr. McCaffery pretended to be eating the leaves off a branch that hung down near the garage window. He paid no attention to Pete Haggerty, but he watched Mrs. Haggerty out of the corner of his eye.

"Oh," said Haggerty nastily, "you're not gonna talk, huh? Well, how'd you like a good bust in the snoot? I'll can your carcass and feed you to fox terriers. I'll—"

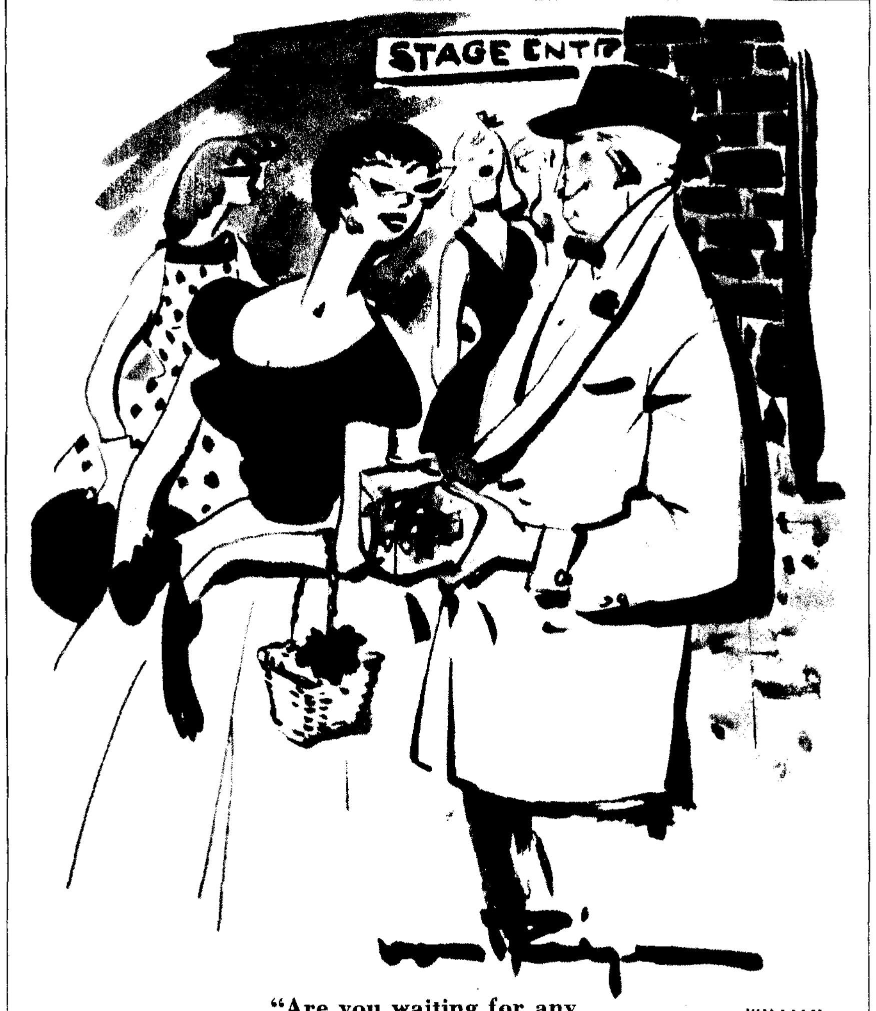
Mrs. Haggerty touched Pete on the shoulder and he turned to face her, his mouth open but emitting no sound. "Pete, dear," she cooed, "I don't believe that nasty old stuck-up horse wants to talk to you. Well, you come home with me. *I'll* talk to you." With that she caught him by the seat of the trousers and the scruff of the neck and marched him across the yard.

"I'll get you for this, Dan McCaffery," bellowed Haggerty. "So help me Hannah, I will."

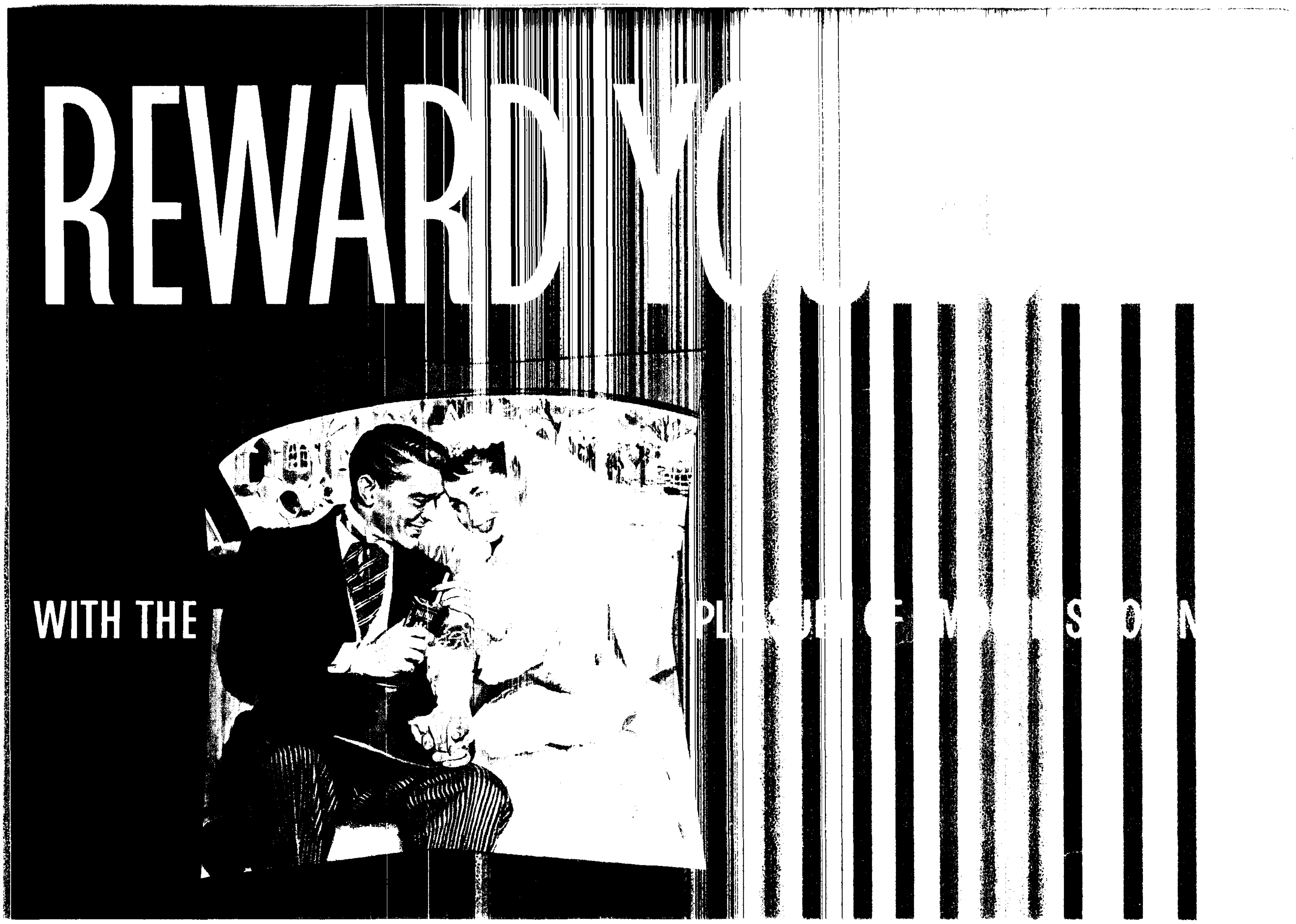
ON THE day of the Santa Marita Derby, Dan McCaffery was transported to the track in the van and installed in his quarters. Jennie and Watson remained with him until it was time to take him to the paddock, after which he plodded with the other horses to the starting gate.

There was a tense moment and then the barriers were sprung. Mr. McCaffery got off to a good start but promptly slowed up his pace. There were a few speed-burners in the race and he decided to let them wear themselves out before he made his bid. He was running seventh at the first turn and had not improved his position at the half. The jockey took his whip and lashed Mr. McCaffery's flanks with it. Mr. McCaffery twisted his head around so far that it appeared he was trying to climb into his own saddle. "You use that bat on me again and I'll tear your leg off at the hip," he said.

The whip dropped from the jockey's



COLLIER'S "Are you waiting for any one of us in particular?" WILLIAM VON RIEGEN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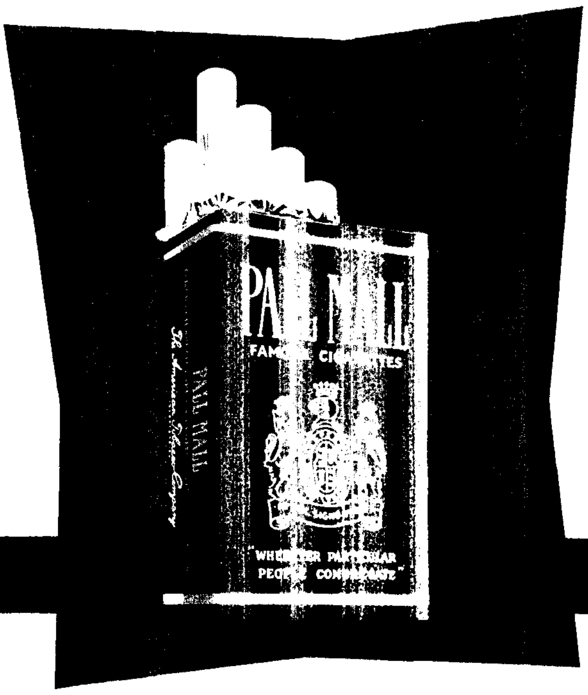

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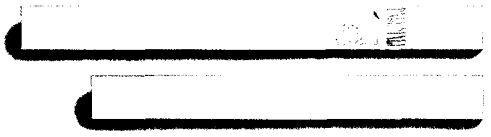

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2. Finer You get more than greater length. PALL MALL tobaccos are the finest quality money can buy. No finer tobacco has ever been grown—and here it is blended to a flavor peak—delicious, and distinctively PALL MALL.

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Your most important summer "accessory" isn't shown!

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Tampax is so important in helping you maintain the light, lovely look of Summer at all times. It never betrays its presence in any manner . . . not by a belt, a pin or a telltale "edge" line . . . not even by odor.

For Tampax is worn internally . . . in the really nicer way that many modern women use protection. The Tampax itself is safeguarded by a disposable applicator so that your hands needn't even touch the pure white cotton. It's quick to insert, quick to change, and easy to flush away.

It goes without saying that you can swim, shower or tub while wearing Tampax. (Have you seen the new bathing suits? . . . Scantier than ever and definitely two-piece.) Tampax is handy to take on trips...a whole month's supply slips into your purse.

Cool and comfortable, Tampax prevents chafing and irritation on "those days" . . . does away with "special" perspiration problems.

Why remind yourself constantly it's "time-of-the-month" by buckling yourself into a hot, uncomfortable belt-pin-pad harness? Change to lighter, freer, Tampax—and be glad! . . . Choice of 3 absorbency sizes at drug or notion counters: Regular, Super, Junior. Look for Tampax Vendor in restrooms throughout the United States. Tampax Incorporated, Palmer, Massachusetts.

grasp. For the rest of the race all he did was hang on and try to pray.

Mr. McCaffery had lost ground during his conversation with the jockey. He was now running ninth. He put on a burst of speed and passed several rivals; and as they entered the stretch he drew almost even with the leader, Hannibal, with jockey Glenn Grig up. Try as he would, Mr. McCaffery could not quite draw even with Hannibal, let alone go ahead. In exasperation, he bared his teeth and leaned as close as possible to Glenn Grig.

"All right, cousin," he said. "Are you going to pull up, or shall I rip those pretty pink panties off you?"

Glenn dropped the reins, and before he could retrieve them Mr. McCaffery had pounded across the finish line, winner by a neck.

INASMUCH as the judges had seen nothing wrong, the race was declared official and the sign was flashed. Mr. McCaffery was led prancing into the winner's circle to be greeted by Jennie, Watson and Bayard.

Jennie threw her arms around Mr. McCaffery and kissed his nose. "Oh, Dan," she cried. "You did it. We're rich, darling."

Even Watson's usual caution was overcome by his jubilation. "Nice going, Pop," he said and leaned down to shake hands with his father. Mr. McCaffery gave him a hoof and winked triumphantly.

The chief steward and his assistants were watching the proceedings with interest. "There's something fishy about that horse," said the chief.

Pete Haggerty, his heart filled with hatred, thrust his way through the crowd. "Horse my elbow," he snorted. "Don't let that gluepot's outward appearance fool you. He's a married man and the father of that kid that was here just now."

The chief steward's eyes were glassy. "Maybe we'd better go have a talk with that horse," he said.

The whole delegation trooped down to Mr. McCaffery's stall. Watson was rubbing his father down and Jennie was holding the winner's wreath, smelling the flowers. "Madam," said the chief, swallowing hard, "if this sounds crazy to you, think how it sounds to me, but I've got to ask you a question: Is Dan Q. McCaffery a horse or is he your husband?"

"Why," said Jennie, "you might say he's both." And then she got a warning look from Bayard Rassendale. "That is," she stammered, "I hardly know what to say."

"And I don't blame you," said Haggerty nastily. "Considering the way you've been carrying on with Bayard Rassendale."

Mr. McCaffery felt as if a dagger had been thrust into his heart. He no longer cared who knew his secret. "What do you mean by that?" he demanded of Haggerty.

"Ha," said Haggerty. "The husband's the last to know! What'd you expect, Dan? What good's a horse as a husband? You ain't even good as a horse any more. You'll be barred from every track in the land."

Mr. McCaffery turned to his wife. "Have you anything to say for yourself?" he demanded.

Jennie's heart was broken. In addition to that, her pride was sorely wounded. "No," she said.

"That," said Mr. McCaffery, "is all I wanted to know. You're not going to Bayard's arms with money I worked my hoofs to the quick to earn." He faced the chief, who, although slap-happy, was still riding the punches. "I'll come clean," he said. "I'll admit I'm a ringer and that I had no right in the race. If you want to know how I got in, look up Mr. Rassendale's forged papers. Anyway, I don't want any part of the hundred-thousand-dollar purse for myself or my family or any stray friends of my family. I suggest that you turn the money over to charity."

Mr. McCaffery nodded to his son. "Come on, Watson," he said, "ride Papa home, will you?" He carefully kicked Haggerty in the belly, knocking his old friend cold, and then trotted off with Watson up.

Pale and perspiring, the demoralized officials went on to the clubhouse, where an emergency meeting was called. It was decided to accept Mr. McCaffery's suggestion and donate the purse to charity. Of course nothing could be done about the pari-mutuel tickets: the bettors had already collected.

It was also decided to do nothing about Bayard Rassendale except to fire him. There were aspects to the case that, if given a public hearing, would end racing in the state forever. The last action taken by the committee was to give the chief steward a six-month vacation.

AS DARKNESS crept on, Mr. McCaffery stood alone in the garage, hoping against hope that Jennie would come out and convince him there was no reason for him to distrust her. In the meantime, Jennie sat in the living room, hoping against hope that Mr. McCaffery would come to the window and apologize for unfounded suspicions. Probably one or the other would have given in and there would have been a reconciliation—but fate, in the person of two runty crooks, intervened. The door to the garage opened and in came Waldo and Wilbur Snope, carrying lengths of rope, flashlights and other equipment.

"Well, what do you want?" snapped Mr. McCaffery.

"You," said Waldo. "We're gonna get you, too."

"What would you do with me?" Mr. McCaffery asked. "I'm a hot horse."

"Sure, sure," said Waldo, "but you're fast enough to win da Santa Marita Derby and you're worth dough. We're gonna dye you black and bootleg you around."

"And don't argue with us," Wilbur warned with a determined ring to his voice. Defeated, Mr. McCaffery stood apathetically as they saddled and bridled him.

DURING the first week of Mr. McCaffery's absence, Jennie clung to the hope that her husband would return any day. Then came the second week and, influenced by the subtle propaganda of Bayard Rassendale, Jennie became convinced that she would never see Mr. McCaffery again.

"We'll just have to face it," said Bayard. "He's barred as a race horse and he's simply too lazy to pull a milk wagon. He's abandoned you."

"I'm afraid you're right," Jennie said with a sigh. "What shall I do?"

"You've always got me," said Bayard tenderly.

"I know," Jennie said. "But I'll have to have time to think it over, Bayard."

"I'd counted on that," said Bayard. "So I've arranged for a perfect place for you to think. My mother and married sister have a place near Reno, Nevada. You could stay with them, and when and if you make up your mind, it's not far to the courthouse and a divorce."

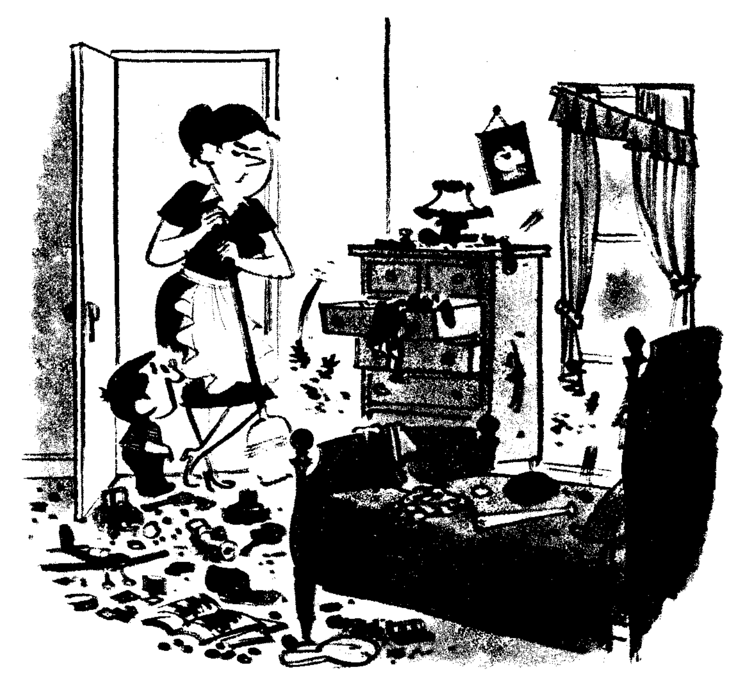
Finally there came a night when Jennie was in her bedroom putting the finishing touches to her packing. She closed the suitcase, turned out the light, breathed a nostalgic farewell to the scene of so much past happiness and went into the living room. Watson was placing cups and saucers on the tea table.

"Why, Watson, dear," said Jennie, pleased. "You've prepared tea. How thoughtful of you."

"That heel that's supposed to take Pop's place in your affections isn't due for an hour yet," said Watson. "I thought this might pass the time away." Jennie sat at the table and Watson served her. "Say, Mom," he said after a while, "remember the good old days?"

"What good old days?" inquired Jennie uneasily.

"The Saturday nights, especially," Watson said dreamily. "Remember when Pop'd come home from Harry's Horse Parlor busted and we'd hock his



COLLIER'S **"Why don't we just hose it down like the monkey cage at the zoo?"** STANLEY & JANICE BERENSTAIN watch and have a picnic right here in the living room, roasting wieners in the fireplace on account of the gas was turned off for nonpayment?"

"Yes," said Jennie softly. "I remember." She closed her eyes and it seemed that a fire glowed in the fireplace and that the smell of burned wieners was in the air.

"Gosh, Mom," Watson continued. "Pop was probably the worst handicapper that ever ignored a form sheet, but doggone it, I just can't help loving the guy."

Jennie remained silent for some time. "Doggone it," she said finally, "neither can I." She ran her hand over the lid of the old Irish teapot. "Oh, dear," she sighed, "I wish Dan weren't a horse any more. I wish he'd come home to us."

NOT far away, in an abandoned barn where he'd been kept prisoner for two weeks, Mr. McCaffery stood in his stall and watched while Wilbur and Waldo stirred dye into a washtub. He had given up hope that somebody would come looking for him, and he'd decided that he was probably the most unloved and unwanted horse in the world—when a sudden reversal of feelings came over him. Something had given his spirits a lift. He felt cheerful and gay.

Wilbur and Waldo dragged the tub of dye over to the stall and began dipping paintbrushes into the liquid.

"I wouldn't bother doing that if I were you," Mr. McCaffery said to them pleasantly.

Wilbur looked up and then dropped his paintbrush. "Who're you," he demanded, "and where's our horse?"

"The FBI has many secrets," said Mr. McCaffery cryptically. "Pardon me while I go get a warrant for your arrest." He dusted off his trousers, waved airily at the brothers and strolled out of the barn.

"And to think," said Waldo bitterly, "that all this time we been buying oats for a federal cop."

"I got an idea that we better blow town," Wilbur said. . . .

Jennie had started to put away the teacups when she heard the sound of the door opening. She didn't lift her head, pretending to be busily scraping crumbs off the tablecloth. "Is that you, Bayard?" she asked, and didn't wait for an answer. "I'm sorry, Bayard," she went on. "I can't go with you. I know my husband's no bargain; he's a confirmed gambler and he couldn't sell insurance to the inmates of condemned row. But I love him and I'm going to wait for him to come back, even as a horse."

Then she looked up and saw Mr. McCaffery standing in the doorway. He was coming toward her, reaching for her—not with hoofs but with eager hands. She went into his arms and started to cry.

When Mr. McCaffery had kissed Jennie for the seventeenth time, he had to pause for breath. "My, my," he said, "it's certainly wonderful not to be a horse any more."

"Ah, it's heavenly," she said, "just to have you as your own old self again."

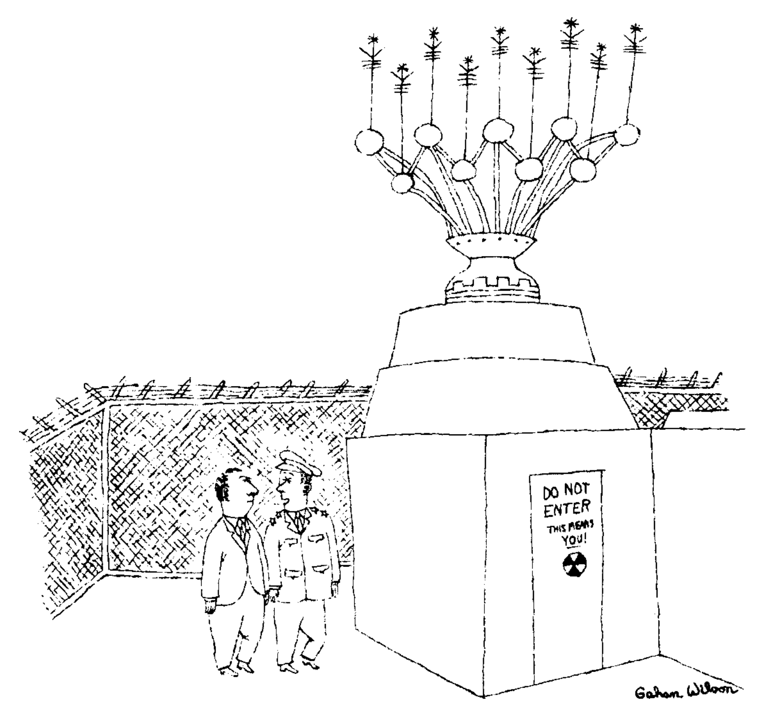
"You're wrong there," said Mr. McCaffery. "I'm not going to be my old self any more. I'm going to be the most conscientious insurance salesman there ever was. I'm going to keep my hands to the plow and my nose out of Harry's Horse Parlor. From now on, it's going to be all business with me."

Jennie stared at him, and it seemed he was almost a stranger to her. She could visualize him standing in a thousand doorways, his foot planted firmly in the opening, and with that implacable look of the demon insurance salesman in his eyes. And then she could see him coming home, tired but still a slave to duty, spending long cheerless hours toting up his commissions. Without realizing what she was doing, she picked up the teapot and distractedly rubbed the lid.

"Oh, no," she said, "not that. I just want you to be as you always have been: hardly worth your salt, unreliable and unpredictable, but sweet and loving and lovable. . . ."

The old languid look came back into Mr. McCaffery's eyes, the stern lines of his mouth were softened into an infectious grin and his momentarily erect frame relaxed into its accustomed nonchalant slump.

With a cry of joy Jennie threw her arms around him. The teapot fell to the floor, where it shattered into a thousand pieces. —MICHAEL FESSIER


DO NOT ENTER THIS MEANS YOU!
Gahan Wilson

COLLIER'S "It really doesn't do anything but it's got the Russians worried . . ." GAHAN WILSON

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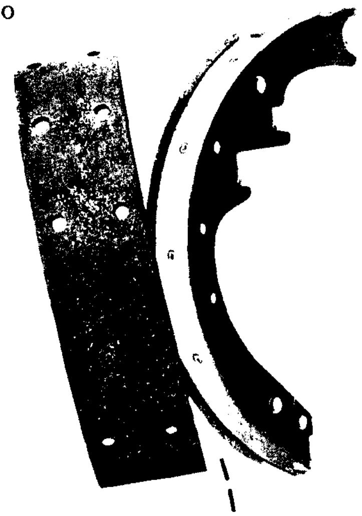

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Sure, Mom says it's O.K. And why not?

It's Saturday morning, but Mom's work goes on as usual—only more so, because the young scholars are home. There's no better way to keep children happily and wholesomely occupied than to give them a green light to watch NBC Television's Saturday morning programs.

The Pinky Lee Show starts the fun. Pinky sings and dances for the children... he introduces comedy and variety acts... and he interviews children from the studio audience.

Then comes *Paul Winchell and Jerry Mahoney*, with music, ventriloquism, and rollicking good fun. They're favorites of children—and of grownups, too!

On *Funny Boners*, Jimmy Weldon conducts prize-contests and assorted fun, assisted by Webster Webfoot—an endearing hand-puppet duck with a yen for singing.

Tom Corbett, Space Cadet, one of the most famous children's shows in television, is next. They're thrilled by it, and learn from it, too—because it's based on scientific possibility.

Finally, Don Herbert as *Mr. Wizard* makes scientific experiments as fascinating as tricks of magic. "It's informal. It's instructive. It's entertaining," says famous TV critic John Crosby.

Two-and-a-half hours of wholesome fun for the children, every Saturday morning on NBC Television. No wonder Mom says it's O.K.!

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How Can This Man Help Your

J. P. McBrien is one of 35 PAS specialists who treat ailing towns in all parts of the world

Does your police force need revamping? Is the population growing too rapidly? Whatever your community problem, trouble shooters of the non-profit Public Administration Service probably can cure it

FOR more than 20 years, a small band of bookish, self-effacing young men has been tinkering quietly with the governmental structures of many American cities, states and federal agencies—and those of a number of foreign countries as well. Secret infiltrators? Far from it. These visitors come by invitation, and they leave behind not the seeds of rebellion, but an improved civil service, streamlined police forces, more businesslike methods of handling public money—in short, better government.

They are employees of an organization known as the Public Administration Service. Their home base is a modest suite of offices in Chicago, but they have also operated out of such unorthodox quarters as the former elephant house of a Siamese palace; a room in the Icelandic *Althing,* the world's oldest parliament; and a royal Ethiopian residence, as well as numerous converted basements, storerooms and cubbyholes both here and abroad. Formally they are known as consultants in public administration. Behind the impressive title lies the equally impressive fact that they can, and do, influence the well-being of literally millions of people.

The profession of public administration consultant is relatively new—perhaps little needed in older, simpler times, but essential today. The PAS is like a clinic, its staffers like doctors. They minister to governments which have contracted the cancer of a spoils system, or perhaps the anemia of a poor tax setup, or the multiple aches and pains of too-rapid growth.

Ever since the PAS was started in 1933, its representatives—never more than 35 or so in number—have diagnosed and treated the ailments of 188 U.S. cities, 34 counties, 39 states, 21 federal agencies and 31 foreign governments and agencies from Brazil to Formosa. They bring with them full technical know-how on such varied subjects as the best way to clean streets, lay out police beats, draw up a city charter, design an interoffice memo, word the civil-liberties clauses of a new constitution and burn up garbage.

Most Americans still regard government office as a reward for successful vote getters. Seldom do we inquire into a candidate's qualifications for handling complex business affairs. Yet today a public official needs as much savvy in management techniques as the head of a multimillion-dollar company. When he falters or fails, a professional "government-doctor" can lend an expert hand.

In Pawtucket, Rhode Island, in 1952, a state auditor poring over the city's accounts stared at the trial balance sheet before him, reshuffled his papers and readded his figures, then shook his head in astonishment. About a million dollars' worth of bond funds earmarked

By MORTON M. HUNT

City?

for major city improvements was missing.

"Missing?" echoed his assistant. "Who's got it?"

"Well," said the auditor, "it's not exactly missing. It's simply been used up to help pay the city's current running costs. There's no fraud involved, but the administration hasn't any up-to-date bookkeeping system, and I imagine that it has simply spent this money without knowing it was pledged to special purposes."

"Wait till the governor hears this," said the assistant softly.

Nosing Around City Hall

Governor Dennis J. Roberts did not merely explode, however. He ordered a wholesale modernization of city accounting procedures. City and state officials phoned the PAS. Several staffers hastened from Chicago to Pawtucket and dug in. For months they nosed quietly around city hall; politely interviewed purchasing agents, department heads, police sergeants, file clerks, accountants, plumbers; pored over account books; leafed through correspondence folders; poked around in files of paid and unpaid bills. They asked countless questions and spent hundreds of hours discreetly observing operations in each city department.

By the time the PAS men were finished, Pawtucket's picture looked even worse. "On top of the million overspent," one of them reported to PAS field supervisor Walter Harris, "the city owes around a half million more it doesn't even know about. We've found unpaid bills stuffed in desks and pigeonholes all over city hall. The way things are being run here, bills aren't even reported to the central accounting agency until they're paid." As a result of this slapdash setup, the mayor's office had no way of knowing how much money the city had on hand or how much it owed. Fiscal catastrophe was just a matter of time.

The PAS experts had a ready prescription: a dose of the encumbrance system, the main feature of which is a central office where all accounts are kept, and to which all requests for purchases must be referred before anything can be ordered. On a municipal level, the system is no different in intent than glancing at your checkbook balance before ordering a new car, but it can prevent modern governments from falling prey to galloping self-consumption, by keeping officials aware of the fiscal situation from day to day.

The encumbrance system can be a lifesaver wherever government expands its functions. It worked fine in Pawtucket, and it has worked elsewhere, too.

In little Iceland several years ago, a PAS trouble shooter named John Corcoran was listening to a distraught minister of finance.

"I simply don't know what to do," the official groaned. "Every year I make a careful budget, the parliament passes on it, I send out copies to every department head—and by the end of the year I always find we have overspent by a good fifty per cent."

"What have you done about it?" asked Corcoran.

"I have written stern letters to everybody, I have talked with them as man to man, but it never does any good," the minister replied. "Always the parliament must vote extra funds to cover the deficit. To put it mildly, I find it most embarrassing."

Corcoran proceeded to study Icelandic government operations and soon spotted the near-incredible fact that purchasing was being done by individual government employees at all levels. Any highway foreman, for example, could order a load of cement when he needed it, and okay the tradesman's bill. The tradesman then took his bill to the treasury and got paid.

Not until the end of the year, when all bills were sorted out, did anyone know what the official score was—and then it always turned out to be a fat deficit.

Once again, a central accounting office proved to be the solution, with carefully kept records and close official supervision.

A Useless Job Application

These examples of PAS work may make it sound like an outfit which complicates life by multiplying paper work. Actually the organization prescribes new procedures only when they promise greater simplicity and effectiveness. PAS consultants are seldom happier than when recommending that needless paper work be junked. A pet PAS story concerns a federal agency where someone had worked out an excellent form for handling written job applications. The form was bucked around from desk to desk; each person added his own comments. After it had gone the rounds, the form was filed; eventually there was a drawer full of these dossiers—unused. The reason? There just happened to be an agency rule that only

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job seekers who applied in person would be hired.

"Everybody who sits at a desk is liable to think up a form and get it mimeographed," says PAS staff member G. M. Morris. "It's an occupational disease of civil servants."

To cure that disease and others, the PAS was created in June, 1933, by the heads of several nation-wide associations of city managers and other public administrators. It was supported for 10 years on $250,000 in grants from the Spelman Fund, a Rockefeller philanthropy. After that it paid its own way, having acquired a good-sized clientele through word-of-mouth recommendations and reports in professional journals. Fees paid by clients have ranged from a few hundred dollars to more than $100,000, and PAS currently sells its skills to the tune of $500,000 a year, on a nonprofit basis (a half-million dollars is the outfit's actual cost of operation).

"Profile" of a Fieldworker

The typical PAS fieldworker is an earnest, highly practical man of about thirty-five, with a couple of college degrees in public administration, political science or engineering, and a half-dozen years behind him in government jobs. His salary is about equal to the average college professor's. By experience he has become a combination gumshoe, efficiency expert, businessman and sociologist.

Naturally, much of his time is spent in travel. Right now three PAS men are treating income-tax and personnel setups in Israel; three are in Ethiopia, working on several different branches of government; two are in Brazil completing a pay schedule for 110,000 state employees; about a dozen more are, or have just been, in and out of Costa Rica; Puerto Rico; Barberton, Ohio; Louisville, Kentucky; Gary, Indiana; Harrisburg, Pennsylvania; Vancouver, British Columbia, and various parts of Missouri, Michigan, Wisconsin and Minnesota, working on job classification, public works, municipal licensing, interoffice communication and a score of other civic headaches.

To do his job the PAS man needs a pair of good arches, the ability to sit on hard chairs for long hours and a talent for asking embarrassing questions politely. In all, he finds his work richly satisfying because it gives him the chance to help bring about major reforms in government without suffering the nervous agonies of political life.

In January, 1952, Philadelphians installed a new city charter and a reform administration, after 67 years of city governments ranging from the inept to the corrupt. The new mayor, Joseph S. Clark, Jr., estimated that there were 2,000 political job holders encrusting the public payroll. He had promised to clean house, but the new charter gave him only a year to do the job.

The problem was staggering. There were 23,000 people on Philadelphia's payroll in more than 800 different kinds of job, and it was necessary to weed out the incompetents without hurting morale. After five months of trying to decide simply how to approach the task, Clark and his Civil Service Commission tossed the whole job at the PAS.

Several PAS men moved into Philadelphia, families and all, and set up shop with a dozen assistants from the city personnel department. At once they began fanning out to observe and analyze the actual work done by city employees. Over the next half year they actually sampled the daily duties of 4,000 people. To all city employees they sent questionnaires. From some 400 Philadelphia employers they wheedled details of local pay rates for comparable private jobs.

Thrifty old Ben Franklin must have whirled in his grave at the mess uncovered in his beloved city by the PAS task force. Their probings revealed, for example, 41 separate categories of clerk, camouflaged under various titles thought up to justify higher salaries. They found job holders whose entire work consisted of the aimless inspection of sidewalks, or the pointless checking and rechecking of file-card data. In the police department they discovered more than 200 men in "police" jobs at police salaries who actually drove trucks, clerked or the like.

"I'll put your complaint on the bulletin board, sir, where everyone will be sure to see it"

COLLIER'S HERB GREEN

On the other hand, although the city's payroll was padded with drones, there were many vacancies for which no takers could be found—either because the jobs were incorrectly titled, thus inviting the wrong kind of applicant, or because no room had been made on the civil service list for up-to-date job specialties. One city hospital, lacking authorization for a psychiatrist, had been lucky enough to find one who would accept a job on its payroll as "laborer"—the only job classification sufficiently vague to accommodate him.

Gathering its ammunition, the PAS hammered out an accurate analysis of each municipal job, proposed up-to-date job definitions and qualifying examinations, and recommended revision both upward and downward of pay rates. The physical product of its labors was no more than a few hefty looseleaf notebooks, but the effect was galvanic. In January, 1953—the deadline—the Philadelphia Civil Service Commission formally accepted the entire PAS plan.

At once the administration began revising pay rates, giving qualifying exams to weed out incompetents—3 per cent of examined employees were ousted—and shuffling improperly placed employees into jobs they could handle. Thousands of former workers have left the payroll (there was a wave of retirements); other thousands, hired strictly on a merit basis, have replaced them.

With some pride Mayor Clark recently told me: "We're getting an honest day's work from each employee now, and handling augmented activities that would formerly have required an additional 5,000 employees of the old kind. I can't speak highly enough of what PAS did for us. Their pay and classification plan is the Rock of Gibraltar on which our whole civil service merit system is built."

The red carpet is not always out when the PAS arrives. In many a city, municipal employees manage to be absent when the PAS men come around to interview them; sometimes the written answers to PAS questionnaires are magnificently uninformative. "Summarize your work as you understand it," read one question. An office manager in a major Eastern city replied: "Usual work of any office handling millions of dollars." On another PAS questionnaire was the query, "In what form does your work come to you?" To this a Florida municipal cemetery sexton replied, "As the good Lord sends it."

PAS consultant Charles James, a lean, dark-haired young man who specializes in police problems, was called to a Southern city several years ago after someone began shooting police-issue bullets at a city official's house at night. James, who could easily be cast in trench-coated roles on TV, nosed around the police department for three weeks—only later learning that while he had been casing the police, they had been casing him, tailing him on the orders of an assistant police chief who had vainly hoped to "get something on him that could be used." Though James remained unscathed, and came up with some recommendations for departmental reform, his suggestions were pigeonholed. The city was mired too deep in local politics to make any use of them.

Examples of such local resistance—even though the PAS works by invitation only—are by no means rare. One Western city ordered a comprehensive survey, then languidly shelved the report because the recommendations involved too much hard work; not until five years later was the report revived and put into effect. An old New England town wrathfully labeled a PAS study "radical" because it advised discarding the traditional town meeting—but quietly swiped other items from the report and put them into effect one by one.

Like all doctors, PAS consultants feel frustrated when the patient ignores the prescription. With obvious annoyance they tell of a cynical New York councilman some years back who confided to a friend why still another traffic survey was being made, though several earlier ones had never been acted upon. "Any time we commission a good study of traffic problems," he chuckled, "it takes the heat off us for a whole year. If we want to pay a little more and get it printed up fancy with maps and in color, it will take off the heat for *two* years."

Fortunately, most places which ask for PAS advice take it. El Salvador, for example, has clasped PAS to its administrative bosom with as much passion as a government can muster. Since 1949, PAS has handled 21 different projects for this tiny but vigorous Central American nation, helping it launch a civil service merit system, a budget department that really helps officials understand their fiscal problems, a low-cost housing program, and a renovated, simplified customs service.

Old Spanish Land-Tax Customs

Puerto Rico is another steady customer; it has bought no less than 50 PAS studies in the last 10 years. One involved the reassessing of all real estate on the island. Because of a patchwork of old assessments—many of which went far back to the days of Spanish domination—one Puerto Rican building could be assessed four times as high as an almost identical one next to it. There were all too few surveyed land lines; farms had been assessed by means of the crudest sort of guesswork; standards of measurement were vague (the *cuerda*, the square meter, and the square foot were all simultaneously in use). Some buildings, 200 and 300 years old but still in good condition, posed classic problems in depreciation and fair taxation.

Ten PAS men set up a school and taught modern assessment methods to scores of Puerto Ricans, who then taught others. Eventually the PAS consultants generaled a local army of 750, with 35 jeeps and 10 trucks. In the broiling sunshine of sugar plantations and the dark of ancient Spanish alleys they argued with vociferous property owners, thumped and tapped walls of buildings, poked into cellars, drew maps based on violent disputes between neighboring farmers, and dug up thousands of samples of soil for fertility analysis. After two years of labor, they had reassessed 408,000 properties and parcels of land; Puerto Rican finances were looking much healthier, and taxation, if still no delight to property owners, was at least more equitable.

On the PAS staff there are both Democrats and Republicans, says executive director Herman Pope, but "they all have a basic belief in democratic procedures, and a kind of nonpartisan liberality that makes them able to work on the structures and systems needed in modern government, regardless of politics. We've helped the Ethiopians get more mileage out of what few teachers they have for their school system; we've installed central purchasing offices and buying techniques and controls that can save a city up to 20 per cent on its goods and equipment; we've installed radio-car police beats and proved them effective.

"Our only real political belief at PAS is that government must be so constructed that it is sensitive to the wishes of the people. If people don't know who is to blame for bad government, because of divided authority or confusing organization, it won't be responsive to their needs."

In all, PAS has produced 700 or so completed field projects, several hundred books and pamphlets and about 100 "graduates"—field consultants who have moved up into such responsible posts as city managers and federal agency chiefs.

In the U.S., PAS recommendations have been accepted about 80 per cent of the time. The average is almost that good in the 31 nations and jurisdictions outside the U.S. where the PAS has worked. Its staffers preach few sermons, never try to stuff American political methods down foreign throats, but merely offer help in management techniques. Where the *mañana*, or let's-do-it-tomorrow, theory of life exists, they cope with it as tactfully as possible, having learned that it's world-wide and, usually, deeply ingrained.

One PAS man, finally exasperated at the *mañana* attitude, sternly urged a Latin-American government in his final report to "develop a sense of urgency" in its employees. He then packed his bags and flew to a new assignment halfway around the world, in Ethiopia. Two hours after his plane had put down at Addis Ababa, he asked his hotel manager to have a leaky faucet fixed. "*Ishi naga, ishi naga,*" murmured the manager in Amharic.

"What's that mean?" the American asked his interpreter.

"That mean, okay, tomorrow," the interpreter translated. The PAS consultant gritted his teeth and dug in for another long siege.

In the Bank of Thailand, PAS field supervisor Edmond Ricketts noted with approval a large office filled with modern electric accounting machines which people were busily operating. Hidden behind one of them, however, he spotted a little Siamese bent over a desk, his hands flicking back and forth across an abacus.

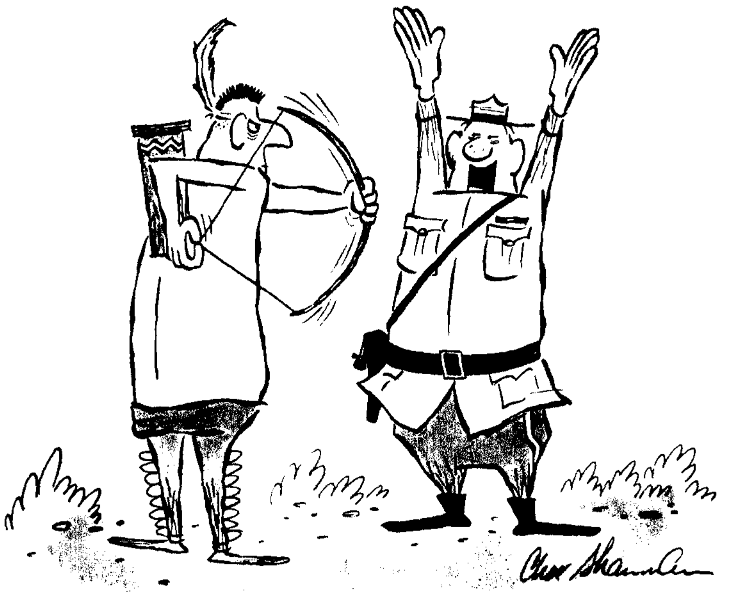
In some disbelief he listened to a sober version of a very old gag. "Sir," said his guide, "this fellow is merely checking up on the machines to be sure they are giving the right answers."

Jobs Go to Officials' Kinfolk

Americans would consider nepotism a scandal in government, but PAS consultant John Corcoran learned in Formosa (where he had gone to help in a major review of government procedure) that the Chinese regard the hiring of one's relatives as virtuous and decent—a proper way, honored and accepted for a thousand years, to demonstrate loyalty to one's family. "We tried very gently," says Corcoran, "to point out that it is healthier and more efficient to separate welfare functions from other functions, but you can't expect to change a thousand-year-old concept overnight."

Occasional hard pockets of resistance in foreign, as in American, governments seem quite normal to director Pope. "Fortunately," he says, "most of the time we find ourselves welcomed, as specialists who come by invitation. But even where we *do* help improve things, credit for the improvements really must go to the citizens and the officials who saw a need for modernization and did something about it.

"We take a modest view of our job—it doesn't include anything glamorous like catching crooks or unearthing spies. We simply try to introduce modern methods of information-gathering, of analysis and of business management to speed and improve the government's performance of its tasks. I'd like to think all governments will someday operate that way—as citizen-controlled enterprises whose aim is the quietly efficient service of mankind."



"It's no use, Black Cloud! I took the precaution of removing the arrows from your quiver!"

COLLIER'S CHARLES SHARMAN

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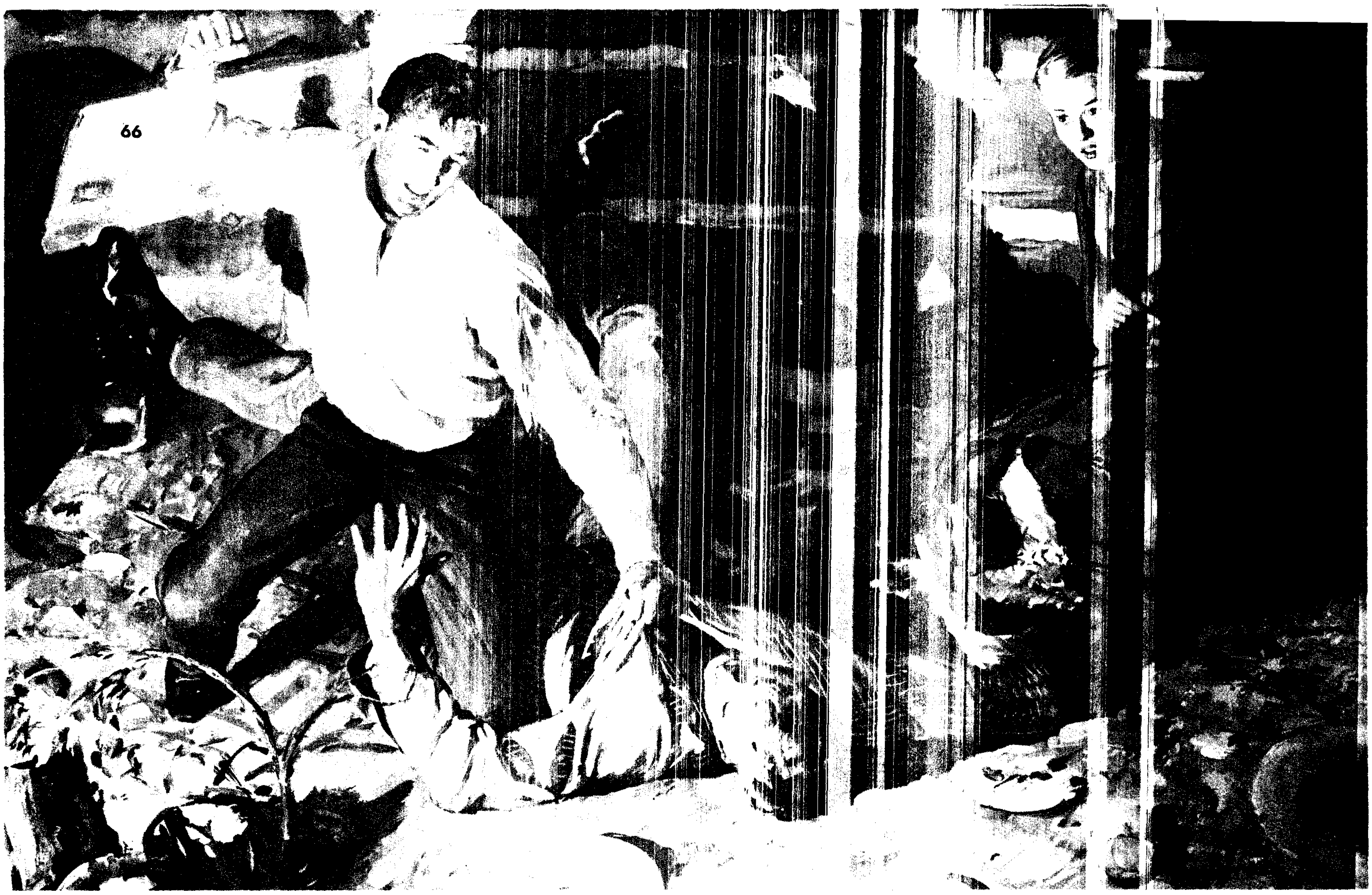


Young Tom tried a roundhouse right, but fell again. Early saw his advantage and lunged onto the boy, trying to deliver the finish

Man of the West

Early had come to the valley seeking peace, but everyone—even his own son—had turned against him, and now a half-mad killer was stalking him

The Story: In the spring of 1879, Thomas Early, a professional gun fighter, got word that his wife, who had sent him away seventeen years earlier, was dying. He crossed most of Wyoming Territory to see her, but arrived after she had died. His son, Tom, eighteen, wanted to leave the farm and go off with him. The boy was anxious to get away from his dull farm chores and to share the adventurous life he had heard his father led; but he was disappointed, for his father had a homestead and wanted him to help farm it. Tom got a glimpse of his father's former life, though, when a man named Martin came to the farm and accused Early of murdering Martin's brother. Early said he had been carrying out the law, but Martin went down to Good Hope, a new village in the valley, and poisoned the settlers' minds against Early. When Early and Tom went to church in Good Hope, the preacher spoke against Early. Tom left, furious, but Early stayed. After church, Early went to Wainscott's store to buy supplies, and there he met Jo Ann, an eighteen-year-old orphan whom the store owner was exploiting. Early asked her to come work as his housekeeper, and she agreed. Meanwhile, Grimsell, a cattle raiser, arrived in town with two young killers, Gunn and Blondie. Grimsell wanted to graze 20,000 head of cattle in the valley that summer, and he meant to frighten the people into leaving; but they claimed a legal right to their land. Blondie was about to use violence when Early came out of the store, saw the situation and challenged Blondie. Everyone drew back, and with a borrowed gun, Early killed Blondie. After Early had driven Gunn and Grimsell away, the townspeople turned on Early, telling him he had spoiled the chance for peace. Early set out for his farm with Jo Ann.

The Second of Three Parts

IN THE dry, eroded region that lay on the other side of Angel's Pass, two men faced a large fire, passing a bottle of brandy back and forth. One man, seated on the ground and wrapped in a blanket to protect himself against the cold at this height, was Grimsell. The other, standing with a whip in his hand, was his employee, Gunn.

The lowing of cattle was all around them, though most of the animals were out of sight in the dry ravines and clusters of scrub pine. Occasionally one of them would come close enough to the fire for Gunn to draw his whip slowly back and then suddenly lash out with it and flick the steer between the eyes.

Grimsell shifted his position. "Damn," he said mildly, "there's a mole working under here."

Gunn said, "What about Early?"

"What about him?"

"I've got to go kill him," said Gunn.

"You're wrong," Grimsell said. "You've got to drive cattle."

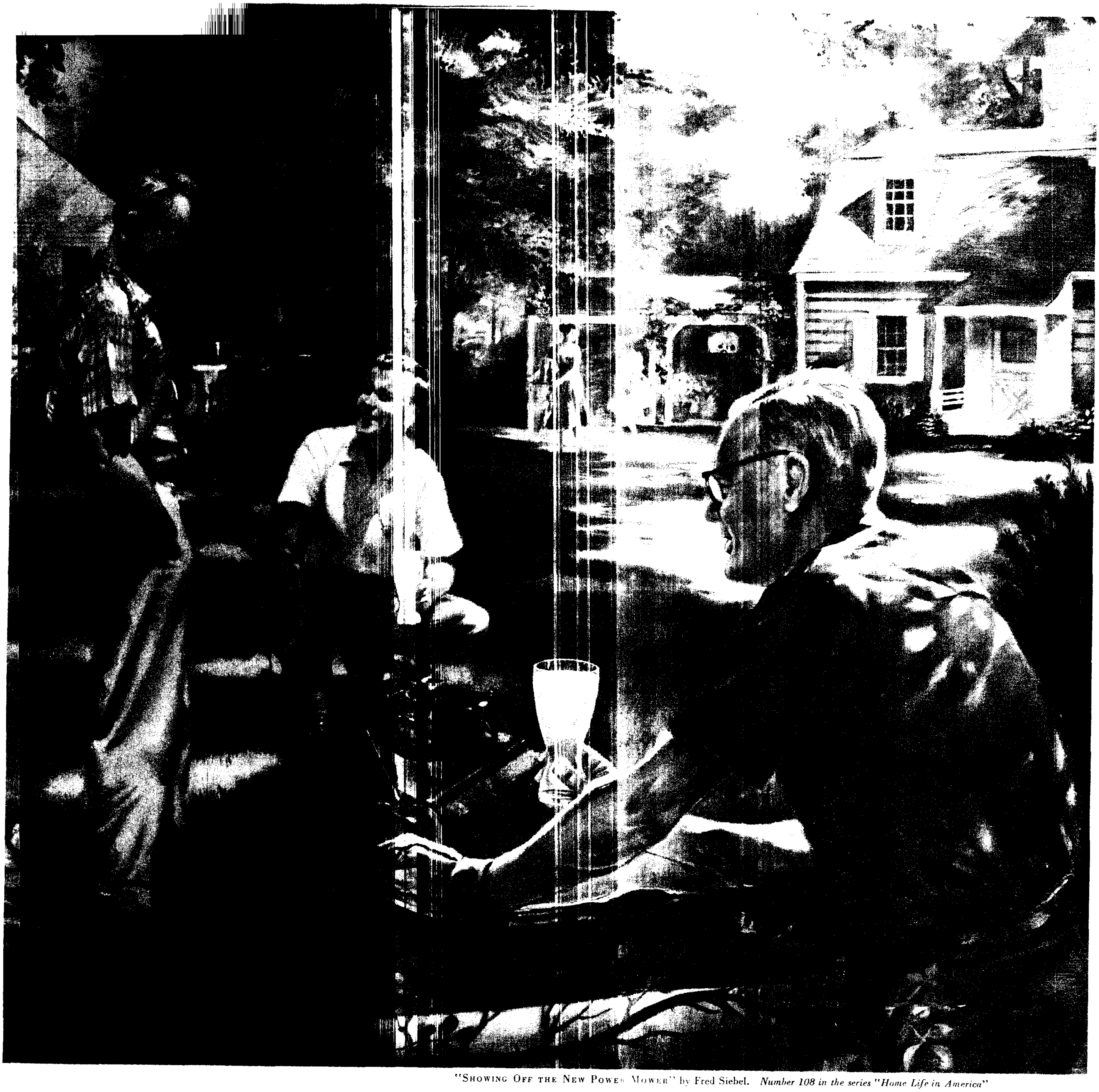
"I could be back in two hours."

"I don't meddle in personal gun fights," Grimsell said, and then added, "so long as they don't interfere with the work. When the work's done, you can pull any damn' fool job you choose."

"He killed Blondie," said Gunn. "I can't wait until the work's done."

"Now look here, Gunn. All I'm concerned with are the cattle I've got coming up here. I estimate we're close to eighteen thousand head now. When we get twenty thousand, we'll move. And I'm going

ILLUSTRATED BY EDWIN DAWES



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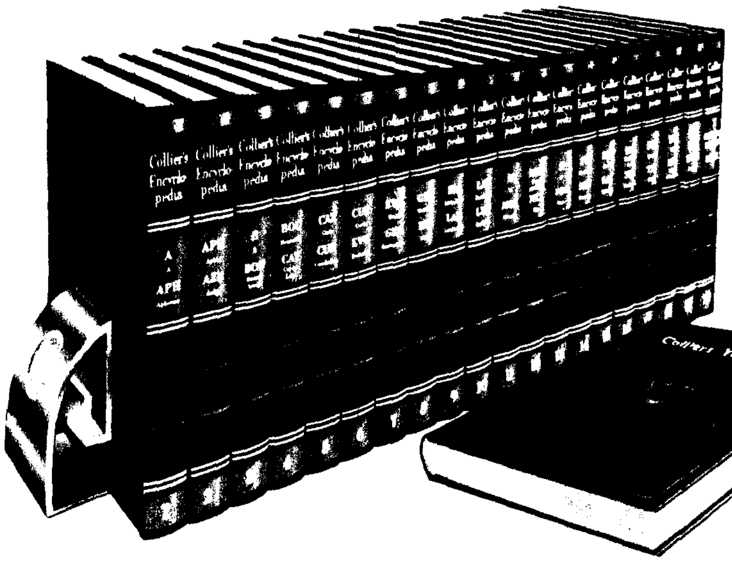
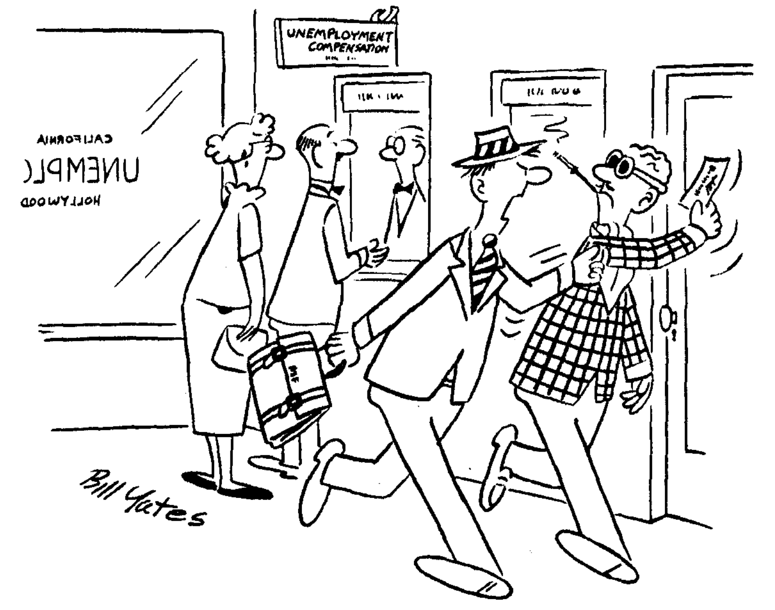




"I don't care if it is unemployment compensation. As your agent I demand my ten per cent!"

COLLIER'S BILL YATES

to need all the hands I can get—preferably alive."

"I've got to kill him," said Gunn.

"You'll kill nobody!"

Gunn said in a low voice, "He shot Blondie three times. He never give him a chance."

"Blondie was a fool."

"Blondie was my friend," Gunn said.

"I know," Grimsell said wearily.

"He was going to be all iron and guts, that boy, soon as he got his growth," Gunn said. "I taught him to handle a gun, and now—" Gunn opened his tobacco pouch and took out a thick gold watch. He rubbed it gently, and said, "He was a good boy."

"Be that as it may," said Grimsell, "he wasn't quite good enough."

"He'd been in twenty gun fights and never been scratched before. Then Early comes along with his fancy shooting—"

"Forget it," Grimsell said.

"The great Mr. Early. He killed my friend," said Gunn.

"I said quit. Now quit."

"Let me go and kill him, Mr. Grimsell," said Gunn. "I swear it won't take but an hour and a half."

"I don't want any killing!" Grimsell shouted. "Not unless I'm forced to it. I'm in business, try to get that through your head—business! That's why I don't want trouble. I've seen it before. A man gets killed and then his relatives and friends oil up their rifles, and before you know it, you're not driving cattle any more; you've got a dirty little war to manage—damn' that shuckin' mole." He shifted to a new position. "It's a dirty little war that leaves you with nothing in the bank and a farmer's handmade bullet in your spine!"

Gunn took out a knife and began to jab methodically into the raised turf where the mole had burrowed. He stabbed again and again, without a change of expression until his knife struck something. Using the blade as a trowel, he dug into the earth.

"You hit it," said Grimsell. "Now let it alone."

Gunn went on digging until he found the wounded mole. He speared it with the blade and held it up, squirming, in the light of the fire.

"Finish it off," Grimsell said angrily.

"He killed Blondie," Gunn said. "I've got to kill him."

Grimsell said coldly, "Look here, Gunn, I don't want to hear no more about it. I've put my money on twenty thousand cattle; all you've got invested is two secondhand guns. Now forget it and go to sleep; we've got a long day ahead."

"All right," Gunn said. "How we going to drive cattle down into the valley with Early in the way? His land lies across the neck of the pass. You'll have to kill him to get through, Mr. Grimsell."

"We won't kill nobody! You hear me? We won't have to. The preacher won't fight, and neither will the farmers. They've got families to think about."

"Early's different," Gunn said.

"Maybe," Grimsell said. "But I've seen him before—or men like him. I'll handle him my own sweet way."

"What you do don't make no difference," Gunn said. "Blondie was my friend, not yours." He threw the mole into the darkness as hard as he could. "I've got to kill Mr. Early," Gunn said very softly. "Sooner or later I've got to kill him."

SOMETIMES Jo Ann Sawyer was like a child, but her startling, auburn-haired beauty was that of a woman, and her mind was quick and intelligent. She was an unusual girl. Born in Philadelphia, she could barely remember the Union troops marching back in victory after Appomattox, but she did remember the carefree summers her family had spent in Maine after the war. Each year her father had left his importing business to his partner so that he might take his wife and six children—Jo Ann and five boys—to spend the summer enjoying themselves while he tried to become better than the amateur painter that he was.

In the winter, Jo Ann and her brothers had a private tutor, and she learned French from her mother. Even at nine Jo Ann sometimes had a mysterious dignity, which she copied directly from her mother; but then a moment later she would be a tomboy again, chasing off after her brothers, as fierce and strong as any of them.

Then, in the uncertain summer of 1875, Phineas Sawyer found himself destitute. For a while he despaired, but early the next spring he decided to go West and try to build a new fortune. The family was four months getting to St. Louis, and then, when they had reached the Missouri River, tragedy struck.

The river was at flood stage from

weeks of rain, and there were only two scows at the ferry where their wagon train was to cross. It was one in the morning when the Sawyers and their wagon were placed on one of the scows. They were in midstream when the scow began to ship water, and in a few moments the craft had filled and sunk. Jo Ann was fourteen and a strong swimmer, and in spite of all the confusion and panic, she managed to save two of her younger brothers. They clung to a little muddy island downstream until daybreak, when they were found and rescued.

The three older boys finally were discovered on the opposite bank of the river, but no trace of Mr. and Mrs. Sawyer was ever found.

There were many kind families in the wagon trains waiting on the western bank, but none of them could take on six children. So the Sawyers were scattered, and the Wainscotts took Jo Ann. She disliked them on sight, and though she ran away twice, trying to catch up with the California-bound train her brothers were with, each time she was found and brought back.

And so Jo Ann came to the territory of Wyoming with the Wainscotts, who treated her like a servant. All her time was spent tending the store, cooking and washing. Mr. Early's offer of employment was an answer to her prayers.

Jo Ann started to work as soon as they got to the Early cabin, and spent the afternoon sweeping and washing the main room until it shone. Early stayed in the barn till young Tom finally came home. The boy accepted Jo Ann's presence without question, but Mr. Early noticed that he managed to watch every move the girl made.

Jo Ann had promised herself that the first meal she made for the Earlys would be the best they had ever eaten. She even made a pie.

When Early and Tom had settled down on a bench in front of the fire, Early said, "That pie was something."

"I'm so pleased," said Jo Ann.

"Didn't you like it, Tom?"

"The pie was all right," Tom said.

"You won't get another unless you compliment the cook," Early said.

Young Tom looked at his boots. He didn't know what to say. He'd never been so close to a young woman in all his life. He cleared his throat. "I liked that dinner, ma'am," he said.

"Ma'am!" said Jo Ann, smiling. "That's what I called Mrs. Wainscott. I'm not *that* old, I hope!"

"The girl's name, son," Early said, "is Jo Ann."

"I know it. Don't go telling me what to say. I know what to say."

"Then say it," Early said.

"The pie, ma'am," said Tom, "I especially liked the pie, ma'am."

Jo Ann laughed at him.

"Ma'am, ma'am!" His father mimicked him. "Can't you stop saying ma'am?"

"Please don't bait him, Mr. Early," said Jo Ann.

"Stand up, Tom," Early said.

Tom got up. His big hands dangled at his sides, his blond hair was awry. He saw his father take a little brass key out of his pocket and hold it up to the light, and then turn to Jo Ann. "Go and fetch the machine," he said.

THE girl went into the back room of the cabin and came back carrying a box decorated with painted figures and flowers. Young Tom rushed forward, stumbling over a chair, took the box from her and set it down rather roughly on the table.

"Careful!" cried his father.

"Why? What is it?" Tom asked.

Inserting the key, Early wound the mechanism. "It's a dancin' machine, son," he said. "I bought it down at the store."

The painted lid opened and a gay tinkling melody began. Tom said, as much with astonishment as pleasure, "Well, I'll be—"

"You'll be nothing," said Early. "This is a woman's house now. Save your strong words for outside."

"Yes, sir," said the boy, listening in wonder to the music. Jo Ann raised her arms and began to turn and turn again in time to the waltz.

"Well," said Early to his son, "what are you waiting for?"

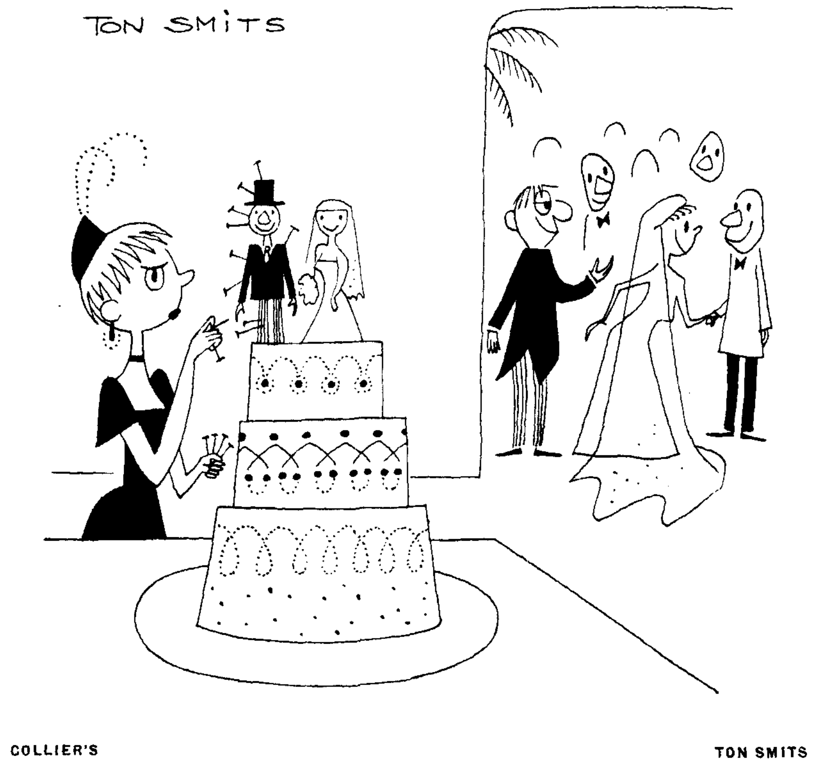
"Me?" Tom said. "I can't dance."

"Go on and try."

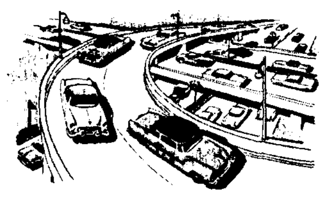
"But I don't know how to start," Tom said.

"All right then," Early said. "Watch me as close as you can."

He took hold of one of Jo Ann's



COLLIER'S TON SMITS



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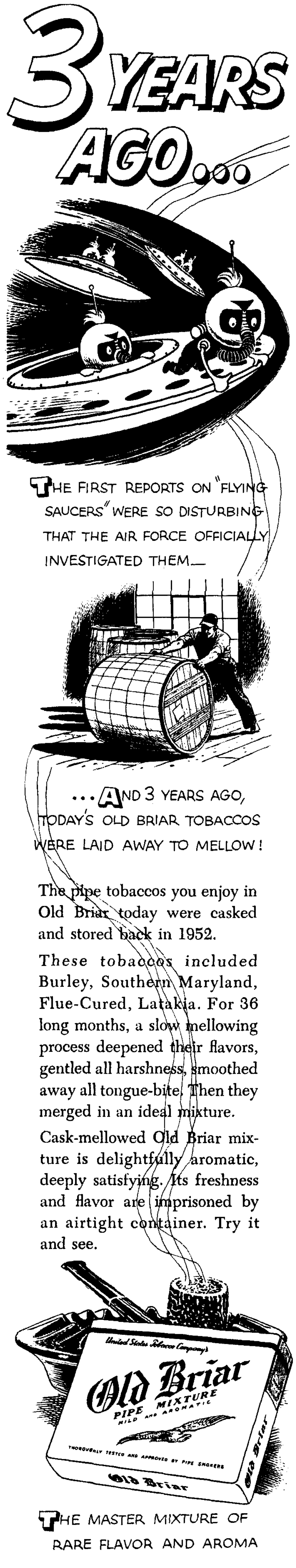

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hands and she moved toward him gracefully, naturally. He held her a little apart from him, and they began to waltz about the room, circling from the darkness into the light of the fireplace and back into the darkness again.

Jo Ann let her hand, which lay on Early's shoulder, move slowly upward, till she was fingering the dark hair at the nape of his neck.

Early stopped dancing and stepped away from her. "Well?" he said to his son.

"I don't know," young Tom said morosely. The intimacy between his father and Jo Ann had filled him with unexpected jealousy.

"Go on and dance!" Early said. He took young Tom's big hand and forced it to hold one of Jo Ann's. "Now," said Early, "put the other arm around her waist."

Young Tom was sweating, and he fixed his eyes on the window of the cabin, simply because he couldn't bring himself to look down at Jo Ann. He felt weak as his hand touched her delicate, smooth back.

Early looked at him with a professional eye. "Give her support, Tom. Support! Lead her. And listen to the music." He began to count, and turn himself round and round with an imaginary partner. Early was extremely light, precise and elegant on his feet. His son was awkward and heavy-footed —*one*, two, three; *one*, two, three— and then young Tom suddenly acquired the knack of the waltz, the shift of balance, the swing and the turn, and he began to enjoy himself.

"Good, wonderful!" Jo Ann cried.

"Closer!" Early called. "Hold her closer!"

YOUNG Tom permitted himself a shy grimace, half pleasure and half embarrassment. As he drew Jo Ann nearer to him, growing accustomed to having her close, he found himself desiring to hold her closer still.

But Jo Ann looked past young Tom's broad chest and muscular shoulder toward Early, leaning against the table watching them. Her eyes sought his, but Early turned his back and lighted a cigar.

As the tune ended and the dancers stopped, Early raised his hand, listening intently. "What's that?" he said sharply.

Tom went to the window and looked out. The moon had risen above the trees. A steady wind blew down from the pass, but there was a distant, high murmuring that was caused neither by wind nor trees.

"What is it?" Jo Ann asked.

"It's the lowing of cattle," said Tom.

"They're on the other side of the pass," Early said.

Tom went quickly and flung open the door. It was distinct now, a somber, mournful sound, a deep calling and bellowing of cattle that was carried on the wind.

"There's thousands of 'em," Tom said, turning to his father. "They're not coming here through the valley, are they, Pa?"

Early answered calmly, "No, Tom, they're not coming through the valley." He walked out of the cabin, and Tom and Jo Ann watched him go down to the fence. There he stood, smoking his cigar and gazing up the valley toward the sound of the lowing cattle.

Tom turned to Jo Ann. "He's acting strange tonight."

"He had trouble in town today," Jo Ann said.

"What kind of trouble?"

"A man tried to kill him."

"And?"

"Your father had to defend himself."

"He killed a man? Is that what you're trying to say?" Tom asked.

"I told you, it was in self-defense," Jo Ann said.

"It always is," Tom said and strode out of the cabin, going down to stand by his father.

Early continued to puff on his cigar, staring up at the mountains.

Tom blurted out, "You killed a man today."

"It wasn't one of the villagers," Early answered calmly.

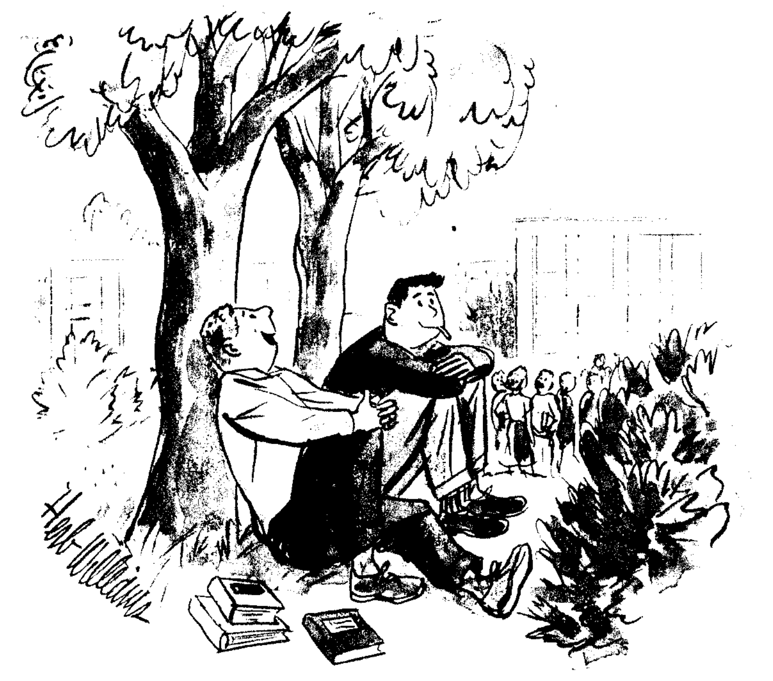
"Does that make him less a man?" Tom asked.

"You don't understand, son."

"Make me understand."

Early looked at his son for a long moment, and then turned and slowly started back toward the cabin. Tom followed him.

When Tom came into the cabin, Jo Ann had gone into the back room to go to bed. There was no door between the rooms and he could hear her moving about. His father was lying on a pile of balsam boughs in one corner, and Tom went to another pile and lay down.



"I think I'll ask for a starting salary of $10,000 a year. That ought to keep me out of work for a while"

COLLIER'S HERB WILLIAMS

The moon rose higher and a square of pale light lay on the floor of Jo Ann's room. She tossed restlessly as the square of moonlight moved up the foot of the bed, crossing one bare knee and along the arch of her body. The square of light reached upward, touching her shoulders and the smooth skin of her neck, touched her cheek, and then rested across her eyes, like a gentle caress. She awoke with a quick catch of breath.

In the darkness of the kitchen, Early lay awake on the springy balsam bed. He turned and looked at the fire. The presence of a woman in the next room during these long dark hours was going to be disconcerting. He turned over, and at that moment he heard Jo Ann stir in her bed. He got up very quietly and left the cabin.

Jo Ann slid out of bed, and went to the window and forced it open. The room was warm, the air seemed thick. As the air entered, it brought the fragrance of honeysuckle and wild lilac. From the shadows off to the right she heard a faint creaking, the sound of the barn door swinging on its heavy iron hinges. It shouldn't be open, she knew; in the surrounding forest were deer, mountain cat, badger and bear, all of them eager to get at the grain or the animals inside. There was no point in waking the men.

SHE went barefoot through the kitchen, past the shadowy balsam beds, and out into the bright moonlight. Her thick hair streamed out behind her as she ran; the flannel nightgown shone like silver, billowing about her.

The barn door stood open, the bottom caught in a clump of weeds. She stepped behind the door to swing it shut, but just then an animal rushed out of the barn. It was the black horse, the mare Susan, with a rider upon her.

"Mr. Early!" cried Jo Ann.

He drew the horse up short and it reared, pawing the air with its front legs. When he had the horse under control, and the girl was coming toward him, Early said, "Jo Ann, what are you doing here? You should be asleep."

She smiled and put one hand on Susan's neck. She rested the other on Early's thigh and pressed her cheek against his knee. Susan drew back nervously and Early reined her in. He said, "Jo Ann, this mustn't happen again. Do you understand?"

"Happen?" she said boldly. "Did anything happen?"

"Now go on back," he told her.

Jo Ann turned and ran toward the cabin. Early watched her, the quick, lithe movements of her body, the wild flowing hair. She went through the open doorway and was gone.

Early ran his hand down his thigh. He could still feel the pressure of her hand and cheek. He turned Susan about and let the mare gallop as wildly as she wished. He rode, giving the horse her head, letting her run toward the dark, wooded, secret hills. . . .

Inside, Jo Ann saw Tom sitting up on his bed of boughs, looking at her.

"Where have you been?" he said.

"To latch the barn door," Jo Ann told him.

"Or to meet my father?"

"No!" she said and went into the

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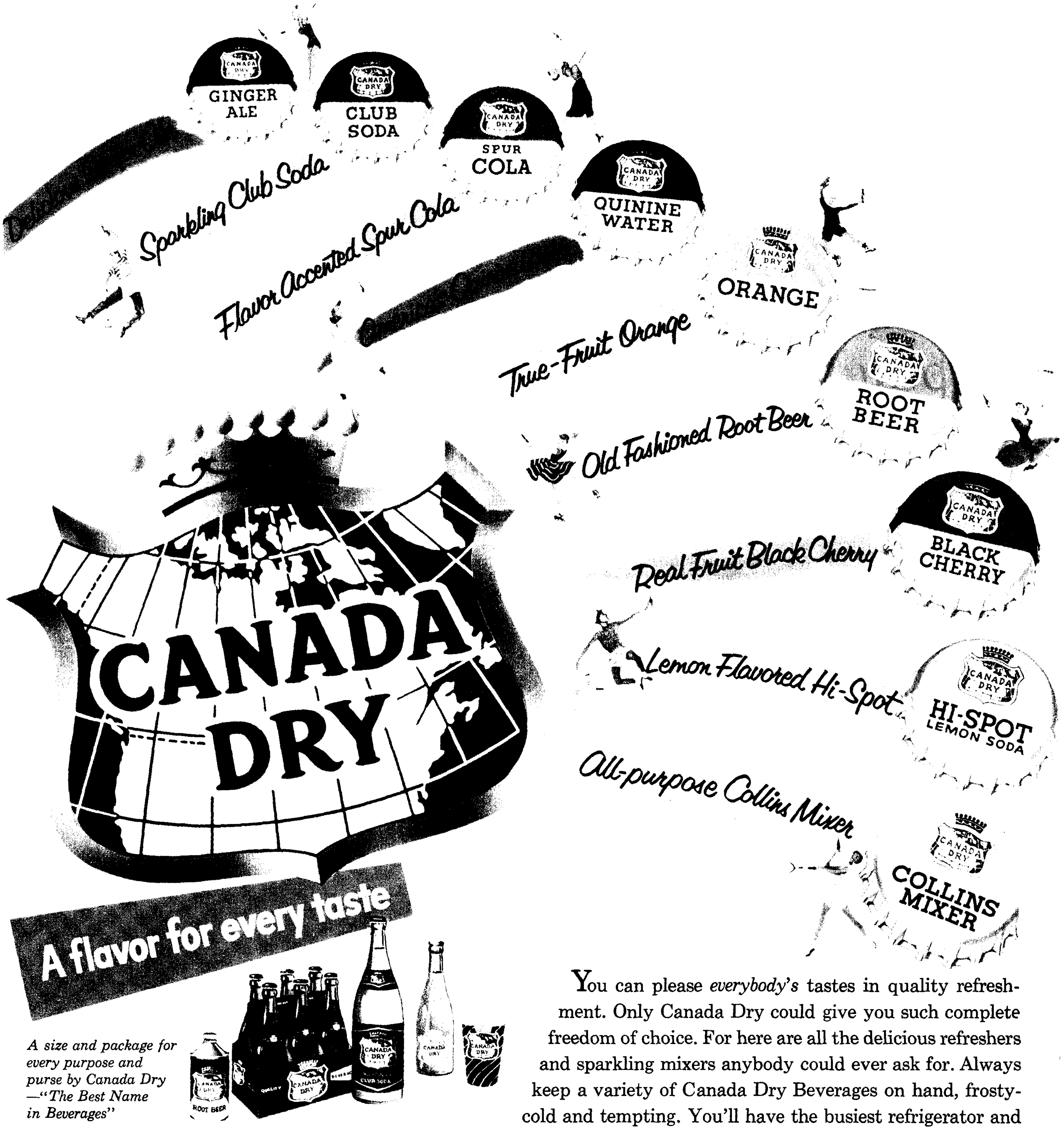
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back room and got into bed. She began to shiver and drew the blanket up over herself. Gradually she grew warm, and fell asleep.

THE next morning none of them mentioned the previous night. After breakfast, Tom went out to dynamite stumps, and by ten in the morning he had the field cleared. Insatiable for work, his face closed and dark, he began to wash and curry the horses. He knew that Jo Ann was at work in the house, and his father, to avoid them both, was working on another well at the farthest edge of the farm.

Tom looked up as two riders came into the yard at a fast clip. They drew up near the barn, and the older of the two looked about with obvious scorn.

"What do you want?" Tom asked.

"I have business with Mr. Early," the man said. "My name's Grimsell."

Tom studied Mr. Grimsell with distaste. The younger man, the flashily dressed Gunn, maneuvered his horse around to where he could get a good look through the open doorway of the cabin. Inside, Jo Ann was on her knees, scrubbing the floor.

Tom said to Grimsell, "You can talk to me. I'm his son."

"His son?" said Grimsell, with ironic surprise. "I never knew he had the time."

"What do you want?" Tom asked curtly.

Grimsell usually ignored personal feelings if they threatened to interfere with business, but Tom's surliness was open and antagonistic. Grimsell said, "Where's your pa?"

"I doubt he wants to see you," said Tom. "I've heard of you."

"See here, son," Grimsell said in a tone his friends would have recognized as a sign of trouble, "your father would never be discourteous."

"You don't know him, do you?" Tom said.

"Well, I do, in a way."

"In what way?" Tom said insolently.

"By way of profession," Grimsell said softly. "We're expensive types, your father and me. I admit his reputation is bigger than mine. But I happen to have more money than he does. Now tell me where he is."

Tom said slowly and reluctantly, "He's in the north pasture." That he answered at all was due only to his upbringing in the Potter household.

Grimsell turned his horse and said to Gunn, "You stay here."

"Why?" said Gunn.

"Because I don't want to lose you."

Grimsell galloped north on the wagon trail that wound through the farm. He rode until he came to a pasture at the northern limit of the farm. He saw no one about and he called, "Mr. Early!"

"Coming up!" a voice said.

Grimsell dismounted and walked toward a deep round hole at the edge of the pasture. He looked down into a round shaft about a yard and a half in diameter and at least fifteen feet deep. At the bottom stood Early, a piece of fieldstone in his hands, lining the shaft.

"You," said Early, looking up. "Expected you sooner." He began to climb up to the surface.

"Another well?" Grimsell said. "Ain't it pretty far from the house?"

"This well is for cattle," Early said, climbing out. "When the season runs dry, we'll pump water out of this hole."

"How many head have you got at present, Mr. Early?"

"Six cows and a calf."

Grimsell answered with mock astonishment, "Six cows and a calf!"

"We'll have twelve by next fall."

"Twelve head—think of that!"

Early laughed too. "What do you want, Grimsell?" he said.

"It's a business matter."

Early nodded and walked over to the fence. Grimsell followed him.

"No," Early said. "We can't do business, you and me."

"Now, wait, Mr. Early," Grimsell said. "I like your little place here. Admire it very much. I'm in the market to buy."

"I'm not selling."

"Ten dollars an acre."

"Too little," Early said.

"Twenty dollars."

"Too much."

"I never heard that complaint from you before," Grimsell said.

"You never met me before."

"Yes and no," Grimsell said, smiling. "Don't forget that Sunday afternoon."

"You saw me at a disadvantage."

"No, Mr. Early, that was a pretty fair introduction. And your name has carried a long way."

"I'm trying to live it down."

"You can't, Mr. Early," Grimsell said. "You can change your clothes if you like, and hang up your guns, but you can't forget the itch in your trigger finger. You're an old-time gun fighter like me. It's our trade. It's a good trade. And you'll never be any different—any more than me."

"Did you ever think," Early said, "when you heard my name mentioned, that Mr. Early could ever engineer a well that would draw pure water?"

"It's a comedown, Mr. Early," said Grimsell. "That's what it is."

"I don't believe I made myself entirely clear, Mr. Grimsell. You see that?" He pointed across the pasture to a field showing green with a new crop. "I planted that field myself two weeks ago come Thursday. I didn't believe it would ever come up. But I was wrong."

"Twenty-five dollars an acre," Grimsell said. "That's twelve thousand five hundred. And you can have it in gold."

"There's all the gold I need in rye and barley," Early said. "Come back and see it next September."

Grimsell swore violently and said, "Be reasonable. I won't touch your fields! I'll drive my cattle through on your wagon trail. I'll put men all along your road to keep them out of your fields. All I want is the lower valley. I've got to have that. I've got to get to the fat grass at the bottom of the valley."

"And there'll be nothing left of the valley but footprints," Early said.

"What do you care? I heard about how them settlers treated you. Look at me! You shot one of my men—and I bear you no grudge. But those dumb farmers, if they had the nerve they'd hang you for it. No, you're not thinking of them. But I'll be damned if I see why you're so stubborn."

"It happens you're right, Mr. Grimsell. I'm not thinking of them. The valley can go along without my help. And will, if it can. No, they're no friends of mine."

Grimsell grinned. "That's more like it, Mr. Early. My highest offer still goes—twelve thousand five hundred."

Early shook his head. "I'm not looking for profit, Mr. Grimsell. I know that's hard for you to understand."

"What then?"

"I'm thinking of my son," Early said.

"I'm sorry to hear it," Grimsell said, "though he's a fine big boy."

"You've met him, then. How'd you like him?"

"He's a mite short-tempered," Grimsell said. "No respect for strangers."

Early laughed, but Grimsell was contemplative. "What am I going to do?" he asked.

"Give me a lift to the house, if it's no trouble to you."

"No trouble at all," Grimsell said.

AT THE top of a hill, they stopped to look down toward the barn and the cabin. They saw Tom at work and Gunn seated at the foot of a nearby tree.

"Nice and peaceful," said Grimsell.

"Why not?" Early asked.

They were both wrong, for Tom and Gunn were marking time, waiting for a chance remark, a bad move, an incident of any sort that would give them an excuse to go into the fight that each of them felt the other so desperately wanted. It was Gunn who spoke first.

"She your sister?" he said, jerking his head toward the cabin.

Tom took his time about answering. "Nope," he said at last.

"Cousin?" Gunn said.

"Nope."

"Wife?"

"Nope."

"Your father's wife?"

Tom had a spade in his hands at the moment and he had a strong urge to pitch it edgewise at Gunn's pale, handsome face. Meanwhile Gunn stood up, resting his hands with fine, calculated negligence on the embroidery at his hips, the points of his fingers not two inches from the curved handles of his guns.

"Come on," said Gunn. "I asked a question."

"You're a brave man," Tom said. "Specially with two guns on your belt."

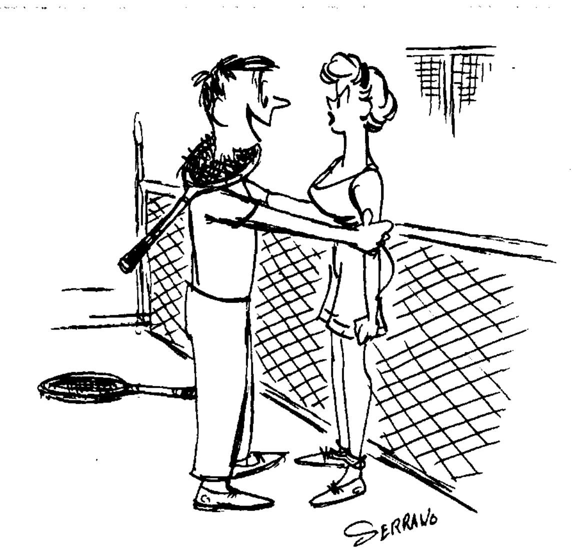
"Your old man is just as brave," Gunn said.

"You're not fit to lick the mud off his boots."

"You're just achin' to get yourself put under grass," Gunn said. "Ain't you now?"

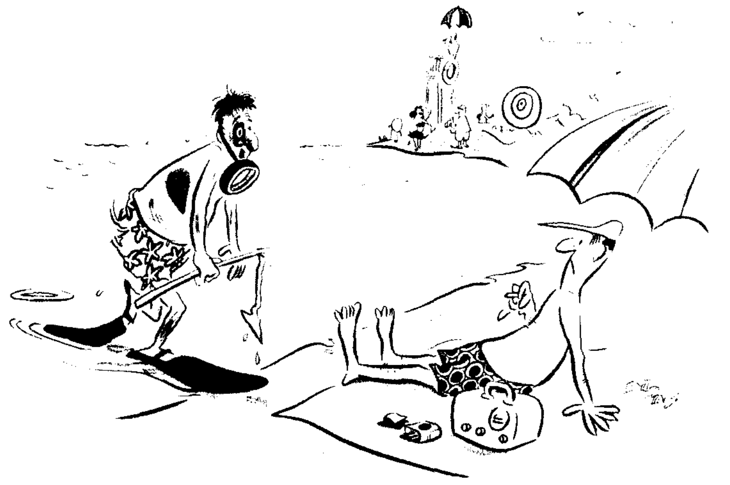
"Put your guns aside," Tom said. "And let's see how much of a man is left."

"Wrestling?" Gunn asked.



"You're *beautiful* when you're angry!"

COLLIER'S JOSEPH SERRANO



"You should have seen the one I got away from!"

COLLIER'S HARRY LYONS

"I don't wrestle with farm boys. I'd get my outfit dirty."

"You're yellow, mister, plain yellow," Tom said.

Gunn's constant, sneering smile faded, and, curiously enough, he looked a little scared. He drew both guns and pointed them at Tom, but he didn't fire. Jo Ann came out of the cabin.

"What kind of a game is this?" she said.

Gunn smiled at her and put his guns back, as if out of politeness. "What kind of a game you looking for, miss?" he said.

Tom said, "The boy's yellow." He turned and went into the cabin.

"Scared you, did I?" Gunn said to Jo Ann. "I wasn't going to kill him. Why should I? I'm saving these bullets for his pa."

"Look out behind you," Jo Ann said with contempt.

Gunn twisted around. Grimsell and Early were riding into the yard. Gunn had both weapons out once more, the pins drawn back. But with Early riding behind Grimsell, it was impossible to kill Early. While Gunn hesitated, Early calmly dismounted, as if willing to oblige him.

"Gunn," Grimsell said.

"Just give me the word, Mr. Grimsell," Gunn said.

Grimsell looked at Early, who was working at a splinter in his palm. "I wish I could," Grimsell said. "It would save me a lot of trouble, and a lot of money."

Early said nothing. He got the splinter out, examined it with minute care.

At that moment the situation became more dangerous, for Tom appeared in the cabin doorway, aiming a long rifle at Gunn's head.

"Don't anyone move," Tom said.

Early said easily, "Put it down, Tom. Our guests are leaving."

Grimsell turned his horse and left the yard without speaking. Gunn shoved his pistols into their holsters, mounted his horse slowly, and rode off after Grimsell.

When they were gone, Early took the rifle from Tom and broke it open at the breach, showing him it was empty. "Never threaten with an empty gun, Tom," Early said. "It don't have the same effect." . . .

Mr. Martin, the man who had trailed Early to Good Hope two weeks before, insisted there should be an armed sentry at the town meeting, and the preacher appointed him to the job. At seven in the evening Martin took up a post outside the unfinished church, where all the men in the valley who were over ten years of age, and therefore capable of some measure of judgment, were gathered.

MR. MARTIN saw a lantern jolting along the road toward the church, and when it came near, he stepped out and barred the way of the horse and wagon. It stopped. The driver lifted his lantern so that he could be seen and identified. It was Early.

"Were you invited here?" Martin asked.

"No."

"If I were you, I'd go home then," Martin said.

"I can't do that," Early said. "This is a valley meeting, and there's no doubt that I'm in the valley. I wish I weren't."

Martin licked his lips and then he said, "We're follerin' the preacher's advice, not yours, Early."

"I wasn't aware I had offered any," Early said.

"Even so, we're not going to foller you. We'll do as we see best. We'll post guards, ring the church bell at the least alarm, keep our weapons loaded and stay home. That's the main part of it—stay home."

"Who convinced you of this, Mr. Martin? Grimsell?"

"Never you mind. The preacher made a fine speech."

"A speech won't save you."

"What good did you do, Mr. Early, when you killed that man two Sundays ago after church?"

"He asked for it. He was a gunman—a killer, in my book." Early was growing angry. "I had to kill him. There was no other way." He snapped the reins and drove his buckboard past Martin.

Martin cried after him, "Killed a man, Mr. Early! You killed my brother, and now you've killed another man! *Another* man, Mr. Early!"

Furious, Early tied up his horse and entered the church. The farmers of the valley were seated in a semicircle around the pulpit. The lanterns set on the floor cast an eerie light on the faces of the stolid farmers. They were all listening with a patience that was formidable.

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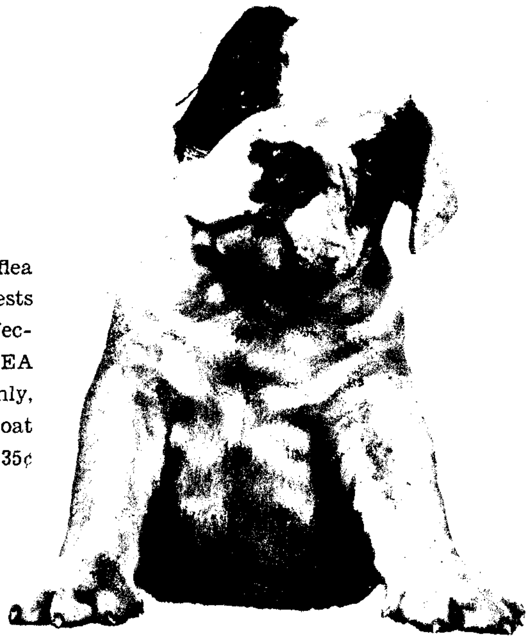

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Wainscott. He saw Early almost at once and said. "You weren't asked to attend, Mr. Early. Not that I know of."

"You're wrong," Early said.

"Oh? Who invited you?" Wainscott asked.

"Grimsell."

The preacher leaned forward. "Mr. Early," he said. "We're all in agreement here. We don't want confusion and deviltry."

"All I want to know," Early said, "is how you plan to commit suicide."

THERE was an angry murmur from the settlers. They had made their plans. They wanted to go home.

The preacher said, "Sir, you can help us or you can leave us alone. We'd prefer the last."

"You're complete fools," Early said. "But I'll do this for you: my son and I will stand watch at the pass and warn you when Grimsell begins to move."

Wainscott said, "We've posted our guards, Mr. Early. Men we can trust."

"Until they're killed," Early said.

"What about that?" one of the boys inquired. He was no more than thirteen or fourteen, and carried a rifle taller than he was. "Supposin' they do get killed?"

There were several shouted replies, but the preacher raised his arms and said, "Brothers, brothers! We've made our plan. Our man will go straight to Laramie and bring back the evidence, stamped and sealed. When Grimsell sees the signatures of the Governor of this Territory—and of the Secretary of the Interior himself—he'll give up. I know he will."

Early stood up on a bench, his feet a little apart. "Suppose he doesn't," he said in a loud, clear, ringing voice.

"Our title's been guaranteed by the Federal Government," continued the preacher. "Do you think our friend Grimsell is going to take on the U.S. Army?"

Suddenly the tension in the crowd broke and the room was filled with good-natured talk.

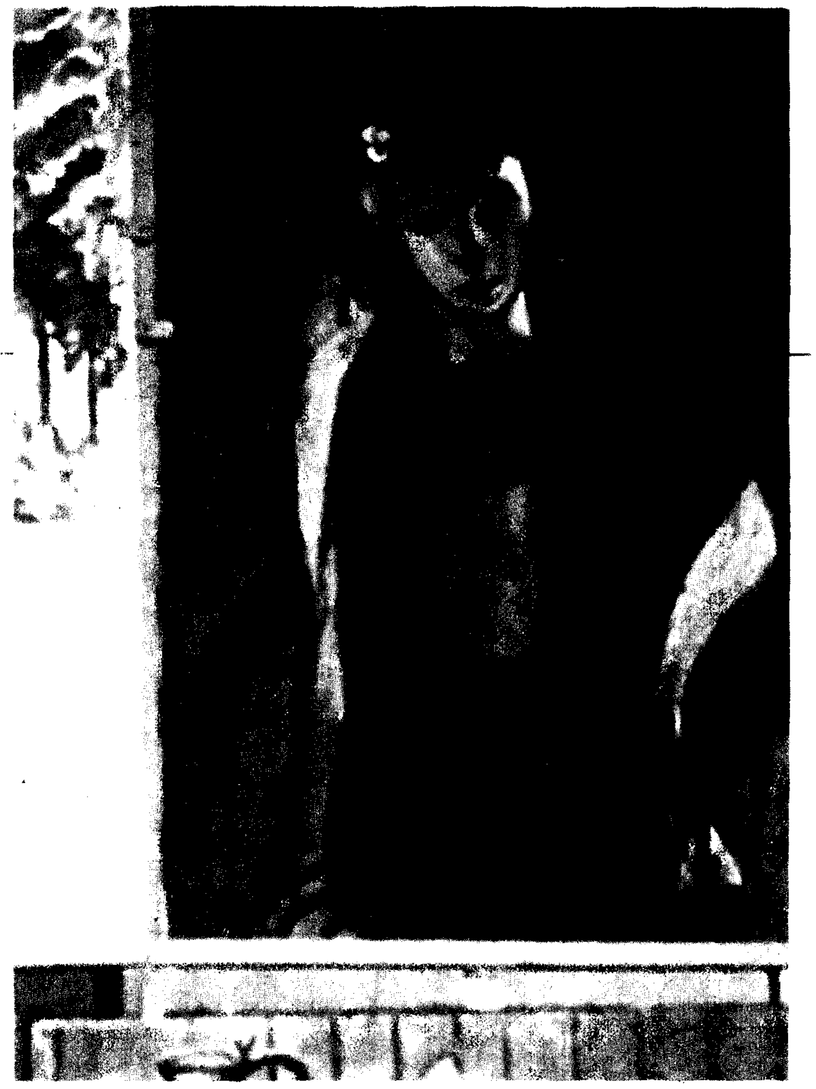
"You're talking nonsense!" shouted Early above the talk.

"Get out!" Wainscott screamed at Early. "Haven't you done enough? Ain't it clear we don't want you and we don't like you?"

The room was suddenly quiet. "I don't want to be liked," Early said. "All I want is a chance to tell you the truth."

The boy who had taken his side before stood up and, facing Early across the heads of the farmers, said, "Go ahead and talk! It can't do no harm. I want to hear what he thinks of the preacher's plan."

"Thank you, sir," Early said to the boy. "You men are right. You've got a good plan. All that's *wrong* with it is that Grimsell likes it. While you sit here waiting for your papers, with your



MARSHALL MAC DUFFIE

Portrait of Mme. Matisse, painted by her famous husband in 1913, was photographed on a rack in the attic of a Russian museum. American, Marshall MacDuffie, took rare color shot

loaded guns between your knees, Grimsell will be driving twenty thousand head of cattle across your fields."

"Damn you for a liar!" one settler said, shaking his gun at Early.

"I'll be damned with or without your help," said Early. "But I want you to listen to me. I don't want to see you killed. I know you people; you're men who come from Ohio, and you don't know the West. You don't know it! You've been here two years—I've been here thirty."

There was silence in the church for a moment, and then Wainscott said, "If you're finished, Mr. Early, you can go home."

"No!" Early cried, letting his fury take hold of him. "You listen to me! I don't think like you do; I think like Grimsell! I've seen him operate! He obeys no law because he still lives in the times when there was no law. But because I know better, I'm on your side, not on his."

THE boy with the long gun said, "What do you think we should do, Mr. Early?"

"Talk with Grimsell all you like. But speak his own language—out of the small end of a rifle."

"He can't fight us," said Wainscott. "We've got him outnumbered."

"Outnumbered with what?" Early asked. "He can buy guns and he can buy gun fighters. And he's got twenty thousand hungry cattle that are better than any weapon man has invented. Once they start, no gunfire in the world will stop them. I say you've got to strike before he moves those cattle. Hit him by surprise. I mean tonight, now, as soon as we can saddle up. Who'll go with me? We'll strike over the pass. Who's willing? Who wants to fight?"

There was a terrible silence.

Early cried again, "Who wants to fight?"

"You," said Wainscott.

The crowd howled with laughter. Early had expected fierceness, anger, argument, selfishness, pride—but not this. He stepped down from the bench.

The preacher stood up, holding high a fistful of straws, glittering and yellow in the lantern light. "Now that Mr. Early has convinced us"—the preacher paused for another wave of laughter—"let's finish our business. I've got a handful of good clean straw; each man takes one. Hold it up high in the air. The man with the shortest goes to Laramie as our messenger."

Early started to leave, but as he stepped aside to avoid Martin, who had come in with his rifle to take part in the lottery, he stood next to the preacher. The preacher said, "Take one, Mr. Early."

"No, thanks," Early said. "The man who rides to Laramie is a dead man, Preacher." He walked out into the darkness. He was untying the horse

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The MATISSE in the Leningrad Attic

Mme. Matisse today

IN THE fall of 1913, Henri Matisse, the great French artist who died last November, was working, in his garden near Paris, putting the finishing touches on an oil painting of his wife, Amélie. Their son, Pierre, was then thirteen years old. Keeping an eye on the portrait was Sergei Shchukin, a Russian merchant who had come to buy the canvas. This was a peaceful time and a few Russians like Shchukin were purchasing European paintings for their private collections.

But during the revolution these collections were confiscated by the Soviet Government and later formed the nucleus of the Museum of Modern Western Art in Moscow. Right after World War II, the bulk of the exhibit was relegated to the attic of the Hermitage Museum in Leningrad, and the people of Russia were no longer permitted to see the art of the free world.

One morning early last February, Marshall MacDuffie, an American lawyer on business in the U.S.S.R., was granted rare permission to visit the Hermitage attic and photograph, as an amateur, the paintings that lay unframed on 50 movable racks. Late that afternoon, exhausted from taking numerous pictures of individual paintings, he chose at random a section of a typical rack for his final shot. On his return to the States, MacDuffie showed the chance photograph to Pierre Matisse, now the owner of an art gallery in New York City. The artist's son examined the photograph carefully. "I haven't seen this painting in color since my father finished it. It's the best he did that year."

Critics are agreed that the painting of Mme. Matisse, now valued at $35,000, is superb. Here, the Western World may see it, in all of its simple elegance, reproduced in color for the first time.

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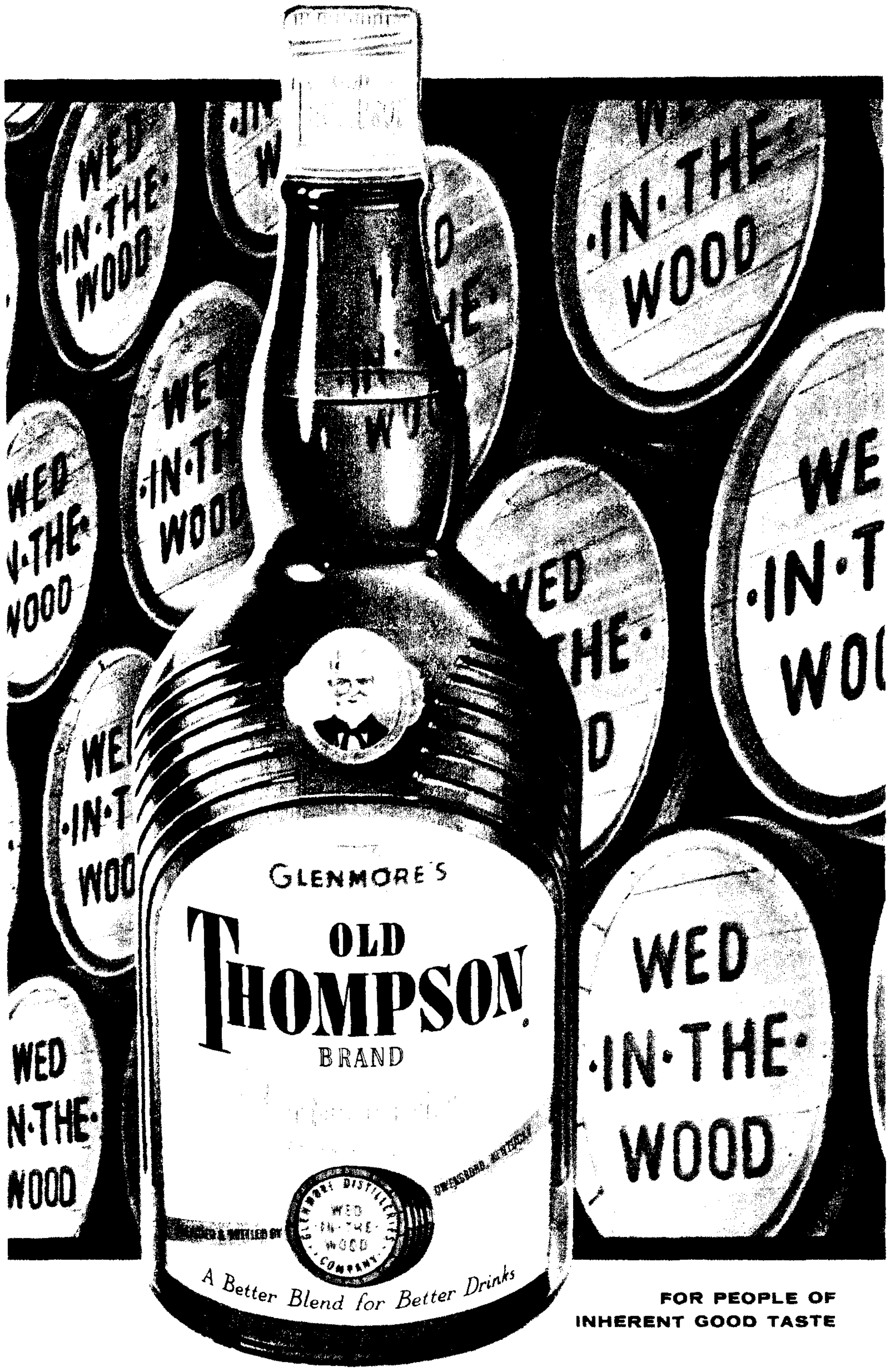

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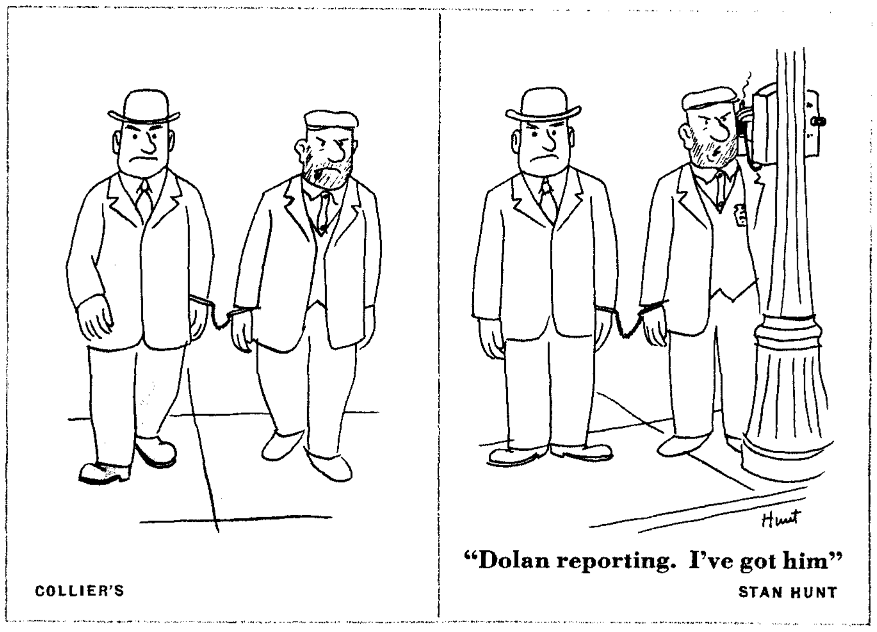


“Dolan reporting. I've got him”

COLLIER'S STAN HUNT

when he heard a low murmur from the church. The lottery was over.

“I'm packed and ready, boys!” he heard Martin call joyfully. “I knew I'd win!”

Early drove away under a bright but waning moon. He passed his cabin at a distance of a quarter mile and urged his horse along the trail up toward the pass. When the way became too narrow for the buckboard, he stopped and climbed on foot.

The moon was so bright up here at the crest that it wiped the sky clean of stars. Back in the valley he could hear dogs barking and the cry of a marauding owl. On the other side of the pass, from the barren, dry ravines, he heard the bawling of thousands of cattle. In several places far below, he could see the flickering light of the campfires of Grimsell's men.

YOUNG Tom sat in the cabin with only the light of the fire. He had no wish to sleep. He could not get his encounter with Gunn out of his mind. At last he said aloud, “He's yellow.”

His voice woke Jo Ann, who had gone to bed several hours before. She sat up in bed and looked through the doorway at him.

“You should be asleep, Tom,” she said. “What time is it?”

“Past twelve.”

“Late as that? Isn't he back?”

“Are you worried? He can take care of himself.”

“The people in this valley hate him so,” Jo Ann said.

“Who hates him?” Tom asked.

“Just about everyone,” she said. “Except the people that count.”

“Who's that?”

“You.”

“And you,” added Tom.

He got up and went to the door of the cabin, opened it and listened for a moment. “He's an odd man, my father,” he said finally. “I never know what he's thinking. For that matter, I never know what he's doing, either.” Then he continued, morosely, “I try to understand him—but I can't.”

He closed the door and went back to the fire. “My mother told me about him one time. She didn't say it was my father she was telling me about; she just told me stories of this man as though he were somebody out of a book. She said he could ride a horse for twenty hours at a time, or swim a river in the spring when it was full of chunks of ice. She said he'd shoot an elk for dinner with an arrow, like his Indian friends. I was a little fellow when she talked to me about him. And I guess I knew him better then than I do now.”

He picked up a shovel leaning near the fire, found a bit of charcoal, and began to write laboriously on the metal.

“But you're happy here, aren't you, Tom?”

“What about you?”

“Yes, I am.”

“It's not much of a life,” Tom said. “I mean, for a girl like yourself.” They spoke slowly, with long pauses, she sitting up in bed, Tom squatting near the fire with the shovel and charcoal.

“I like it,” Jo Ann said.

“For the rest of your life?”

“I haven't planned the rest of my life,” she said.

“Good!” Tom blurted out. “I mean,” he added, suddenly flustered, “I don't know what I mean.”

Jo Ann got out of bed and, holding the striped blanket about her like a squaw, came and stood behind him. “Do you like me, Tom?”

“Why do you ask?”

“Because, Tom, I thought you resented me,” she said.

“Why?”

She sat down in a chair a few feet away, wiggling her toes in front of the fire. “Because I'm a stranger,” she said at last, “come between you and your father.”

“That's not so,” Tom said curtly.

“You won't even look at me.”

“I can't,” Tom admitted.

“Why not?”

“I don't think I know how to tell you.” He set the shovel down carefully against the wall near the fire.

“Try,” said the girl.

FOR a long time he said nothing, and then he tried to explain, to himself as well as the girl. “It's like the center of a fire”—he stared at the log in the hearth—“that you can't bear to look at for very long. It's too bright. You see, ma'am,” he said with a smile, “I can't say what I mean.”

Jo Ann got up and took the hearth broom and swept back some ashes that had spilled out near the wood floor. Then she put her hand on the shovel to move it farther back from the fire. As she lifted it, she saw printed on the inner surface: *JO ANN.*

She said, “Oh, Tom.”

He looked up at her humbly.

“Is that how you feel?”

“Do you”—he hesitated, and then went boldly on—“do you have the same feelings?”

She said very softly, “No, Tom.”

“Don't you feel anything?” he asked. “Not a seed?”

"No, Tom."

"There's no chance?"

"No."

Tom took the shovel roughly out of her grasp and thrust it into the coals of the fire. "You love *him*, don't you?" he said, turning to face her. "Because he's not a farmer. Because he wears fancy clothes and fancy guns. Because he can kill a man and then light a cigar. That's why you love him, isn't it?"

"Why are you shouting?"

"It's true, isn't it?"

"No."

"Of course it is! You love my father! That's why you came! That's why you've stayed!"

"No!" said Jo Ann.

He stepped toward her and grabbed her arms roughly.

She looked at him calmly and said, "I love him just as you do, Tom. No more and no less. As though he were my father."

"You're a liar," he said, and shoved her away as if she were something foul. But he continued to look at her—at her eyes and her hair, glinting in the firelight.

She turned away from him, feeling ugly and mean, but she refused to cry. It was a woman's business to tell a young man softly that he wasn't loved, yet still let him keep his foolish pride.

"We'll be friends as we were before," she said as gently as she could.

"All three of us?" he said mockingly.

The cabin door opened and Tom turned quickly. "Well, Pa," he said insolently, "where've you been?"

Early seemed not to notice the question. He was absorbed in his own thoughts. Should he defend these five hundred acres against Grimsell? Should he sacrifice himself to those clods in the valley, those stodgy, slow farmers who hated him? Or should he open the pass and make his bargain with Grimsell, an enemy who at least did him the compliment of respecting him? Either course was a kind of cowardice, a concession to opinion. Early crossed to the fire and warmed his hands.

Tom said, "Pa!"

"What?"

"I asked you, where you been?"

EARLY glanced at Jo Ann, wrapped in her blanket, her eyes downcast. Then he looked critically at his son. Early had hoped to see and speak to no one tonight, and here he was confronted by a fractious son, a servant so beautiful she was a constant hazard, and the conflict within himself. "What's the matter with you?" he said. "Have a lovers' spat with Jo Ann?"

"No!" Jo Ann said.

"I've had enough," Early said. "A day full of trouble. First Grimsell, and then my son coming out to face a professional gun fighter with an empty rifle—"

"Pa!"

"And then those stubborn fools in the valley!"

Tom grabbed his father's arm and spun him around. "Are you going to marry her, Pa?" he asked.

"What!" Early said in amazement, looking from Tom to the girl. And then suddenly he knew that nothing at all had happened, and that was why Tom was so angry. But he was too weary to be amused. "I'm tired, son. Let's not talk," he said.

"We can't go on this way," Tom said. "Maybe you can, but I can't. I'm gettin' out of here. I can buy a pair of guns too—and a suit of fancy clothes."

Early looked from Tom to Jo Ann. "What's this crazy talk mean?"

"He wants to be like you," Jo Ann said. Her look added quite plainly: He thinks then I would love him.

Early turned on Tom. "The next time you get any ideas of being a gun fighter, tell me first."

"Why? So you can preach to me?"

"No," Early said, "so I can thrash it out of you."

"Everything's just a game to you, isn't it, Pa?"

"Better shut up, Tom."

"There's a girl in the house—and two men," Tom said heatedly. "And she don't want me. She wants you."

"Shut up," Early said and walked away from him.

"It's all fun to you, isn't it?"

"I said shut up!" Early shouted.

"You like it, don't you, Pa? Playin' and foolin' around and treatin' the two of us like we were kittens in a box. You don't care! Fact of the matter, you enjoy it, don't you—"

In two paces Early crossed the room; he struck Tom across the mouth so hard the boy fell sprawling.

Early said calmly, "I'm sorry, son."

But even as he spoke, young Tom had got up and hurled himself at his father, heavily, head down, like a bull buffalo. Early's skill and agility, his experience in countless rough-and-tumble fights would have finished the contest instantly if Tom had not had, in addition to his powerful body and youth and stamina, the terrible blind force of his anger. Early was thrown backward by his son's rush and then was pulled forward again by his clothing. Early's shirt ripped as he twisted himself to one side. He was free, though only for a moment.

"I'll kill you! I'll kill you!" Tom yelled, the tears streaming down his cheeks.

Early spun around, regaining his balance, and came in close; he drove a left, a right and a second left from a distance of no more than six inches, all aimed at his son's jaw. He meant to knock the boy out, for the quicker the victory, in his experience, the less the bitterness afterward. But the younger man was hard as rock; the three sharp, short, hard, powerful blows merely staggered him. He fell against the shelves, and the dishes came crashing down.

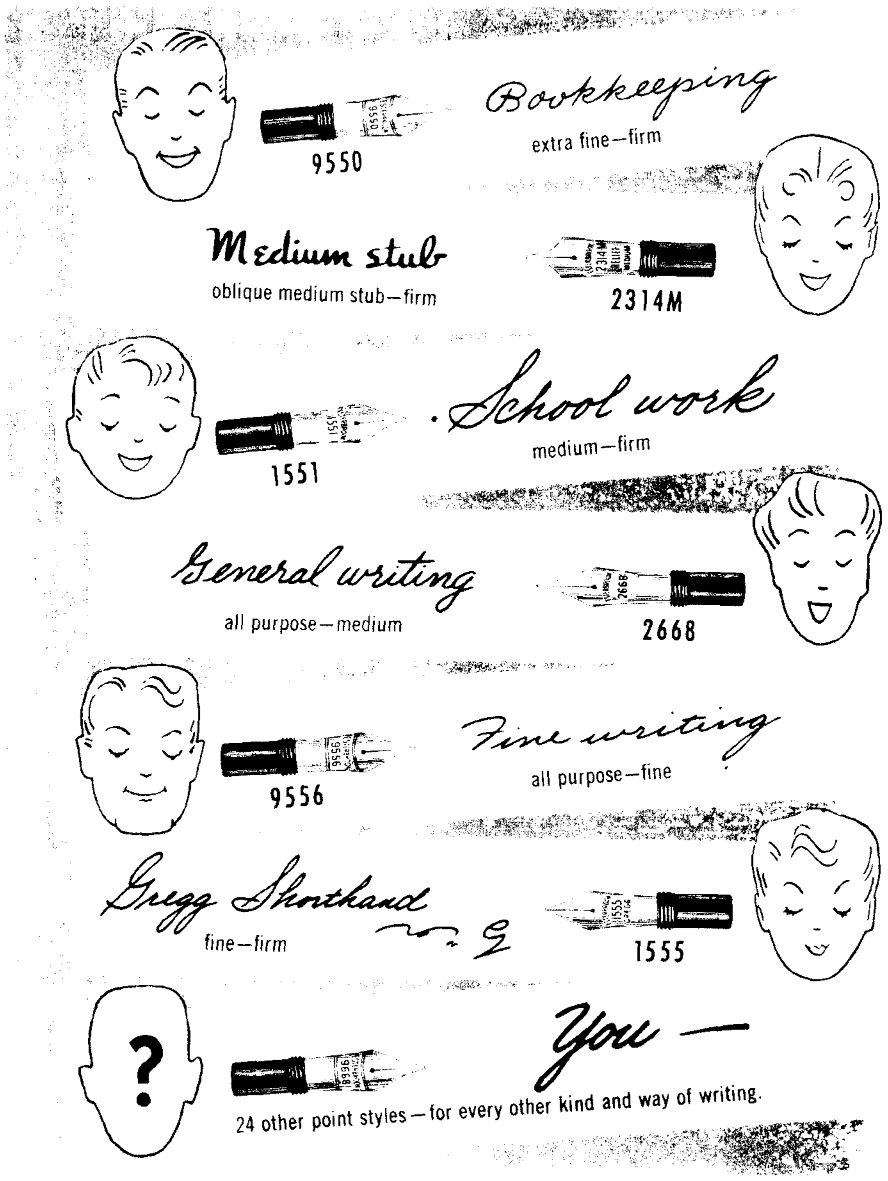
Tom scrambled quickly to his feet. He swung wildly, striking his father's shoulder instead of his face, and fell forward onto his hands and knees. He let out a terrible shout—it was no syllable in the human language—and grabbed his father about the knees; then he stood up, lifting Early off the floor, and with a mighty effort hurled him across the room.

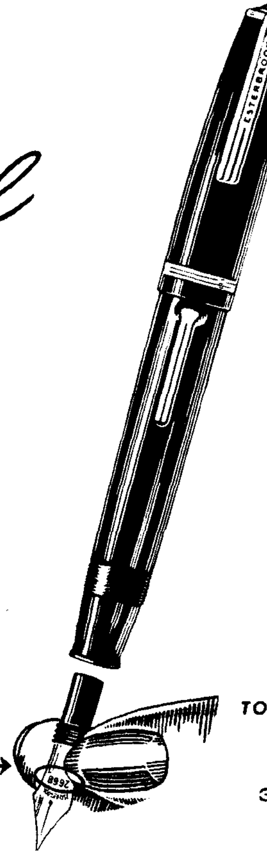
Early crashed into the firewood piled close to the hearth. For a moment he lay still, just barely conscious. He heard Jo Ann scream, and then his eyes opened and he saw his son's blurred face coming slowly toward him. Instinctively, he raised his legs and struck out with both boots at the same time.

THE blow shook Tom but he did not fall immediately. He stood trembling for a moment and then slumped to his knees.

At the same time, both men got to their feet. The boy tried a roundhouse right, but fell again. Early saw his advantage and lunged onto the boy, trying to deliver the finish.

Jo Ann had the iron frying pan in





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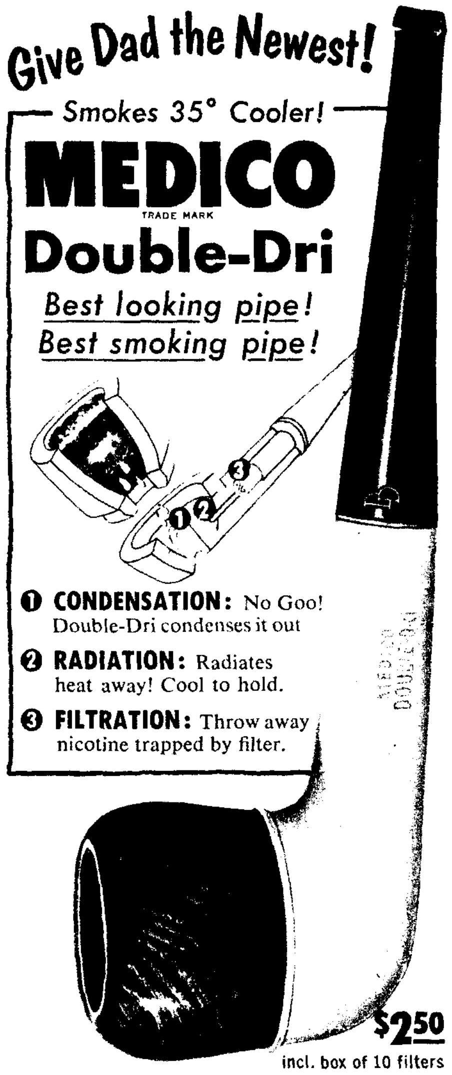

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her hand. She really intended to clap each of them on the back of the head and stop the horror and nonsense of this fight, but she could not bring herself to strike. The two men were rolling on the debris-scattered floor, still locked together. The fight seemed about to end in a stalemate of exhaustion, but at that moment one of the men kicked the door of the cabin, and it flew open.

Immediately smoke billowed out of the fireplace, filling the room with a thick and piny cloud. Coughing, choking, the two men rolled apart. Tom, gasping for breath, watched as Early got up and went to the door, closed and barred it with a plank. Early turned quickly and then the two men walked slowly toward each other. They met and slugged at each other, but much more slowly, without any effort at trick or defense; yet each blow grew heavier, more deliberate and more brutal.

THE girl crept past them, slowly, to the fireplace, but they did not notice her. She took a forked branch some three feet long and put the forked end into the flames. It burst into crackling fire in several places. And then, when there was a momentary lull in the fighting, as the men stood apart, breathing heavily, Jo Ann rushed between them, flourishing the burning branch.

Young Tom gasped thickly, "Out the way—Jo Ann."

"Stop it!" Jo Ann screamed.

Early said, not looking at her, "Outside—Jo Ann!"

"No!" she screamed, and struck at Early with the flaming brand. He ducked quickly, and a shower of burning twigs and splinters fell as the torch struck the logs of the wall. She swung the branch again. "I mean it!" she cried. "Now stop *fighting!*"

Tom advanced upon his father, but he was driven back by the flame. "Stop it!" Jo Ann yelled, driving him back against the wall. "Are you going to stop it? Are you? Are you?"

Tom stared at her, not comprehending. "He begun it," he said. "I'm going to finish it."

Jo Ann sobbed, "I don't care! I don't care a damn who began it! I tell you to stop it, now stop it!"

Early wiped his face. Salt sweat stung his cuts. He looked toward his son. Tom, overcome with exhaustion now that he had stopped, let himself slump against the cabin wall and slide slowly to the floor.

Early remained standing. Jo Ann threw the burning branch into the fireplace and sat down on a low stool. Early watched her. Tom seemed to see nothing at all. A long time passed, the three of them silent amongst the wreckage of the cabin.

At last Early walked to the door, lifted the plank with an involuntary groan, opened it and went out. It was dawn. The sky was cloudy, and as red, at this moment, as clots of blood. . . .

Gunn had been dreaming how he and Blondie would ride into Cheyenne and shoot the town apart. And then he awoke in the cold mountain dawn, and Blondie's death at the hands of Early was as fresh and raw as before. It left him with no stomach for breakfast and he climbed up to a rocky pinnacle, where the sun was just catching the glint in the granite. Leaving his horse, he took a rifle and a box of ammunition, climbed higher and sat down and began to work at the bullets with a small file. Far below him was the constant milling and bawling of the cattle in the divides, arroyos and ravines.

A man rode to the foot of Gunn's pinnacle, tied his horse, and climbed up toward him. It was Grimsell, already shaved and alert.

"I've got a job for you, boy," he said to Gunn.

"Mr. Early?" Gunn said, looking up.

"No, no."

"I thought for a second you'd come to your senses," Gunn said.

"Forget that, boy," Grimsell said. "There's real work to do. I've just heard from a peddler who was passing through that they held a big meeting down in our valley last night."

"That's sociable," Gunn said.

"And they voted to send a messenger to Laramie for their legal papers. They pulled straws to choose a man. But I don't want their messenger to get as far as Laramie."

"I ain't seen no messenger this morning," Gunn said. "And, if he ain't started yet, he ain't coming."

"You don't know farmers, Gunn. The man's not due to start till after milking. And when he does, he'll come through there—through the pass."

Gunn said, "I'll find him."

"And when you find him, talk him out of it, if you can."

"And if he won't go home like he should, what do I do then?"

"You'll think of something," Grimsell said. "Better get down to the pass. And don't make too much noise about it. No sense in getting riled up ahead of time. Understand?"

Gunn said nothing. He was giving a final touch to one of his bullets.

"What in hell are you doing?" Grimsell said. "Sharpening your bullets?"

"Flatting 'em out, Mr. Grimsell."

"What for?"

"It's my own idea," Gunn said. "Every third bullet gets a flat nose, like this." He held up the bullet, filed down so the point was round as the stub of a finger. "That way," he explained, "when I fire three shots, two of 'em cut, and the third one"—he held it up—"spreads. If it don't kill, at least it stays put."

GRIMSELL made no reply; he turned and climbed down to where he'd left his horse. Gunn smiled to himself, half slid and half walked down the slope, and got on his own horse, spurring him forward before he was fully mounted. He took slopes, rises, rock falls and leaps all at the same rattling pace. Suddenly, viciously, he reined in.

His whole behavior changed in a fraction of a second. He quieted his horse, gently and carefully, and then slowly got off. Moving with the sinewy grace of a cat, he darted softly to one side, his knife out, and cut a stake from a bush. He fixed it between two stones, upright, like a sign, and pointed to it. The horse turned obediently and stood by the stake. He'd been beaten, fed, coaxed and brutalized into this trick. It had saved Gunn's life three or four times, for it gave him a horse where he pleased, and not where the horse pleased, in a country where there often was no timber big enough to which to tie a horse.

Gunn crept forward two hundred yards till he came to the edge of a small cliff from which he could look straight down into the defile below. At the bottom he saw a man riding a small white horse. The defile was bad riding, the ground uneven and studded with boulders and squat young pine. Gunn carefully loaded his rifle. Oiled and cleaned and shining, it made only the slightest metallic sound.

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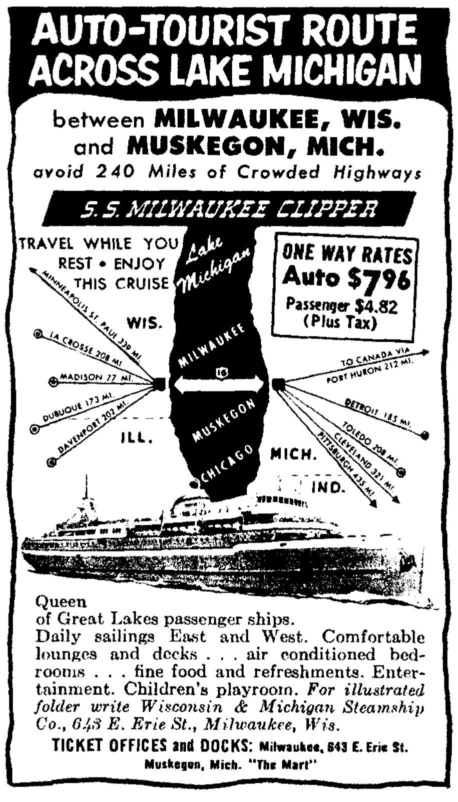

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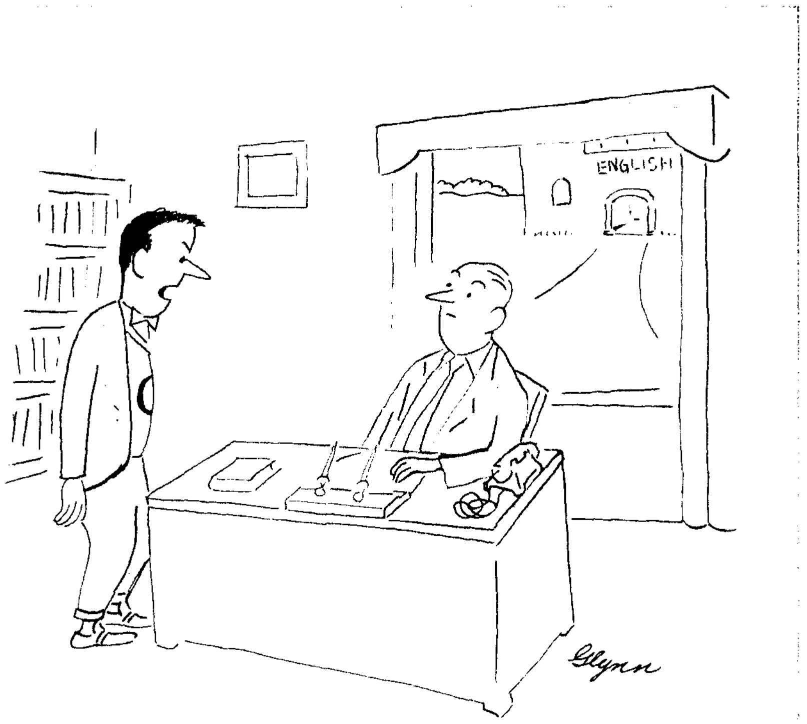

COLLIER'S "Go ahead, expel me. But don't come running to me with your honorary degrees when I become famous . . ." MIKE L. GLYNN

The rider below was moving up a slow and difficult grade. Gunn, watching through his gun sight, raised the barrel, corrected his aim ever so slightly. The rider on the little white horse was passing under a large pine tree. Gunn fired carefully. He cut a pine cone from its branch, and it fell straight down onto the rider's broad hat. The man looked about in fright, and stopped his horse. Gunn sighted for the tree once more and fired another shot. This time he cut off a small branch, and as it fell, the little horse shied, throwing his rider.

Dismounted, the rider stared about in dull confusion. The sound of the two bullets, echoing back and forth, had given him no sense of position; then Gunn stood up on the cliff in full view. The man saw him almost at once, a slender dark figure, a rifle in one hand, his feet wide apart.

Gunn called, "Hey, mister!"

The man didn't reply. Instead, he walked and slid hastily down the slope, toward his runaway horse, calling to it, "Betsy, Betsy."

Gunn said, "Hey, mister. Can you hear me?" This time the man stood quite still.

Gunn said, "Throw your gun away. Far as you can throw it."

The man obeyed before the echo of Gunn's voice had died away.

"I want to know where you're goin'," said Gunn. "Now you tell me."

At last the man spoke. "Laramie," he said.

"That's a lie, mister."

"Who says so?" the man asked, playing for time as his white horse circled toward him.

"Mr. Grimsell," Gunn said. "Know the name?"

"I heard the name," the man said. "But it won't do no good—it won't do no good at all."

"What's no good?"

"To try and stop me. What's the use? Someone else will take and go."

"We'll stop him too. Don't worry about it."

"No," the man said, "you'd be hard put to kill all of us. Hard put."

"I didn't say kill," Gunn said.

"All right," the man said. "Put down your gun and let me go."

"No," Gunn said. "Mr. Grimsell said to talk to you."

"Go ahead."

"Said to tell you to go home."

"No."

"Why not, mister?"

"I give my word."

Gunn smiled.

"I give my word!" the man repeated. "To ride to Laramie!"

"Change your mind," Gunn said.

"I give my sworn word," the man said. "Can I go now?"

"Go ahead."

"My horse run away."

"Go fetch her," Gunn said.

THE man nodded and walked toward the white mare. He said, "Come on, Betsy girl," but she stood still. He put his hand on the mare's warm nose when a shot was fired from Gunn's rifle. The mare was struck through the skull, and tumbled over dead. The range was short and the cartridge powerful.

The man was unharmed. He began to shout his own name: "Martin! My name is Martin! Martin! Martin!" It was as if he did not want himself to be wholly unremembered.

Gunn waited, holding the rifle easily. He watched the man go into a twisted, crouching run, taking cover behind boulders, trees and shrubs. Gunn fired three shots. His man was always in plain view, but he took care only to splinter rock or wood.

Then Martin fell near a rotting tree trunk and lay as still as possible, feigning death. Gunn waited, smiling. He reloaded his rifle, and then he fired into the rotten log.

Martin leaped up and cut for the right. As he ran, he had to vault over a boulder, and as he did so he seemed to rise unnaturally in the air. Three bullets had been fired at him in rapid succession, each one striking flesh and bone. Martin fell, his body sprawled over the boulder.

Gunn, high above him, had begun to sweat. He was cold, almost sick, the pleasure was so extreme. Then, his wrists pounding with the excitement, he reached into his pocket and drew out Blondie's watch. "I'll have time to visit Mr. Early," he said to himself.

—PHILIP YORDAN

(This is the second of three parts)

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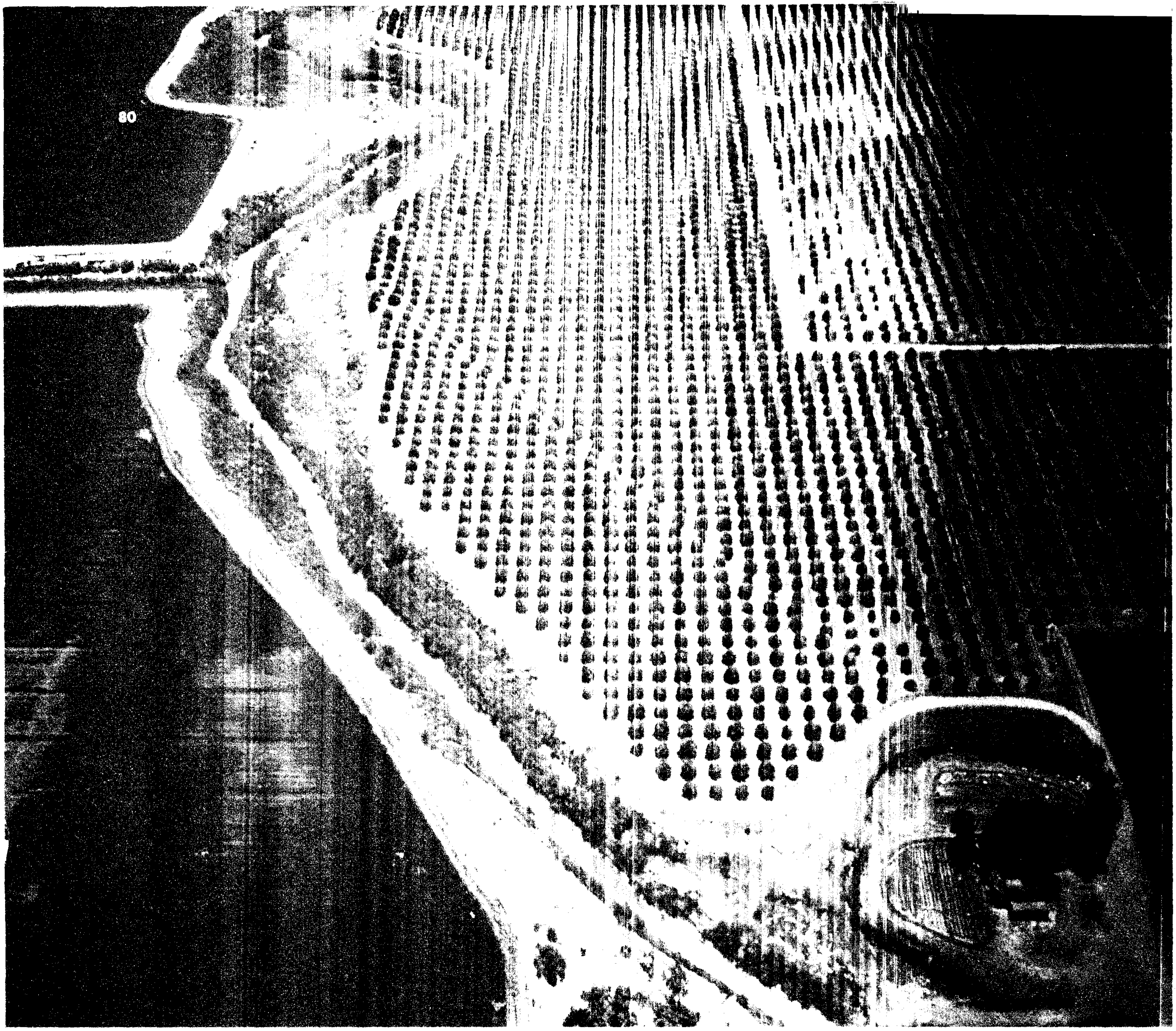


Great crease in otherwise straight rows of fruit trees shows where fault shifted sharply in 1940 quake, offsetting lines of trees by 15 feet. Sides of San Andreas move constantly in opposite directions, but movement is rarely this apparent

THE SAN ANDREAS FAULT

MOTHER OF EARTHQUAKES

This huge, restless crack divides California and has caused most of the state's biggest quakes. It's still moving—yet millions living right by it don't even know it's there

By JOSEPH LAITIN

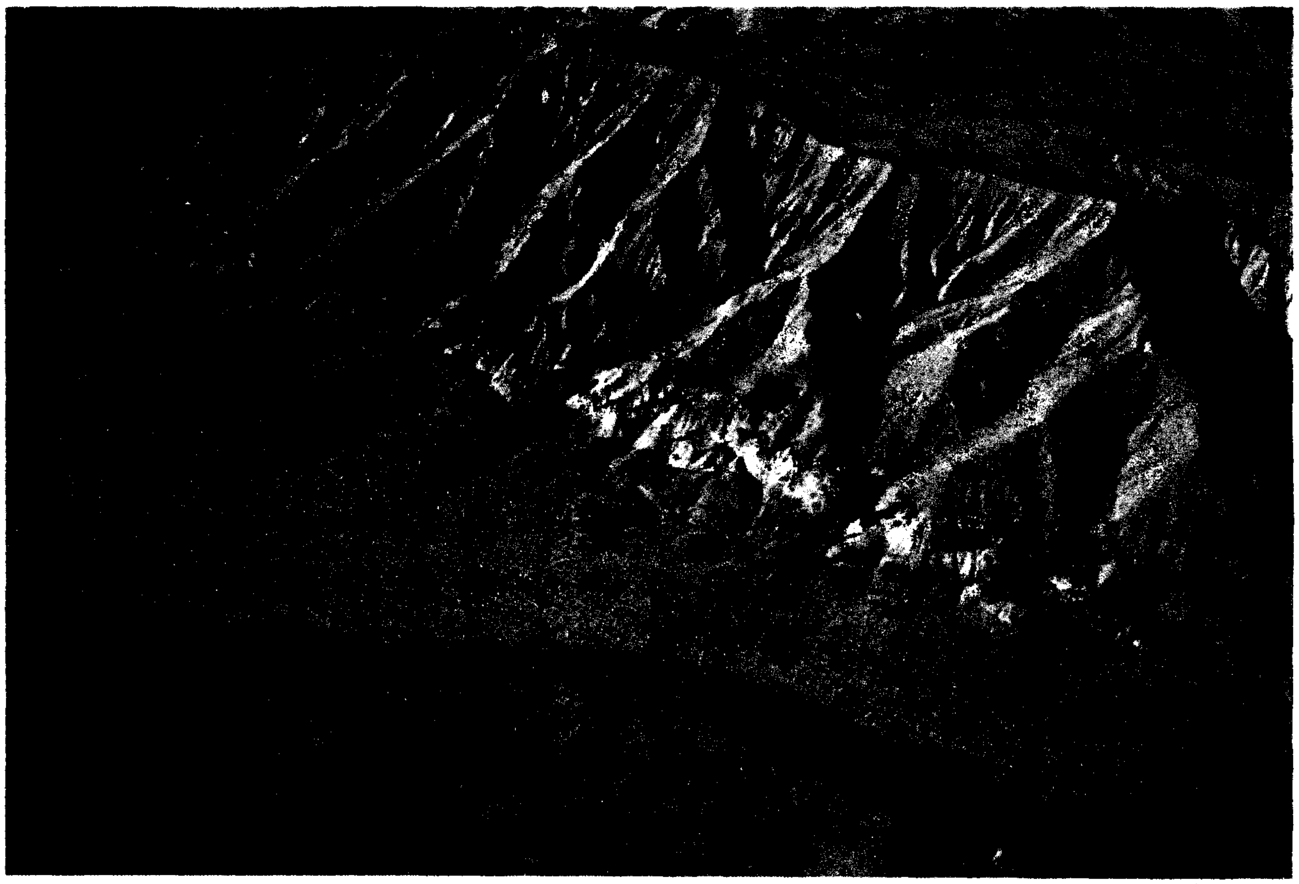
A GROUP of hardy scientists scrambled up the steep slopes of southern California's San Gabriel Mountains recently on an unusual mission. Some were carrying such workaday implements as picks and shovels. Others, with exaggerated care, were tenderly toting a strange-looking device which they irreverently but aptly called a tiltmeter. It was, in fact, a distant and aristocratic cousin of the gadget that is the natural enemy of every pinball-machine player.

At a mile-high point marked out on their maps, the scientists dug a hole and planted their delicate instrument deep in the side of the mountain. There was nothing casual about the choice of the site. Their tiltmeter was now in the most strategic position to feel the muscle of a sleeping giant—the great San Andreas Fault, the biggest exposed fracture in the outer crust of the earth, the greatest source of earthquake damage in the United States and one of the world's most controversial geological features.

Even when it is dozing, between earthquakes, San Andreas Fault has a penchant for pushing mountains around, and these scientists were out to measure accurately its somnambulant muscular activity. They already had a pretty good idea of what it could do during its wakeful moments, such as the time 49 years ago when the mammoth fault flexed its biceps and two huge mountains on either side of it near San Francisco abruptly moved 10 feet farther apart. More recently, in 1940, it convulsed for a split second in the Imperial Valley and shifted the U.S.-Mexican border almost 10 feet to create a unique territorial dilemma.

At almost the same time the scientists were placing the tiltmeter at the summit of the San Gabriels, a party of seismologists was installing an even odder-looking contrivance in an abandoned mine tunnel at the base of the same mountains. Unlike their colleagues at the crest, who sought only data on San Andreas' physical exertions during its long siestas, these men were setting up a sensitive fused-quartz instrument to take the fault's pulse, heartbeat and blood pressure for the next 50 or 100 years. They hope that someday this information will enable them to predict when the great split is about to break into one of its cataclysmic spasms.

Still another group, working 150 miles to the southeast in the Chocolate Mountains, was more concerned with the immediate past and present. They were government surveyors and engineers, taking precise bearings to determine whether the mountains on either side of the fault are still being moved in opposite directions at the rate of two inches a year. It was their regular 10-year checkup, under an appropriation from Congress earmarked for the survey of the restless San Andreas.

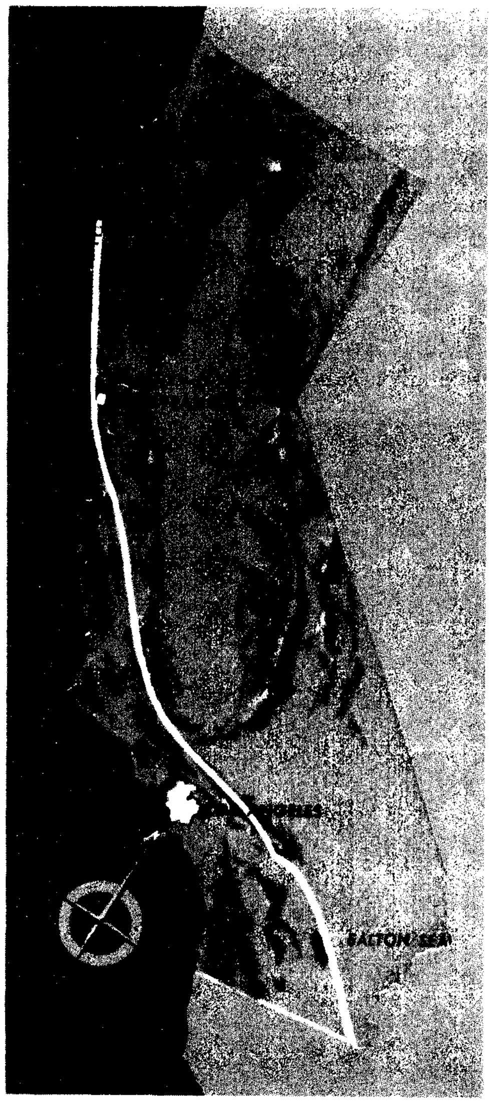


In the desert east of Los Angeles, location of fault can be traced by palm trees. The grinding motion of crack releases underground springs, making growth of trees possible

The three groups were operating independently. They represented the vital interest of the West's top universities, some of its biggest business firms and the federal government itself in the quixotic behavior of the San Andreas Fault, a Gargantuan crack in the surface of our planet at least 700 miles long and perhaps 50 miles deep. Like a huge surgical scar, it slices California in a gigantic arc, from just north of San Francisco all the way to Mexico.

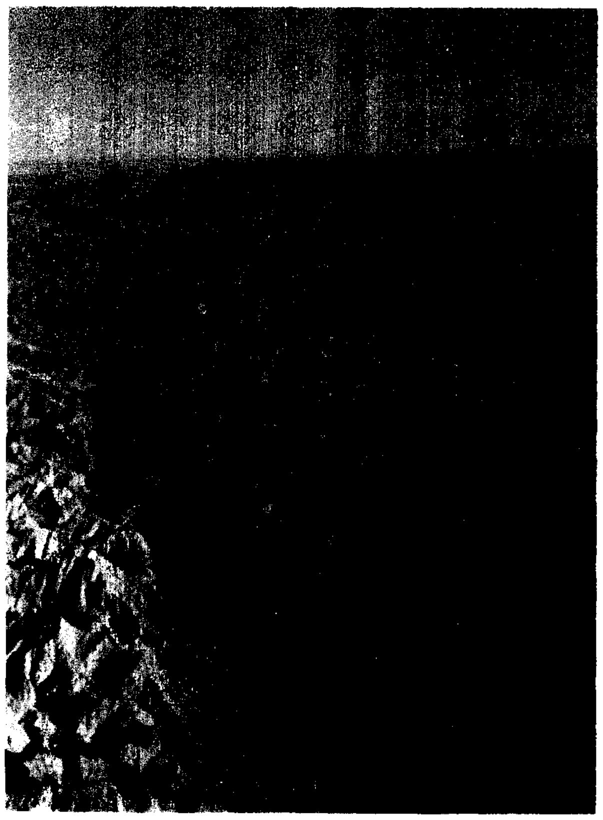
San Andreas has caused the majority of California's biggest earthquakes, including the San Francisco disaster of 1906, one of the greatest catastrophes of modern times. It has claimed almost 1,000 lives, caused close to $2,000,000,000 worth of property damage and made obligatory the spending of another $500,000,000 to reinforce structures exposed to its danger. Because San Andreas has been on relatively good behavior since 1940 (when it killed at least nine and caused more than $10,000,000 worth of damage), few people realize that today, like a hibernating serpent, it is still very much alive and unpredictable—a perpetual threat to the 9,000,000 people who live within the range of its potential fury.

This colossus of California remains one of the great unadvertised wonders of the West. Each day, thousands of persons cross it unaware; no signs or monuments mark it; no tourist guidebooks draw its course; no road maps show it. Travel agencies, chambers of commerce and city officials are nota-



AL TARTER

Fault cuts diagonally across photo at left, running off lower right of picture. Note the different terrain colors on the two sides of the fault, caused by shifting of ground over centuries. In background is the Salton Sea. Map, right, shows how San Andreas cuts across California from Mexican border to Point Arena



PHOTOGRAPHS FOR COLLIER'S BY WILLIAM GARNETT

In an earthquake, the fault's sides may move—one northward, the other towar

bly silent on the subject for fear it may give pause to incoming population; in answer to questions they point out, reasonably enough, that Midwestern tornadoes, Southeastern hurricanes and the like take a far greater toll of life and property.

Not all Californians are unaware of the fault's existence. Eugene Imler, city engineer of the quiet Imperial Valley town of Brawley, suspects that San Andreas has turned the whole town askew and also stretched it almost two feet. He's awaiting the outcome of the government survey now going on, to find out just where the town stands. The inhabitants are interested, too. Mrs. Eula Whitman, for example, operates a motel on West Main Street; if it's true that the fault has shifted her property line a few inches, she may have to set back her border of oleander bushes.

The scientists, of course, are fascinated by San Andreas. It's being studied more than any other fault in the world. "There's only one kind thing I'll say about San Andreas," says Dr. Richard H. Jahns of the California Institute of Technology. "It's one of the relatively few great faults in the world obliging enough to be largely on dry land."

From their studies, the experts hope to learn much about the nature of earthquakes and the character of the earth's interior. Comparatively little is known about the origins and even the effects of earthquakes, but geologists generally agree that most of the 1,000,000 quakes that rack the earth each year are generated by stresses that accumulate under or along the sides of faults like San Andreas. There are wide differences of opinion, however, about the origins of these subterranean stresses.

A fault is simply a crack in the earth's crust whose sides move. Aside from the fact that San Andreas is the greatest visible fault in the world, it is remarkable on at least two other counts. Although it extends through some wild and sparsely tenanted country, San Andreas at its northern and southern extremes passes through California's two most populous centers—Los Angeles and some 65 other communities with a population of 6,000,000 in the south, and the San Francisco Bay area, farther north, with a population of 3,000,000. That fact alone gives San Andreas a destructive potential today it has never had before in its long history of violence.

Secondly, the walls of San Andreas move sidewise in opposite directions, sometimes abruptly and with disastrous consequences. Some unknown force inside the earth is tugging in opposite directions at the land mass through which San Andreas slices—northward on the Pacific side of the crack, southward on the continental side. The two faces of the fault, which may extend 50 miles into the earth, are lined with huge, interlocking rock slivers, some of them five times as big as the Empire State Building. Not unlike two coarse pieces of sandpaper pressed hard against each other, these huge rocks create tremendous friction that acts as a giant brake. But as time passes, this strain builds up inexorably until that critical second when the accumulated energy simply becomes too great for the strength of the resisting rocks. At that moment, with no forewarning and in one mammoth, grinding jolt, the rocks yield, and the sides of the fault, still pressed firmly together, move in opposite directions, sometimes as much as 30 feet. This movement is an earthquake.

Tracing the Course of the Giant Fault

California and Nevada, where 95 per cent of the earthquakes in this country originate, are a maze of faults, but San Andreas is the recognized master of them all. Unlike even the mightiest of the world's rivers, which slavishly follow the natural contours of the earth, San Andreas completely ignores other geological features and yields to nothing except the mysterious pressures deep inside the earth which created it millions of years ago and from which it derives its life force. It rips through majestic mountain ranges; it slices in two the vast desert; it plunges underneath the ocean and returns to land; rivers that cross it have been pulled out of shape. San Andreas even cuts imperiously through other king-size faults which it encounters, and its sidewise movement has dragged other faults north and south.

Along its length, the surface traces sometimes cover a five-mile width and sometimes narrow down to only a few yards. But the erosion of wind and rain and the workings of man have softened the ridges and clifflets and blended them into the countryside, so that it is often impossible for an uninformed observer to find the fault or follow it, especially from the ground. Every day, students of San Bernardino Valley Junior College walk to and from classes without realizing that one of the main branches of San Andreas cuts diagonally across their campus. And golfers who regularly play the gently sloping fairways of the Barbara Worth Country Club near El Centro not far from the Mexican border have no inkling they are treading on a finger of the famed fault.

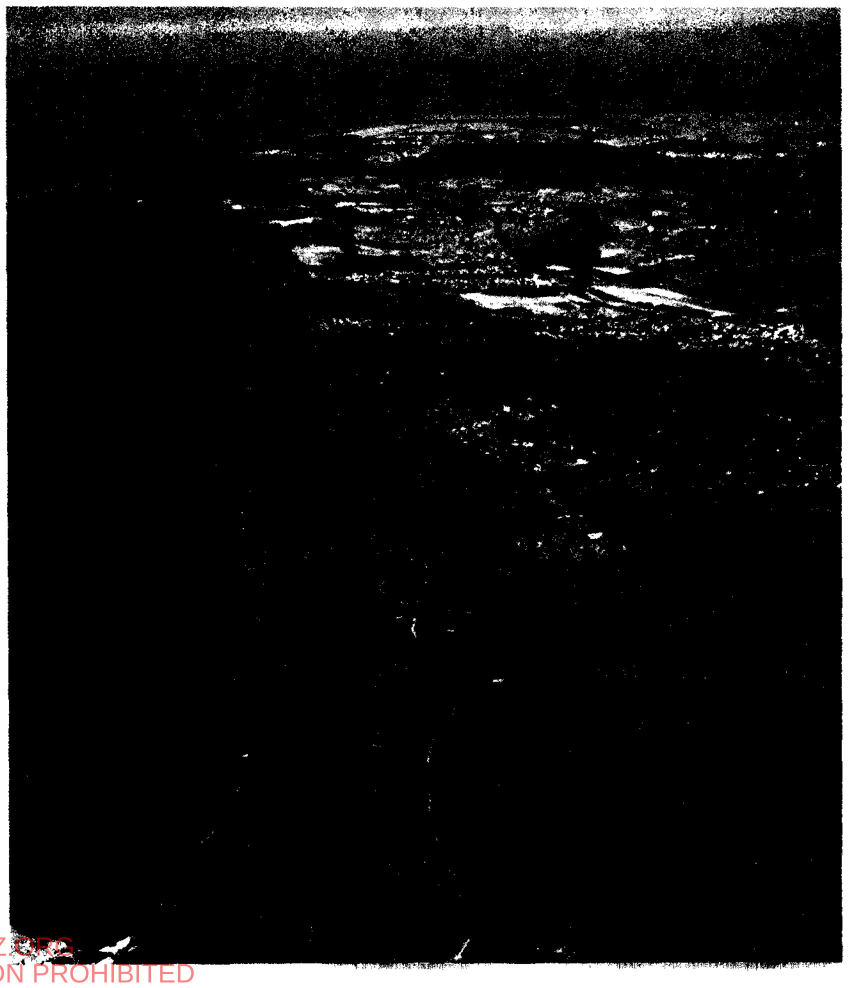
From the air it is more easily observed, though even here a knowledge of geology would help. But a pilot, after a ten-minute briefing from a geologist, should be able to follow it from Mexico to San Francisco almost as though it were a railroad track.

San Andreas enters California just east of the border community of Calexico, after first rising out of the Gulf of California and cutting through Mexico. Its apparent main trail can be picked up today either from the air or on the ground in Joe and Tony Russo's orchard on the border, where its sidewise movement in 1940 offset by 15 feet the even rows of their orange and grapefruit trees.

It then threads through the carrot and melon fields of the rich Imperial Valley, but plowing and irrigation have all but obliterated its presence except for a few telltale signs which stand as guideposts only to the practiced eye of the geologist. San Andreas then crosses the desert and goes under or around the inland Salton Sea, passing just east of the millionaire playground of Palm Springs. In the desert, its course is frequently marked by tiny oases of palm trees, sustained in the wasteland by underground springs released by San Andreas' activity. From the air, it can be seen north of the desert date center of Indio as a spectacularly straight and narrow line separating two different types of terrain, as though the hand of the Creator had drawn a line through the wasteland. This feature lends dramatic visual support to geologists who maintain that different types of rocks are to be found all along the San Andreas, only a few yards from one another

Three small ponds created by San Andreas mark route of great crack through a ranch near Watsonville, south of San Francisco peninsula

Fault runs up San Francisco peninsula along Crystal Springs Lake, then under Golden Gate (at top center), continuing on the other side



he south—30 feet apart

and separated only by the crack. Dr. John C. Crowell of UCLA says: "You can walk from one side of San Andreas to the other in many areas and find yourself, geologically speaking, in a totally different part of California." Often, rocks found on the Pacific side of the fault can be matched up with rocks on the continental side many miles to the south.

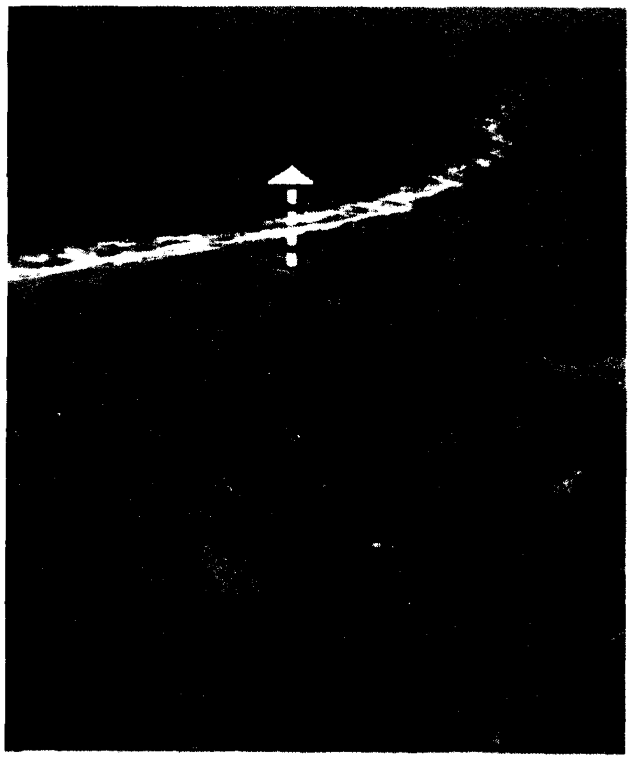
Trail Leads into Desolate Mountains

The fault continues in a northwesterly direction, streaking through the outskirts of San Bernardino and on into the rugged mountains that hem Los Angeles to the east. Here, the effects of a memorable earthquake a century ago can still be seen as a wide trench, 25 miles long, looking as if it had been hacked out by a giant meat cleaver. The fault crosses Highway 99, the major four-lane highway leading northward from Los Angeles, near the little town of Gorman in the Tehachapi Mountains, then heads northward through the desolate Temblor and Diablo ranges.

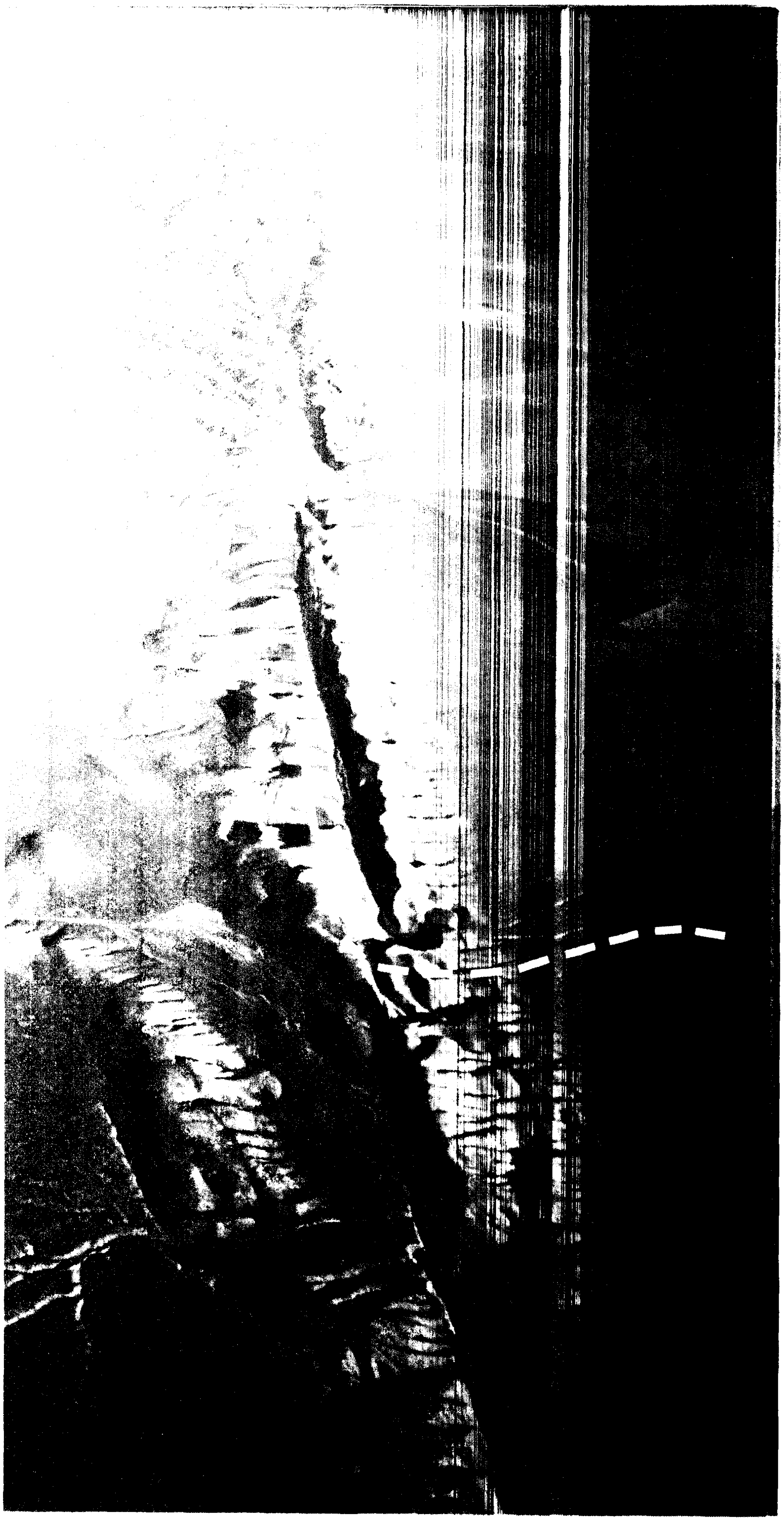
Emerging from the inland coastal ranges, it strikes along the crest of the San Francisco peninsula, missing by two or three miles the Stanford University campus, which felt its full fury in 1906. Just below the city limits of San Francisco, it dips under the mouth of the Golden Gate about seven or eight miles west of the famed bridge and emerges in Marin County. Again, a ground observer would find it difficult to spot. But you can take any road map of that part of California, draw a straight line through a string of lakes on the San Francisco peninsula, extend the line through the elongated 15-mile Tomales Bay, and you will have the course of the northern end of the great San Andreas; the fault created both the lakes and the bay.

After leaving Tomales Bay, it continues back on land for about 60 miles. Then, just north of a tiny community of 400 called Point Arena, it vanishes into the Pacific.

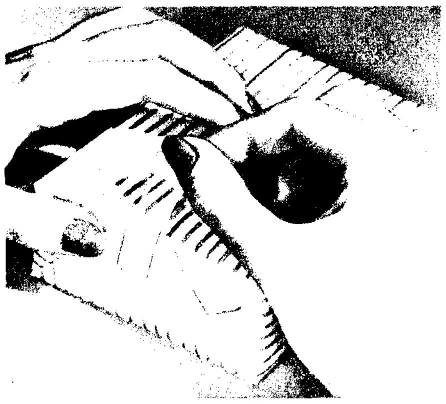
Despite its awesome dimensions and its past and potential destructiveness, knowledge of the San Andreas and its history is astonishingly meager. Most of the fault's outstanding feats of strength took place without an audience and before development



Northernmost end of San Andreas is at Point Arena, where it disappears into sea (arrow)



Broken line shows how the fault's scissors action has bent rivers north of Los Angeles by as much as half a mile. Land on right moves steadily one way, land on left the other



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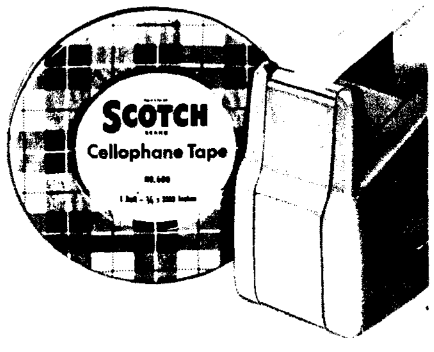

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In the last big quake, San Andreas shifted border

of real interest in seismography about 50 years ago. The earliest recorded experience with the big fault perhaps was that of Spanish explorer Gaspar de Portola, who was negotiating with Indians in 1769 near what is now Los Angeles when a violent temblor converted the parley into an impromptu prayer meeting.

San Andreas made memorable earthquake history at Fort Tejon near Los Angeles in 1857. It ripped open the earth for more than 200 miles and the quake's effect can still be seen today in a wide, shallow trench, 25 miles long. One rancher on that occasion reported that half his corral atop the crevice was dragged 15 feet north, the other 15 feet south, so that it formed an S shape instead of a circle. Yet so sparsely was the area settled that only one person was killed.

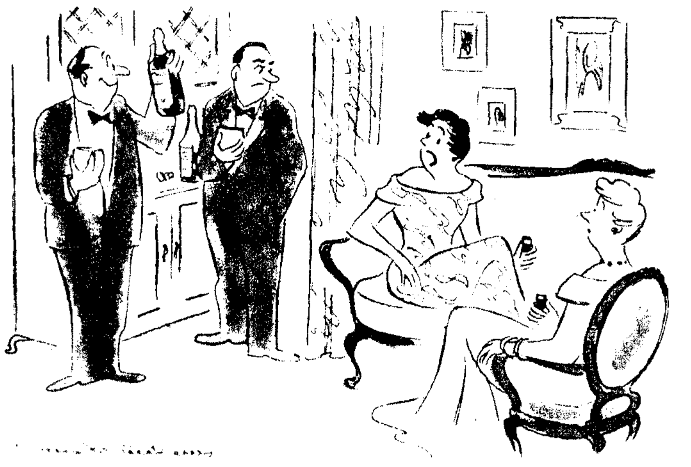
The Day of the Great Quake

It was on the morning of April 18, 1906, that San Andreas called attention to itself most dramatically. On the evening before, the great Caruso had appeared in Carmen, and many San Franciscans made a night of it. Some never got to bed; at 5:13 A.M., in a succession of jolts that lasted for less than 60 seconds, San Andreas leveled great areas of San Francisco and dozens of nearby communities, making itself felt from Oregon to Mexico and from the middle of Nevada far out to sea. Even the crude seismographs then in use recorded the quake in the farthest parts of the world. In a relatively narrow area of some 25,000 square miles, it wreaked outright havoc. It opened up a crevice on the surface 240 miles long, and all fences, roads, railways, bridges, tunnels, dams, pipes and structures that crossed it were wrecked, and property lines rendered meaningless. It toppled buildings and loosed fires which resulted in at least 730 deaths and $1,600,000,000 in property damage, which even today represents the bulk of the total dollar earthquake damage in the history of the U.S.

The energy San Andreas released on this occasion has been officially estimated to be the equivalent of 1,000,000 atomic bombs (though conservative earthquake scientists say that 10,000 atomic bombs is more like it).

Because the sides of San Andreas move in opposite directions, the 1906 quake produced a variety of peculiar displacements. Everything in its path, man-made and God-made, changed position. On the ranch of W. D. Skinner in Marin County, just north of the Golden Gate, the shifting earth neatly cleft his barn in two, one half dragged north, the other half south. In his pasture, a cow was peacefully munching away; suddenly, no cow—the ground had opened and closed like a trap door, leaving only the cow's tail as a grave marker. Elsewhere, river currents were temporarily reversed by the sudden earth movement and waters were flung from their stream beds like water sloshing from a pan. The huge iron pipes that carried water to San Francisco from its reservoir were sheared, leaving the city to the mercy of fires which raged for three days. The S.S. Alliance, off Cape Mendocino and inward bound to San Francisco, shuddered and lurched as its prow rose out of the water; the captain reported later that he thought his ship had run into a shoal of rocks at full speed. The coastal waters of the Pacific were muddy for weeks afterward from landslides into the sea.

Curiously, no one then, including the geologists, knew the identity of the culprit. True, the enormous scar had been observed in different places and was referred to by the local inhabitants as "the earthquake crack" and "the great fissure," but they were seeing only segments and did not relate them to one another. Also, it was thought at the time that these faults were the *result* of earthquakes; only later did scientists begin to suspect they were the cause.



"Harry's had that bottle of cognac for ten years, but we've never had any friends worth opening it for"

COLLIER'S DORIS MATTHEWS

Serious investigations were launched, with financial aid from the Carnegie Institution, and for the first time it was realized that the isolated cracks were actually part of one gigantic fracture, to which scientists gave the name San Andreas. It was a frightening flaw in the earth's outer crust, a taut steel spring slicing from the main body of the North American continent a chunk of California bigger than Maine. Its immensity gave scientists some inkling of what they could expect from it in the future; it is axiomatic among geologists that "big faults mean big quakes."

Aside from the impetus it gave to geological research in this country, the San Francisco quake kindled the interest of a hardy group of amateur rock hounds who prowled up and down the fault line. This interest became so intense that gradually it overwhelmed four serious geologists who had founded an informal San Andreas study group called the Rift Club. These scientists happened to live right on the fault, in different regions, and would meet regularly to exchange data. When word of these meetings got around, amateur geologists with their families began showing up in increasing numbers until, 500 strong, they finally took over the club and elected their own officers. The group disbanded with the outbreak of World War II.

Today, serious study of the fault continues by a handful of scientists, of whom the acknowledged dean is Dr. Levi F. Noble, a spry seventy-two-year-old alumnus of Yale University. Dr. Noble came out West with his bride a year after the San Francisco earthquake. Starting as a $3-a-day employee of the U.S. Geological Survey, he devoted the ensuing years almost exclusively to study of the giant fault. A flat ridge running in front of Noble's house is used by him as a road to drive the half mile to his workshop; the ridge is the San Andreas Fault, which slices through his 1,100-acre ranch on the edge of the Mojave Desert.

Noble created a sensation in the world of geology a generation ago by suggesting that San Andreas had moved the earth on either side some 40 miles. The majestic 10,000-foot San Gabriel Mountains stand on the Pacific side of the San Andreas, providing a picturesque backdrop for Los Angeles. On the continental side of the fault, 40 miles southeastward, stand the equally imposing San Bernardinos. Noble postulated that these two mountain ranges, which some believe were created by the upward thrusting of the San Andreas before it started moving sideways, could once have been a single mountain range athwart San Andreas. Having created this range, San Andreas may have then torn it apart, dragging the two halves to where they stand today, each a formidable mountain range in its own right. Noble's concept introduced into geologists' thinking a new and heroic scale of fault movement. Where they once talked of displacement in feet, they now talked in miles.

Two Useful Measuring Devices

While much of the scientists' study is plain, hard leg work, new devices constantly are developed to aid in the quest of knowledge. Some of them are partly electronic, like the fused quartz of Caltech's Dr. Hugo Benioff, which is capable of measuring a one-inch squeeze in the earth between New York and Los Angeles. Another is the tiltmeter, used by Dr. Ulysses S. Grant IV of UCLA, an ultrasensitive but basically simple instrument which records the tilting of mountains in response to the movement of San Andreas during its "dormant" periods. It is an oil-filled bowl covered with a flat piece of glass and must be set in a perfectly level position, preferably in concrete. So thin is the margin of air between the flat glass and the oil that the slightest motion establishes contact, leaving a ring on the glass surface which remains after the oil returns to level position.

Both the fused quartz and the tiltmeter are so sensitive that they must be placed far from any possible man-made disturbances; the tiltmeter would nd gave Mexico a four-inch strip of U.S. territory

register the earth movement caused by a passing truck, for example, and Benioff's instrument would register the compression of the earth caused by a person walking across the floor in the same building.

Benioff's device consists of a 100-foot length of two-inch fused-quartz tubing, held at one end by a steel pier anchored in solid rock. It reports to an electronic recorder at the opposite end the slightest compression in the earth, and if his present experiments with it are successful, the device may become the first earthquake barometer. It will first be necessary to establish a "strain pattern" for a fault like San Andreas, determining at what point the strain becomes great enough to set off an earthquake. However, Benioff believes we still are a long time away from the day when newspapers will be carrying "probable slight tremors tomorrow" under the weather forecasts.

They Watch the Moving Splinter

Lieutenant Leonard S. Baker and his U.S. Coast and Geodetic Survey team continue to measure the distance between mountains on either side of the fault, using the disparity between the peaks as a sort of mileage meter to determine the distance the coastal splinter of California is moving in relation to the rest of the continent. So exacting is their work, they make allowances for the earth's curvature and take their measurements only at night, after the ground has cooled. Warm air might distort their line of sight, which must be close to perfect even over distances of 140 miles.

With all this probing, scientists are sometimes disheartened at how little they actually know about San Andreas. In fact, one geologist commented recently, "Our studies of San Andreas have raised more questions than they have answered." Some of the questions which plague the scientists are:

How old is the fault? Without the answer to that question, scientists are stymied in their efforts to answer a number of others. The estimates range from 5,000,000 years to 200,000,000 years. How deep is it? Some say 10 or 15 miles, others say it extends beyond the crust and into the earth's inner layer, maybe as much as 50 miles. How long is it? Some say it terminates shortly after it leaves dry land at both ends, others maintain that it's twice as long as its dry-land portion.

But the big question is: What are the origins of the subterranean stresses which cause San Andreas to move? One of the most popular theories is that the motive power comes from currents believed to exist in the semiliquid subcrust of the earth. The supposition is that two of these currents, flowing in opposite directions, meet under San Andreas, and drag the crust with them. Another theory is that the movement results from accumulated stresses along the sides of the fault, rather than from underneath.

Some questions may never be wholly answered. But experts are still at work trying to find out, and not all of them are scientists. Representatives of public utilities, railroads, construction firms, insurance companies, banks and oil companies gather once a year at Caltech to find out what's new in earthquakes. These people feel they are at the mercy of San Andreas and that if you can't eliminate the problem, you can at least learn to live with it.

Southern California's water-supply people must keep a close watch on earth movement because their aqueduct system from the Colorado River crosses the big fault. "San Andreas has been quiet in this area for almost a hundred years," one water official commented, "but we know there's a lot of life left in the old girl yet." As a precaution, in case San Andreas does come to life in the Los Angeles area, a seven-month supply of water for 5,000,000 people is stored on the western side of the fault.

Even between earthquakes, San Andreas is still a minor source of irritation. At Cajon Pass, a vital road and rail route to the East, the constant grinding of the sides of the fault has made such a hash of mountain rocks that there are constant landslides, and huge fences have been erected to help protect the right of way.

The caprice of San Andreas has left on the doorstep of U.S.-Mexican border officials a slightly embarrassing territorial dilemma, which is still unsolved. In the 1940 earthquake, the American land mass on the western side of the fault moved four feet 10 inches south of the border, while the land mass in Mexico on the eastern side moved four feet six inches into the United States, giving Mexico a net gain of a four-inch strip of American soil.

In Los Angeles, building owners are presently spending between $50,000,000 and $100,000,000 on removal of gargoyles, gingerbread cornices and other overhanging doodads which could cause death and injury to pedestrians in an earthquake. This stripping is being done to conform with a city ordinance which recently became law after an eight-year battle.

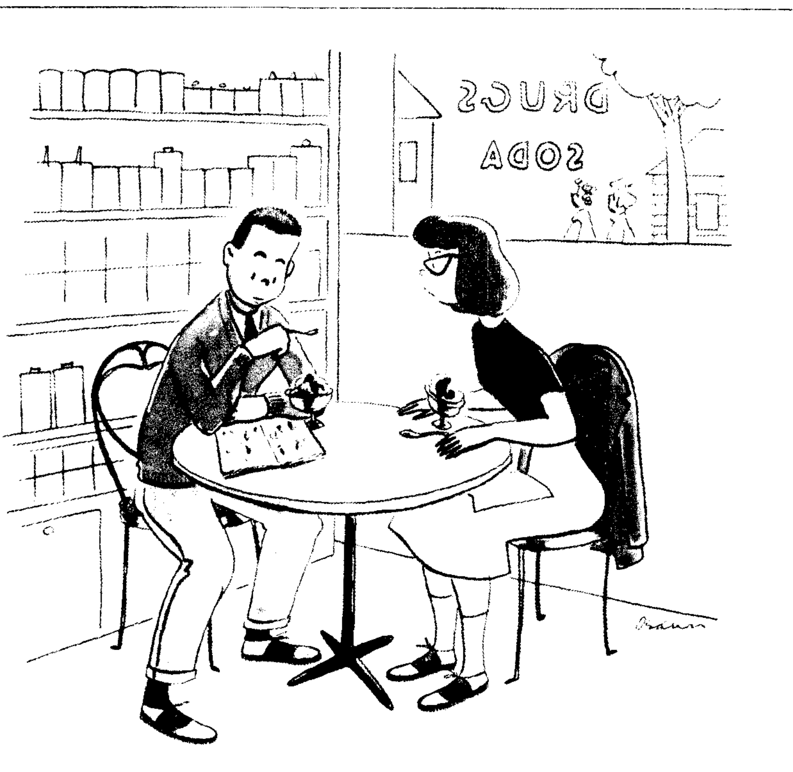
Stadium May Be Torn in Half

Insurance companies regard many structures near San Andreas or its satellites as poor risks, mainly because they feel the building codes are inadequate. Schools are covered by stringent state laws, while other construction is guided by local legislation. Considered relatively safe, for example, is San Bernardino Valley College sitting right on top of an important arm of San Andreas. But Berkeley's athletic stadium is dissected by a highly active subordinate fault that shoots up from San Andreas, and some geologists believe that one day the stadium will be torn in half, because it was not built to withstand violent earth tremors, as San Bernardino Valley College was. Another fault crosses the University of California campus in Los Angeles, but geologists on the faculty there believe it is dead.

The Los Angeles and San Francisco Chambers of Commerce take a possessive pride in the state's natural marvels but they have adopted a " 't ain't there" attitude toward San Andreas. The cold war between the two cities may yet become a hot one. The sliver of California to the west of San Andreas, where Los Angeles is situated, is drifting northward, and the land on the continental side, where San Francisco is built, is moving southward at the slow but unrelenting rate of two inches a year, according to the U.S. Coast and Geodetic Survey.

Los Angeles eyes this northward movement uneasily for fear it may cost southern California its balmy climate. San Franciscans take an equally dim view of their southward drift. Born and bred in the tradition of disdain toward the sprawling metropolis to the south, they are haunted by the nightmarish prospect that in the year 12,001,955 A.D. they may wake up one morning and find Los Angeles in their back yard. ▲▲▲

TIZZY



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People will think we're married . . ."

COLLIER'S KATE OSANN

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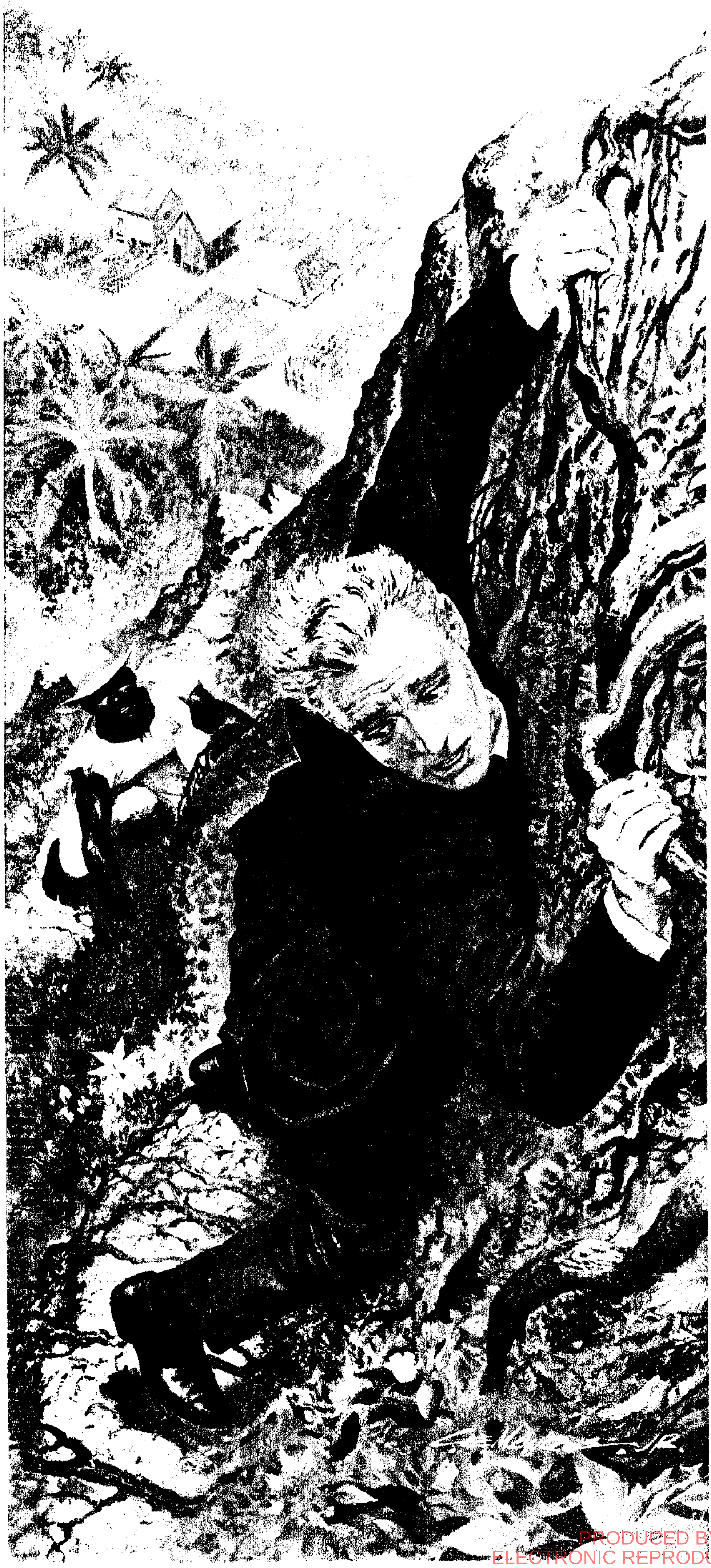


Serpent IN THE SUN

By HUGH B. CAVE

An eerie, primitive fear had the islanders in its grip. Then Father André found it had got him too

HALFWAY up the mountainside young Father André lifted his throbbing bare head to gaze despairingly at the trail above, and then succumbed to the weakness in his knees and sank onto a boulder. The big fellow on the beach had been right: this high-noon tropical sun could eat a man alive. He should have sent one of the islanders for a horse, Father André thought, instead of being so foolishly eager to prove himself.

Looking down, he shuddered at the height to which he had climbed. The native fishing boat on which he had crossed from the mainland was a mere chip. He could see the whole of the mile-wide channel—oddly, it seemed calm from this height; and on the far shore he could see the rusted iron roofs of the little mainland village where he had spent the night after his day-long bus ride from the capital.

His head ached and he pressed his hands hard against his forehead to ease the pain. It helped a little. Nothing could be done about his nausea, brought on by the mad pitching of the boat. His only consolation there was that even the sailors of Columbus had found the channel a challenge when they had explored the Caribbean more than four hundred years ago.

Wiping the clammy perspiration from his face with the hem of his cassock, he lay back with his small suitcase beside him and an arm across his eyes. Too long in the sun would be fatal, and the trail here was a naked jumble of boulders; but a five-minute rest would let the strength flow back into his aching legs . . .

"Father! Wake up!"

He struggled to open his eyes. The world was aflame and whirling, as though seen through crimson glasses with wildly spinning lenses. A hand slipped under his shoulders, another beneath his knees, and he was lifted. Through the flaming pin wheels a face came into focus.

"You should not sleep here, Father. I told you on the beach, this sun can eat a man!"

It was the big fellow who had helped him board the boat by carrying him like a babe through the boiling surf on the mainland beach, and then had steadied him on the voyage over, when his stomach rebelled. A remarkable fellow, strong as an ox but gentle and solicitous. With a sigh, Father André went limp in the huge black arms.

For a time he was aware of the slap of the big man's bare feet on the rocks as he was borne upward. Then exhaustion closed his eyes again and when he awoke the second time he was blessedly cool, with a clean sheet under him and a breeze on his face.

The man standing over him this time was a white man, garbed in shirt and trousers of khaki and smoking a cigarette with a drooping inch of ash. His hands were in his trouser pockets and he smiled. A tall man, Father Justin, but not fat. His chopped hair and twinkling blue eyes gave him such a boyish look that Father André found it hard to believe he could be in his fifties, as reported.

"Better?" Ignoring the ashes that fell from his cigarette, the island priest laid a cool, long-fingered hand on the younger man's brow. "I'd have sent someone to meet you, but I didn't expect you until tomorrow."

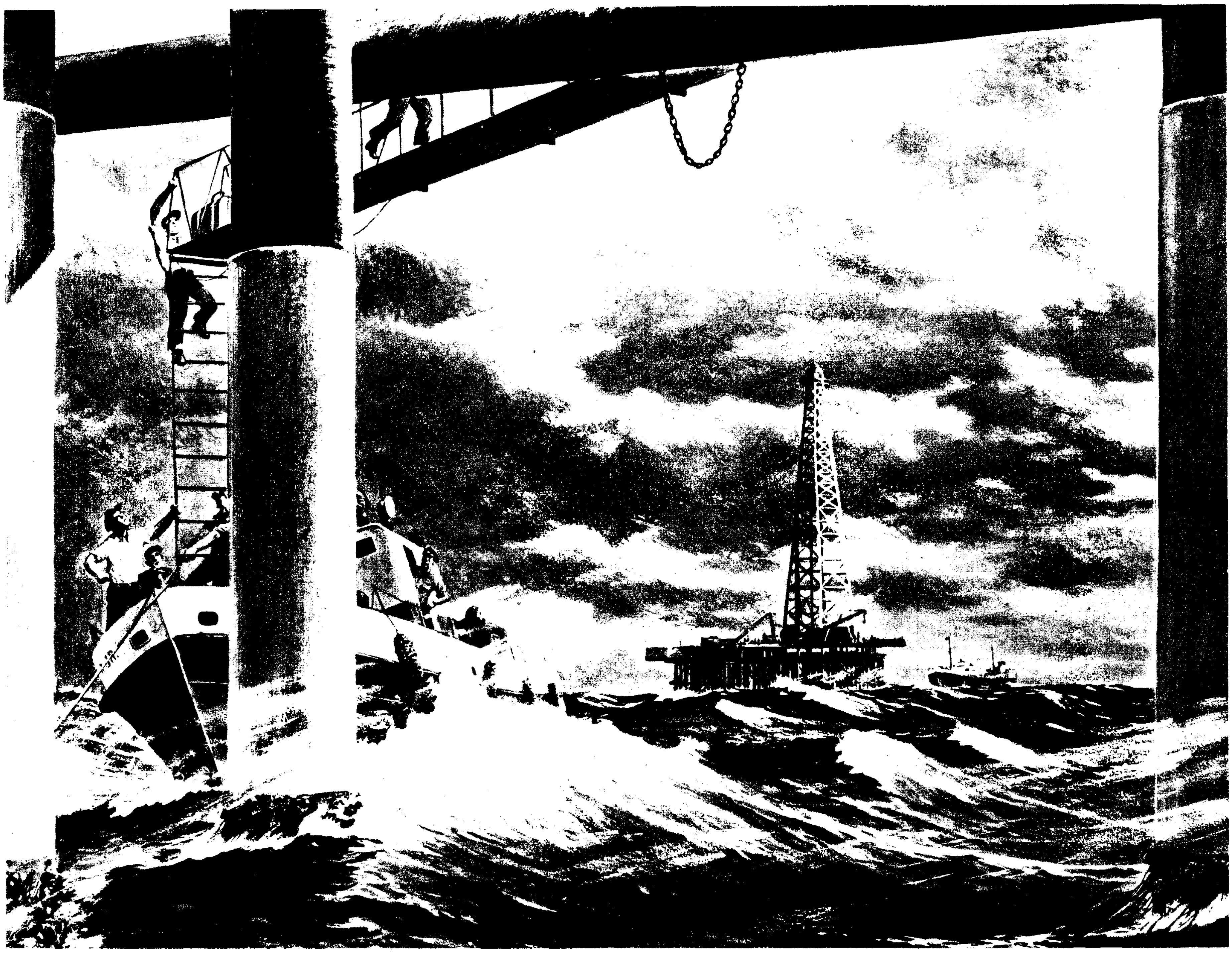
"My replacement arrived a day early and I was eager to get here." Young Father André felt for the floor with his feet. "That big fellow who carried me up here, Father—do you know him?"

"Jumelle? Yes, I know him."

"He looked after me on the boat, though not for my sake, I'm sure,"

The priest dangled in space. "I can't—I can't go down, Jumelle," he cried. "It is easy," Jumelle said harshly. "Everyone does it"

ILLUSTRATED BY C. E. MONROE, JR.



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Father André said. "Only out of respect for you."

The island priest only shrugged.

Young Father André glanced about the room, wondering if it was to be his. He hoped so. It was on the second floor of the rectory, with a door at each end opening onto a veranda; and since the rectory was perched atop the island's ridge, the chamber was a blessed relief from the smothering August heat. To be able to live in such a place and work with Father Justin . . .

EVEN in the capital this Father Justin was a legend. A doctor before becoming a missionary, and a soldier of France before that, he had come to the island nine years ago, when there was nothing here. Now there was a church and a rectory; there were chapels; there was a dispensary where Father Justin labored daily to keep his fifteen thousand islanders healthy.

With his own two hands this Father Justin had wrought a miracle. Let me be a little bit like him, Father André prayed.

At one of the twin doorways a small boy beckoned energetically. "Come quick, Father Justin! There is a man at the dispensary with a foot full of sickness! He asks for you!"

"They always come just at mealtimes." The tall priest slapped Father André's shoulder and laughed. "But you won't want dinner yet anyway, eh? Come down when you've had a sleep." *Out he went, striding.*

For a time young Father André obediently tried to sleep, but his eyes and mind would not shut; and presently he put his feet into his shoes and went out onto the south veranda. From it he could see the difficult mountainside up which he had toiled, and the flecks of white on the false calm of the channel.

Was that a native sailboat or one of the caravels of Columbus? Or the ghost of some pirate ship returning from a foray? His breath fluttered in his throat. He had imagination—sometimes too much of it for his own good, he suspected.

He went back through his room to the north veranda and gazed down in rapturous contentment on the hard brown earth of the rectory yard. Chickens wandered about. Children played. Rich aromas climbed from the white-walled kitchen.

It was all good. In the capital he had dreamed of it ever since he had been selected to fill the place of Father Justin's assistant who had asked to be relieved. In the capital Father André had taught school—probably not very well—while longing for a broader opportunity. It was all around him here, that opportunity. He had only to measure up to it.

He hurried the length of the veranda, descended the stairs and crossed the yard to the dispensary. A man and two women sat on a bench against a whitewashed wall, the man gripping a swollen jaw, one of the women clutching a naked infant. Through an open door beyond, Father André saw the wide shoulders of the doctor-priest bent over a man on a table, a shining knife point probing the sole of the man's Gargantuan foot. Drawn as by a magnet, Father André crossed all but a yard of the waiting room's plank floor, and then he heard the whispers from the people on the bench: "Sick—on the boat. Afraid of the sea! And Jumelle had to carry him up the mountain!"

He halted, feeling his hands clench and grow moist while the sickness in his stomach welled up to smother him.

"I hope the unsettled conditions in the Orient haven't affected the quality of the egg fooyoung"

COLLIER'S CHARLES STRAUSS

He could not turn to look at the people on the bench, could not move at all until a muttered exclamation from the operating room broke the intolerable bonds. Father Justin beckoned.

"Hold it a minute. Here." The infected foot had been opened and had begun to drain. Father Justin grabbed Father André's hands and folded them about the sick man's ankle, and then sloshed strong-smelling liquid into a white-enameled basin. While the doctor-priest noisily washed himself, Father André held the sick man's foot.

"All right. Thanks." The big, capable hands took charge again and Father André could step back. "Lovely mess, isn't it?" Incredibly the older man was grinning. "The idiot stepped on a broken bottle three weeks ago but wouldn't come to me until his voodoo doctors had done their best to kill him. I ought to make him walk home on it. Teach him a lesson."

Father Justin finished swiftly, cutting, draining, cleaning. Reaching for a bandage at last, he glanced at Father André and quizzically frowned. "Matter with you? Sick?"

"The smell," Father André lied.

"Oh, that." A shrug. "Poor beggar can't help it. Now when they *really* smell bad, too lazy to bathe, I give them the devil."

LIKE a sickness, the knowledge of what the islanders were saying festered in him: "The young father is a coward and a weakling. Have you heard?" Dinner was no help, not even the rum cocktail prepared by Father Justin to "spice" the savory goat stew.

"You'll be over it by tonight," the island priest predicted sympathetically. "The old boy's foot on top of too much sun, that's what did it. Eat," he commanded, piling the other's plate high.

There was no comfort in knowing that the great man had not yet heard the whispers. In a place like this he would be aware of them soon enough.

Father André tried to nap and could not, though it was the custom even in the capital to rest after the midday meal, and the healthy snores of Father Justin in the adjoining room shook the green-painted partition. Was he making too much of what he had heard? That imagination of his so often projected him into needless anxieties! He read for a time, and then crept down the stairs and crossed the empty yard to the road.

It was not a road, really. There were only paths on the island. But this was a wide path curving through the village, bordered by the peasants' white houses leaning under sun-browned caps of thatch. A woman with a basket of yams on her head spoke when he spoke to her, not before. People in doorways stared.

They know, he thought. Already they know.

At supper Father Justin said, "You went for a walk this afternoon, eh?"

"Through the village."

"I meant to warn you: when you're away from the house, don't accept any gifts of food. Sundays, when you visit the chapels, you'll take your own food and water with you." The large mouth, made for humor, was not smiling now but drawn thin. "I thought we were finished with voodoo here when their leading *houngan* died a while back, but I was mistaken."

"Voodoo?" Young Father André did not try to veil his astonishment.

"In the capital it's for tourists, eh? Back-country voodoo is different, believe me. When I came here, a wily old fellow named Salmador had the people in the palm of his hand. I fought him and he fought me back. When he poisoned people with his filthy home-brewed medicines, I cured them. When he scared their wits out with his threats, I took them in. You knew Father Lamarre was ill when he left here?"

Father André nodded.

"He was poisoned. Don't look so startled. He came back from the South Chapel one Sunday evening complaining of a stomach-ache. *I* was expected at the chapel that day but had to stay here at the dispensary. The food prepared for him was meant for me."

The tall priest leaned back, hands locked behind his head, and now a look of sadness softened his craggy face. "Some native weed or root, I suppose. I don't know. All I know is that I wasn't able to cure him. Perhaps the doctors in the capital will have better luck."

"This Salmador is dead now?"

"And I was hoping the voodoo had died with him. The ugly side of it, that is—I've nothing against their simple folklore. What I'm after is this rotten business of a *houngan* filling his pockets by preying on their fears."

"How do you know it has come alive again?"

"The fellow with the foot this morning. He couldn't pay the usual few cents for treatment—said he'd given all he had, more than fifty dollars, to a *houngan*. He wouldn't name the *houngan*. Afraid to. Might put a spell on him or his family." Father Justin's fingers snapped the burned match into fragments. "Might poison him, is what it amounts to. So be careful, as I've warned you. No food on the road. Remember Father Lamarre."

Father André was caught in a whirlpool of emotions, scarcely aware that his companion had left the table. What manner of man had he come to live with? The pictures of the day looped through his mind: Father Justin operating on the monstrous foot; Father Justin smoking cigarettes and gaily mixing cocktails; Father Justin striding along to the church with a big-eyed native child perched proudly on each broad shoulder.

Now, climbing the stairs, Father André discovered still another picture of the elder priest for his perplexing collections: a tall, gaunt man with bowed head and clasped hands slowly paced the long veranda toward him—would have walked into him, unseeing, if Father André had not quickly stepped aside. No cigarette drooped from the man's lips now; they moved, but silently.

This, too, was Father Justin.

THE island priest adjusted the stirrups for Father André and gave the neck of the gray horse an affectionate pat. "The cliff will give you the willies at first glance," Father Justin said, "but after you've been down it once you won't think it dangerous. Pierre will show you the way."

The sun had just cleared the jagged crest of the ridge, its copper glow splashing like molten metal against the white spire of the church. Cook, housekeeper and the flock of small children who lived at the rectory chanted good-by to the new father off on his first Sunday journey.

With his ten-year-old guide shuffling barefoot ahead, Father André rode slowly through the village, welcoming the peaceful hush. Again he was imagining things: the cliff he would have to descend, the reception he would get at the chapel from people who had never seen him before. He wished he could concentrate on the here and now and not struggle to anticipate, but the habit was too firmly fixed.

Last night, producing a rough map of the island, Father Justin had pointed out the route. "South Chapel is on the channel shore, here, three miles west of where the sailboat landed you. Trouble is, if you go down the trail to the cove and then along the shore, you'll run into mangrove swamps. So we always go west along the ridge and down the cliff." His fingers traced the trail. "The horse won't be able to manage the cliff, of course. Leave him at the top. You won't have far to walk."

Beyond the village Father André hitched his cassock up to allow his legs more freedom, and began to feel a bit more at ease. His progress now was noted. People appeared in hut doorways, some to murmur polite greetings, others to stare. He guessed their thoughts. The young father was on his own again, plucked by duty from the shelter of the rectory. What would happen this time?

Nothing, if he could help it.

The path branched, falling steeply through a gullied field. Rains had eaten through the red earth here; presently the trail became a ladder of boulders and the horse placed his feet with care. From a nearby hut a man stepped into the sunlight and sang out a friendly greeting. Father André turned his head.

A WAIL of terror whipped his attention back to the trail. The slope was in motion, boulders clattering into the massed trees below. His ten-year-old guide was down and sliding in a rush of rubble.

The man in the hut doorway sprang into a lope even before Father André was free of the stirrups. A big man with a tremendous stride, he covered the rocky ground in seconds and he breathed over the priest's shoulder as Father André knelt at the boy's side. The lad babbled in patois, clutching his ankle.

"Let me look, Pierre." Anxiously Father André pried the boy's small hands apart and examined the thin bare leg. He saw no bruise, no break in the skin, but his cautious probing brought new yelps of anguish.

Muscled arms reached past his shoulder. "Let me take him to the house, Father. My woman will know what to do for him."

Startled, Father André turned his head. He was not mistaken; the face was the one he had seen through the whirling pin wheels. "Jumelle! Again!"

"The hand of God must be in it." Jumelle's grin was a cavern full of teeth. "When you have trouble, I am always at hand, eh? Don't worry. If the boy is hurt, Jumelle will guide you."

There was little wrong with the lad, Father André decided, but perhaps it was better this way, with the cliff yet to be conquered. "I'll pick him up on the way back," he told the woman. "Or if he seems in pain, you can carry him to the rectory. Ready, Jumelle? Let's not be late."

"You go to the South Chapel?" Jumelle asked.

"Yes."

He rode again, with Jumelle gliding ahead on foot through the jungle twilight—a giant of a man, cat-quiet and tireless. The trail worsened. Frogs *car-r-racked* in slime-covered pools and land crabs fled the horse's feet. When the sunlight vanished, the trail was no trail at all. Even with Jumelle's big hand on the bridle, the horse seemed uncertain.

In the gloom of the forest the native halted. "From here you must walk." Hand on saddle, he helped Father André dismount, and then flipped the reins over the horse's head and made them fast to a sapling. "You have been told about the cliff, Father?"

"I know about it."

"It is nothing. We all use it, even the women and children. This way."

A towering tree with fat, crawling roots leaned over the edge in naked sunlight, and lianas thick as a man's arm dropped like weathered ropes down the face of the precipice. Father André looked down, clenched his hands in a spasm of terror and abruptly stepped back.

Jumelle, poised on the brink with

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YAZOO MASTER MOWER

bare toes gripping the ground and arms folded on massive chest, quizzically smiled at him. "You are afraid?"

"No!" Father André forced himself to the edge again, made himself stand there, clutching the bole of the tree. Under him the clustered huts of the chapel village were toys, and the trails through the jungle were strands of spectral spider webs.

"I will show you." Jumelle, with a shrug, gripped a naked root and slithered over the edge, sought other roots with his curling feet, shifted one hand to a liana and felt his way down the cliff face like a great spider creeping down a wall. "You see?" Balanced on a ledge twenty feet below the rim, he looked up. "It is easy!"

Hot sickness settled in Father André's stomach, drawing his resolution like a sponge. His tongue felt his lips and found them dry. Even looking down at the upturned face of his guide made him dizzy. "I can't—I can't do it, Jumelle!"

"But everyone does it!" Jumelle, in his impatience, spoke harshly.

Everyone does it. Father Justin, the natives, the women and children. Ten-year-old Pierre would have done it. Father Lamarre, even when sick, must have done it. Father André inched to the edge and knelt to grip a root, as Jumelle had shown him. He dangled in space. Then his foot, frantically seeking a resting place, dislodged a fragment of rock, and in his imagination the rock was himself, tumbling to destruction. He began to sweat and his teeth chattered, and with the last of his ebbing strength he was barely able to pull himself back up.

"I can't!"

"Father." The voice was patient again. "It is not difficult. Watch me."

BUT it *was* difficult, even for Jumelle. There were moments when only the ends of his powerful fingers supported him while his toes felt their way along ribbon-narrow ledges. Yet incredibly he was halfway to the bottom, peering up again.

"Now, Father?"

"No." He sobbed the word.

"Then shall I go to the chapel and tell them you will not be coming?"

"Yes. Tell them." He could look no longer. It frightened him even to watch another take such risks. He turned away. . . .

At the house, Jumelle's woman informed Father André that Pierre had gone home. He scarcely heard. The question in her eyes was louder—Why have *you* come back, Father?—and there was need to get away quickly before she could put it into words.

But he could not flee from Father Justin. The island priest, garbed for Mass, strode the length of the rectory yard to help Father André dismount.

"I could not go down the cliff. I was afraid." With head bowed, gaze fixed on the dusty shoes beneath the great man's cassock, Father André confessed his cowardice. When he lifted his head he saw that the cook had come from her kitchen to listen.

His face a thundercloud, Father Justin wheeled on the cook. "Is Pierre here?"

"I have not seen him, Father."

"When he comes, I want to talk to him." The blue eyes studied Father André's face. "Now tell me—"

Beside the church a small boy tugged on a rope, and the ringing of a bell boomed over the village. The great man shrugged. "Time for Mass. We'll talk about this later, eh?"

Talk about what? Father André wondered, waiting in his room afterward. Was there anything to say? He had asked to be sent here to the island; now he must beg to be excused. "I was no good there. In fairness to Father Justin I could not stay. How long would they admire *him* if he were burdened with a man they despised?"

Heavy feet trod the veranda and Father André stood up, steeling himself for the ordeal. The great man halted in the doorway. "You'd better have dinner without me. Some fellow at the end of the island has chopped his leg with a machete."

"Can I—can I help?"

"It's a hard ride when you're not used to it. I'll do better alone."

Father André went down to dinner because it was expected of him, but the chicken was sawdust and the silence in the yard plucked at his nerves. Returning to his room, he lay on the bed. He felt wrung out and yearned for sleep, but in an hour he was up again, pacing the veranda.

At four, remembering an obligation, he descended to the yard and sought out the cook. "The lad who went with me this morning, Marie—have you seen him?"

"No, Father."

"He lives here?"

"No, he only works here. But he is not at home. I sent someone an hour ago."

In the empty church Father André tried for a time, unsuccessfully, to shut his mind to what had happened. When he came out the sun was low in a fiery sky. Darkness crept up the ridges, and *still* Father Justin had not come.

Father André went to bed that night exhausted, but not to sleep. He heard the horse come into the yard at midnight, and Father Justin speaking to the servants who had waited up. He heard the priest's heavy footsteps on stairs and veranda.

Now he will talk to me, Father André thought. But the great man went to his own room, and presently the bed creaked and his snores were audible through the partition.

This way is better, Father André thought. He would be unhappy, saying what has to be said. Yet the young priest was disappointed. To leave without even a farewell. . . .

He went to sleep with his mind fixed on five o'clock, and at four thirty was wide awake, straining to see the hands of his watch. His small suitcase was already packed. It took only a moment to dress, even in the dark.

At the door of Father Justin's room he paused a moment to listen to the priest's snores, gentle now as a light breeze rustling palm leaves. Then down the stairs he crept, and across the black yard. The trail he followed was the one that had whipped him on the day of his arrival.

It was not hard, going down. Dawn found him halfway to the shore, and he saw with relief that there were fishing boats at anchor in the cove. Their owners lived in the huts strung along the beach. He would have no trouble getting across the mainland.

Clambering down over naked rocks, he passed the spot where big, kindly Jumelle had found him asleep in the sun. He trudged on.

ON THE beach a man mending a net rose to confront him. "You go to the chapel, Father? It is difficult through the mangroves. I can show you the way."

Father André frowned at him—an oldish man, barefoot, with only ragged trousers between him and nakedness. "Why should I go to the chapel?"

"Why? To see Jumelle. He may be dying."

"What are you talking about?"

The man scratched at his jaw, then took a backward step and spoke rapidly, waving his hands. "You did not see it happen? He fell from the cliff yesterday and was hurt. Badly hurt. He crawled to a house in the chapel village. He is in great pain!"

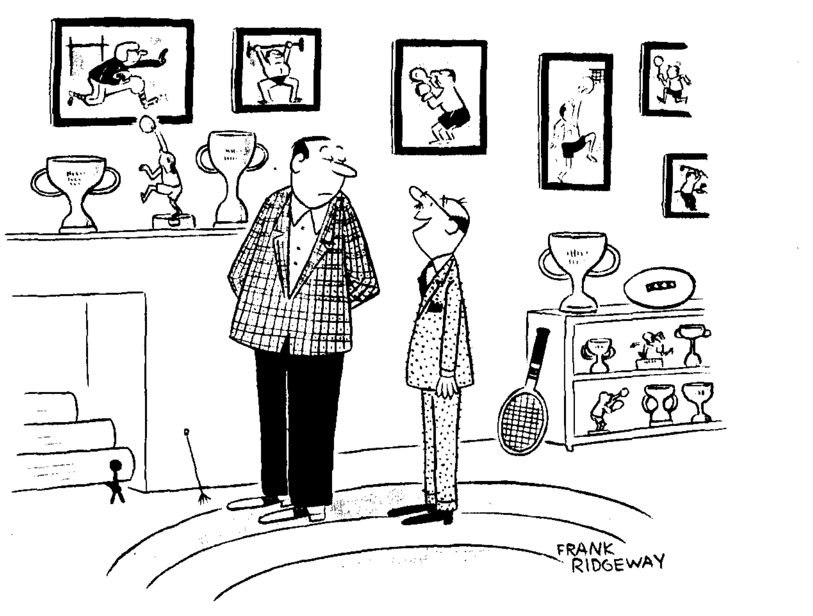
"Fell from the cliff?" Father André lifted his head to gaze at the wall of rock looming between the sea and the crown of the island. "Why wasn't Father Justin sent for?"

"Jumelle would not permit it."

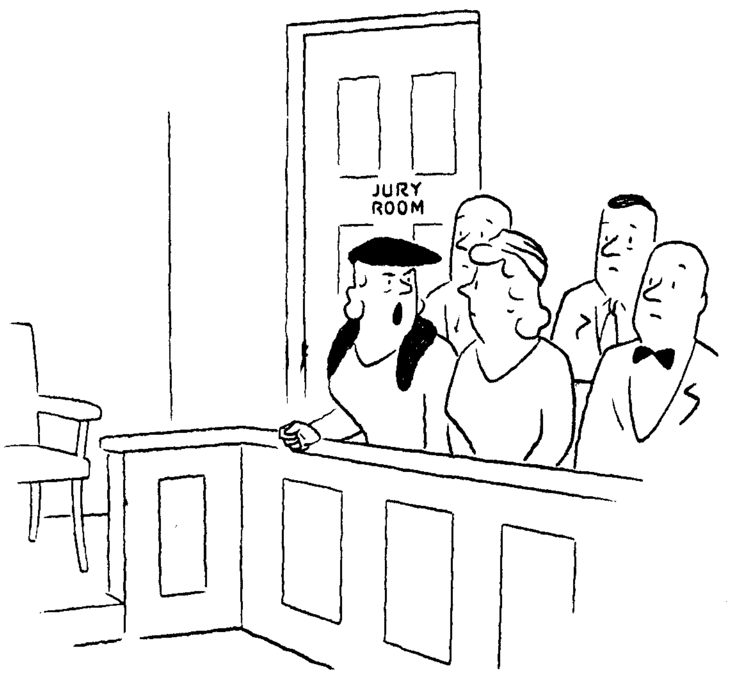
"Not permit it? Take me to him!"

He had seen that trail from the clifftop, a strand of spider web drawn through jungle and morass. In the dim morning light it was a nightmare of wet roots and festering pools, and without the old man to show him the pitfalls he almost certainly would have foundered. The sweat came out on him before he had gone a mile; at the end of two he was winded and staggering. Then the sun burned down to spin the red and yellow pin wheels before his eyes again.

But the swamps were behind at last. On the heels of his guide he stumbled through taro gardens toward the white



COLLIER'S "I had athlete's foot once" FRANK RIDGEWAY



COLLIER'S **"I wish it was my husband who was on trial"** CHON DAY

cross on the South Chapel, shining boldly above clustered roofs of thatch. In a small, dark hut nearby he knelt on a mat, peering into the pleasant-ugly countenance of Jumelle, twisted now with pain.

"Where do you hurt, Jumelle?"

"Here. Inside." His huge fingers crept spiderlike over his stomach.

"We'll get you to the dispensary. Father Justin—"

"No, no! It hurts me to move!"

"Then I'll bring him here."

"I will not have him!"

"Don't be a fool." Ignoring a frantically clutching hand, Father André rose and confronted the old fisherman. "Is there a horse to be had? On foot it will take too long."

"There are no horses on the island, except at the rectory."

Jumelle was up on one elbow, gasping. "I will not have Father Justin! I will not!"

"Be quiet, Jumelle." Father André pressed the big shoulders back on the mat and held them a moment. "Rest now. I'll be back before you know it." Anxiously he stepped from the hut and looked toward the cliff.

HE HAD feared the cliff before. He feared it now. But there was no other way. To return through the mangroves would take forever, and he knew what the trail up the mountain would do to him. This time there would be no Jumelle to carry him.

The villagers, gathered outside the hut, parted in silence to let him through. There was but one path leading toward the cliff. He followed it, his muddy cassock flapping against his legs as he lengthened his stride.

Near the base of the cliff he turned off. The path ran to the left, but the place where Jumelle had descended was ahead, clearly marked by the leaning tree at the top with its cascade of roots and lianas. Odd, the way his imagination worked now. He did not see himself a fly on the wall, painfully struggling upward, losing his grip and hurtling to his death. He saw the face of Jumelle contorted with agony and the great frightened eyes watching an empty doorway, praying for his return.

His hands shook only a little as he stripped off his cassock. A quick glance upward told him the way he must go. He climbed. . . .

If only I had Jumelle's strong hands! he thought. His own were soft and tender, and the rock rubbed them raw. Pain bit like a knife blade into one shoulder; every upward reach twisted the knife. Once, halfway up, a shelf of stone crumbled under one foot and he dangled, momentarily paralyzed. But he did not look down until the foot had found a resting place and the danger had passed.

When he did look he saw the roofs of the village and the white cross gleaming, the peasants standing in the open square before the chapel, watching him. But his mind saw only a hurt man waiting for help.

At the top he heard faint shouts of approbation from the village watchers but plunged on through the jungle without a backward glance. He felt no triumph himself, only an urge to hurry and a dread that haste would devour too much of his strength. He ran and lost his wind, walked to rest himself, compromised finally on a trot that carried him all the way to the rectory.

Father Justin met him on the stairs. "I've got people out looking for you. Where the devil have you been?"

"With Jumelle." He told what had happened, and the island priest listened in mute astonishment. His strong fingers gripped Father André's arms and his searching eyes stared at him. "You've had a time of it. Better get some rest."

"I want to go back with you."

The great man hesitated, then shouted for horses.

The whole village knew something had happened and watched them go. Father Justin set a furious pace, and there were times when young Father André thought his own horse would plunge out from under him. Still, he kept up. And he knew the way now. When the island priest took a wrong turn in the jungle near the cliff, Father André saw the error instantly.

"Not that way, Father! Here, to the left!" He pointed and pushed on. The leaning tree at the clifftop was before him when he dismounted.

The older man, swinging from the saddle, stepped past him and looked down for a long moment in silence. "This is where you came up?"

"Yes. Of course."

"And this is where Jumelle wanted you to descend? Where he went down himself, and fell?"

"Yes. What's wrong?"

The great man let his breath out slowly. "Now I know. I suspected it when the whole island learned so soon that you were ill on the boat and he had to carry you up the mountain. And again yesterday when Pierre so mysteriously vanished. You think this is the cliff path? I wouldn't go down it with the devil himself on my tail!"

"But Jumelle—"

"He thought the reward would be worth the gamble, no doubt. Come along! I want to talk to that man!"

Young Father André had to mount quickly or be left behind, and presently there was a trail again, twisting along the clifftop. For five minutes they followed it; then the horses halted without a command.

"There. You see?"

FATHER ANDRÉ stepped to the edge. The chapel village on the shore was hidden by an overhang, but the trail down the cliff was clearly visible: a much-used footpath, safe as a road. He glanced in bewilderment at his companion and saw anger on Father Justin's face. Without comment the island priest strode down the path.

On the great man's heels Father André entered the hut where Jumelle lay moaning, while the villagers crowded the doorway. Father Justin stepped to the mat and looked down.

"Leave me alone," Jumelle rumbled.

Father Justin dropped to one knee and placed his hands on the man's ribs. His fingers probed over chest and stomach. He rose again. "With God's help I may be able to put you together again. Not that you deserve it."

"Leave me alone!"

"If I leave you alone you'll die. Your voodoo won't save you."

"There's nothing wrong with me!"

"As you wish." Shrugging, the priest turned his back and went to the door. "I'll be in the chapel. But not for long, I warn you. I'm needed at the dispensary."

The villagers made way for him. He strode through the sunlight toward the small trim structure with the white cross shining above its entrance, and Father André followed. The village held its breath.

Inside the chapel the priest knelt, and young Father André knelt with him, understanding it all now, aware of the nature of the challenge. Not for a moment did he believe that the great man with his knowledge of medicine would deny help to his enemy, even if Jumelle refused to surrender. But if the *houngan* begged for help in the house of God, with an entire village witnessing his capitulation, the battle was won.

The moments passed. Father André counted them by the throbbing in his chest and the ache in his knees. When the waiting became agony he glanced at his companion, but the eyes of the island priest were closed and his face was expressionless.

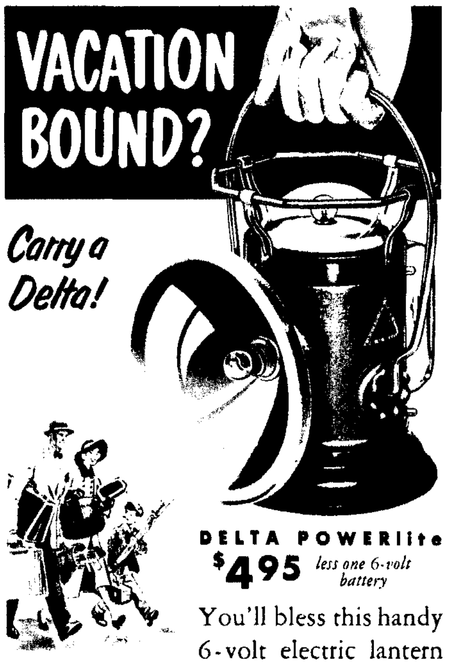
From the doorway a timid voice came through the stillness: "Father. Father Justin. He asks for you."

The great man rose from his knees. "Come and lend a hand," he said quietly to Father André. "I suspect these people have a great deal of respect for you."

"For me?"

With an arm around Father André's shoulders, the doctor-priest paused in the chapel doorway. "Jumelle most of all. He did his best to turn them against you. You beat him at his own game without even knowing it was a contest."

—HUGH B. CAVE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Ike as his classmates remember him

From PLEBE

On June 7th, the United States Military Academy graduating Class of 1915 will hold its fortieth reunion at West Point, in conjunction with the graduation of the Class of 1955. The principal speaker at the commencement exercises will be 1915's most famous member, Dwight D. Eisenhower.

The Class of '15 itself is an illustrious group—"the class the stars fell on." Stars are the insignia of the general, and the Class of '15 boasts more general officers than any other in the history of the Point—partly because it was an unusually large class for its time, but mostly because its members were good soldiers who were reaching the peak of their ability at the time the Japanese attacked Pearl Harbor. Among them have been 26 brigadier generals, 23 major generals, seven lieutenant generals, two full generals and two generals of the army—one of whom became President of the United States.

Millions of profound words have been written about Dwight Eisenhower since he became an important public figure. Presented on these pages is a different kind of Eisenhower story—the story of the man as only his classmates could know him after 40 years of close association. To get the selection of anecdotes on these pages, 11 Collier's reporters sought out all the available living graduates of 1915, including several outside the United States. From their recollections of Ike—as a carefree young cadet, as a youthful officer in the Mexican campaign, all the way up to the days of World War II and after—emerges a colorful, warm new picture of our 34th President.

Here's a fresh and surprising slant on Dwight Eisenhower, as he appears to the men who have worked, played and fought beside him for 40 years, all the way from West Point to the White House

CAPT. JOHN H. DYKES: I was probably the first cadet to meet Ike at West Point. When the Class of '15 arrived, we were assigned two to a room in alphabetical order. "Dykes" was the last of the "D's," "Eisenhower" the first of the "E's"—so I drew Ike.

For the next week or so we went through the tough plebe indoctrination period called "beast treatments." The First Class cadet officers made our lives miserable. They worked us over and chopped us down to size fast. We moved at a dead run all the time. We drilled, we shined brass buttons, we greased and cleaned rifles—and when taps blew at 10:00 P.M. we collapsed into bed.

Ike took the hazing in his stride. When he was asked a question he always began his answer with "Well, now . . ." I've noticed, watching his press conferences on TV, that even today he begins replies to questions with, "Well, now . . ."

He used to say during these rough probationary days, "It won't always be like this."

COL. CHARLES C. HERRICK: Ike was a big, strong, hearty fellow, full of fun and mischief. He was in F Company, a group of roughnecks. The chief hell raisers were Ike, Joe Swing, Fred Boye and myself.

One of the worst offenses at the Point was to get caught off the reservation. But somehow it never worried Ike and some of the others. They'd sneak out the lavatory windows, and past the sentry post and off they'd go up the Hudson in a rented boat to Newburgh for coffee and sandwiches. Imagine, they'd travel 30 miles—15 there and 15 back—just for chow. If any of those guys had been caught they'd have been thrown right out of the academy.

BRIG. GEN. JOHN KELIHER: At lunch one day, I remember, I got hit on the back of the head with a piece of beef. I looked around for the culprit and all I could see was a crew of stern-faced cadets, but there was just the suspicion of a smile on Ike's face and I figured he was my man. I heaved a potato in Ike's direction—but a poor plebe picked that moment to stand up. He got it right in the eye.

COL. CLIFFORD R. JONES: Ike was one of the most popular guys at the Point. Despite all his escapades he had no difficulty with classwork. My room was across the hall and while all the rest of us were cramming like mad I'd see Ike with his feet on the desk, reading a magazine.

COL. P. A. HODGSON: For a time I roomed with Ike; as a roommate he was entirely satisfactory. He could be a sly one, though, about minor duties about the room. We were supposed to take turns opening the windows at night and closing them first thing in the morning. But Ike dressed so fast that he could linger in bed—and I, a slower dresser, always had to get out of my warm bed onto the cold floor and close the windows.

I was always very careful about cleaning my part of the room whereas Ike was very nonchalant. But somehow I always got the demerits—he never did.

COL. FRANK E. EMERY, JR.: I remember Ike picking up five fast demerits during our military engineering course. The instructor was a martinet who insisted upon complete accuracy down to the last detail. He asked Ike to explain a detailed problem on the blackboard. We had all worked on the problem before and we knew the answer was "one

to PRESIDENT

yard." *Ike went through the problem—and then as* he neared the answer, turned and said waggishly to the instructor, "Is three feet all right, sir?"

Cadet Eisenhower walked the area for that one.

BRIG. GEN. HUME PEABODY: One year, Ike and I were in math class together, and to appreciate my favorite memory of him, a knowledge of the art of "bugling" is necessary. Every cadet in the class usually recited on each day's assignment, first writing the problem on the blackboard. If he was not fully prepared, he'd "bugle"—stay at the board, stalling, and pray that before his turn came the bugle would sound recall from class.

One day, I was supposed to recite last. I hadn't the foggiest notion about my topic—as I had previously confided to Ike—and my only hope was to "bugle." I covered part of the board with meaningless figures and listened with a sinking heart to recitation after recitation. When the man before me finished reciting, there must have been at least five minutes left—but the ax never fell. Ike stood up and asked a question, then another and still another. The instructor was completely taken in, and answered each question thoroughly. Then that blessed bugle blew and I was off the hook. No "bugler" was ever more expertly rescued from his plight than I was by Ike that day so long ago.

GEN. JAMES A. VAN FLEET: Ike could express himself better than almost any member of the class. Consequently he was in the top section in English all the time. Some of the boys kidded him about it, claimed he was bookworming his way to the top. They kept it up until one day Ike pledged that he wouldn't open a book on English out of class for the rest of the term. I don't know why he did it. Anyhow, he finally hit the bottom of the class. But he wouldn't crack a book until the class members released him from his pledge.

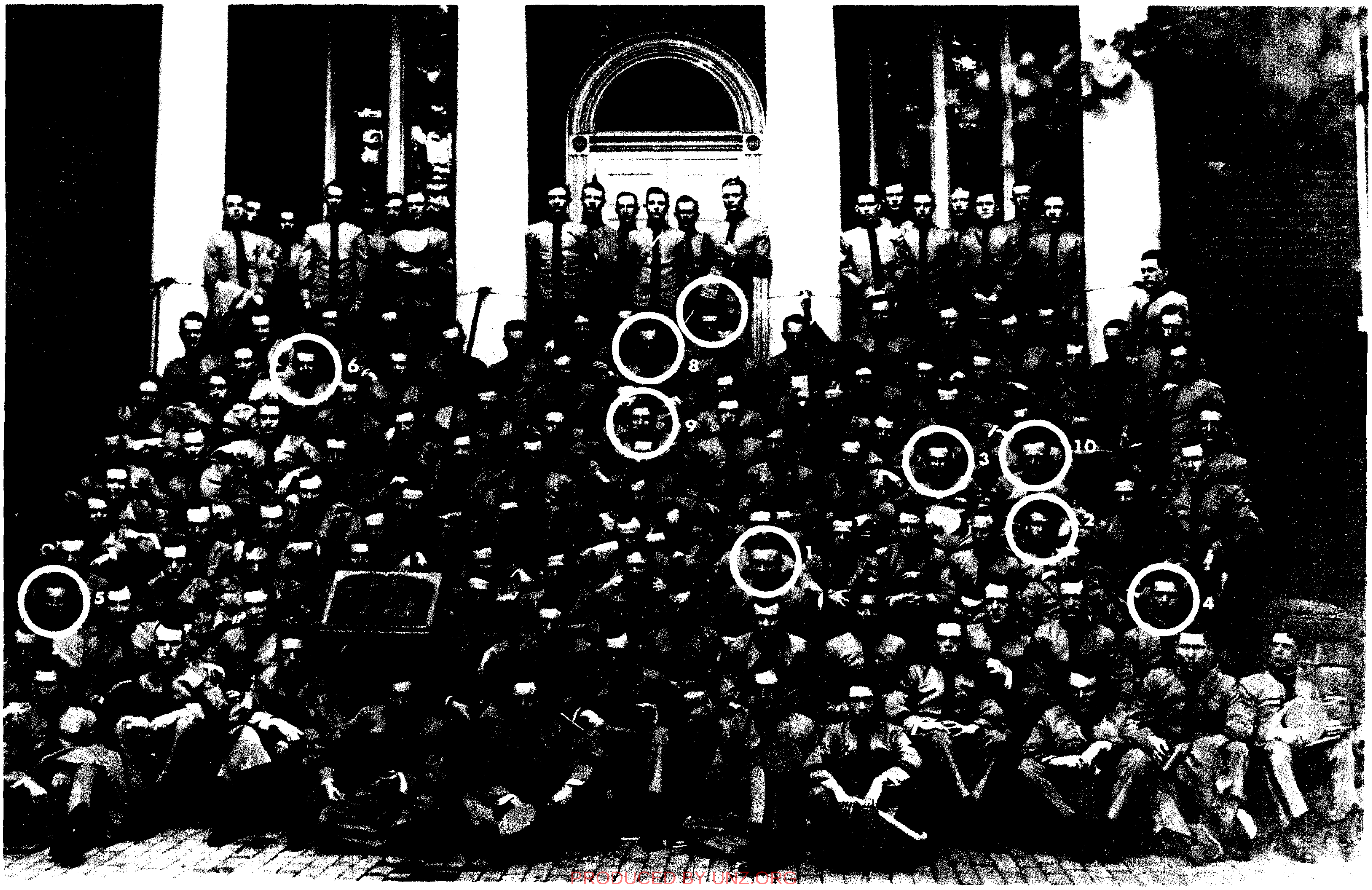
COL. RICHMOND T. GIBSON: He seemed to enjoy everything. In the shower bath he'd sing the old ballad, Clementine, at the top of his voice. And he was what we called a "PSer"—for "Parlor Snake," meaning someone who liked to dance.

COL. JOHN H. COCHRAN: Once Ike was busted from cadet supply sergeant to private for dancing.

At the end of their second year, cadets get a two-month furlough and there's always a hop the night before. When we were there, two-steps and waltzes were the only dances allowed. Well, maybe it was because of the furlough beginning the following day or maybe because the girl was good-looking, I don't know, but this girl asked Ike to do the turkey trot—and Ike obliged. Well, sir, the Regular Army officer present took out his little book and down went Ike's name.

The following day at the graduation exercises Ike was named supply sergeant of F Company and off he went on furlough. During his absence the officer's charge against Ike passed through channels and when Ike returned to the Point he was busted right back down to private and he walked the area for a month, besides. He'll always remember the

Class of '15 had its picture taken during a visit to the Civil War battlefield at Gettysburg (bronze pedestal in front of church is a memorial to clergyman shot there during battle). About 60 of these young men later became generals, of whom the top-rankers were Dwight Eisenhower (1) and Omar N. Bradley (2), generals of the army; Joseph McNarney (3), James Van Fleet (4), full generals; George Stratemeyer, Joseph Swing, Stafford Irwin, Hubert Harmon, Thomas Larkin and John Leonard (numbers 5 through 10) and Henry Aurand (not shown here), lieutenant generals. All of the men in Class of '15 are now retired except General Harmon, superintendent of the new Air Force Academy



Ike was so fed up at seeing no World War I action, o

U.S. ARMY PHOTO

General Ike in Europe, 1944. Photograph was provided by classmate, Brig. Gen. P. Menoher

turkey trot—he remained a private for a long time until he became color sergeant.

COL. HAROLD W. JAMES: At a review before the Army's chief of staff, I remember, Ike and I were carrying the colors. As we passed the stand I was supposed to dip my flag—but I forgot. Ike, the senior sergeant, really chewed me out.

MAJ. GEN. THOMAS G. HEARN: I think Ike lasted about three weeks as color sergeant, before he got busted for some prank or other. He got two degrees at the Point—B.A., for Busted Aristocrat, and A.B., for Area Bird.

LT. GEN. HUBERT R. HARMON: I remember Ike as a wonderful athlete. He was one of the few who were able to bring down the great Jim Thorpe in our 1912 football game with the Carlisle Indians.

COL. NORMAN J. BOOTS: Ike could kick well and he was an all-round backfield man—until he hurt his knee. But he never lost his enthusiasm about the game. In my last year, I borrowed an officer's horse for a midnight ride—without the officer's knowledge. They slapped me under arrest and I walked the area for weeks—and couldn't play on the team. But my release was effective three weeks before the game with Navy and Ike was determined that I wouldn't get any more demerits which might keep me from playing.

Then our class was invited to a dance—and I decided to break arrest and attend the affair via the back door. Ike heard of my plan and one afternoon while I was playing Kelly pool in the club he came stalking in and told me that he'd smash a billiard cue over my head if I tried to break confinement. I stayed in quarters.

MAJ. ROBERT L. WILLIAMS: In his last year at the Point, Ike was cheerleader for the Army team and I remember one incident typical of his fairmindedness. One Saturday afternoon the opposing team was penalized for some infraction or other and a spontaneous cheer went up from the plebes. Ike frowned, turned to the stands, and yelled: "We don't cheer for a gain like that." Suddenly everybody became silent.

COL. JOSEPH C. HAW: He always championed the underdog. One time he and another classmate were patients in the cadet hospital. Ike was bedded with the knee injury he had suffered in football.

The other cadet was pretty ill. He began calling the wardmaster but the wardmaster, a surly so-and-so, ignored him. Ike finally slid out of bed, balanced on his good leg and yelled at the wardmaster, "Give him what he wants or I'll knock the living hell out of you!" Ike's buddy got attention.

Ike graduated 61st in the class of '15. He was dispatched to the Mexican border, under a colonel who was constantly cursing his hard luck. The Mexican campaign, the inexperienced officers and troops, the weather, all combined into one plot, in his mind, to make him unhappy.

One day, during a bad thunderstorm, he had an orderly summon Ike and another officer to the headquarters tent. Ike and the other man were just about to start when a bolt of lightning hit nearby. Ike's fellow officer was knocked out and Ike was thrown to the ground. When they had recovered they reported to the colonel and Ike attempted to explain the delay in their arrival.

The colonel, without asking about their health, went straight to the door, looked up at the sky and said, "Why? Why am I the only officer in the U.S. Army whose staff is attacked by lightning?"

MAJ. GEN. JOHN B. WOGAN: In July of 1916, I was passing through San Antonio, and I decided to call on Ike at nearby Fort Sam Houston. The door of Ike's quarters was opened by a pretty girl wearing an apron and holding a broom.

Now, our class had adopted an academy custom of giving a wedding present to every man who got married. The bridegroom had only to send an announcement to the official academy jeweler, who then would ship him the gift and bill each classmate his share. But I hadn't received any such bill with Ike's name on it. Furthermore, we'd always considered him the true bachelor type—a good bet for the last man in the class to get married. Who was this girl?

I stood at the open door, embarrassed, and inquired in my best stammer if she knew the whereabouts of Lieutenant Eisenhower. She replied that he was drilling with his company; would I like to come in and wait for him? I went in, still trying to figure it out. My confusion obviously amused her. Finally, she rescued me.

"I'm Mrs. Eisenhower," she said, smiling. "Ike and I were married on the first of July."

COL. JOHN E. HARRIS: Ike and I were stationed together at Fort Leavenworth, Kansas, in the winter of 1917-'18. I was a major in an Engineer regiment and Ike, a captain, commanded a big group of provisional officers—temporary second lieutenants who were getting six months of training to see if they qualified for permanent commissions.

I happened to be sitting in Ike's office one afternoon when we heard a commotion outside. A young first lieutenant was dressing down one of the temporary officers in a loud, abusive manner. The victim was obviously confused by the lieutenant's harshness and embarrassed by the crowd which had been attracted. Ike watched for a minute and then sent out an order to have the first lieutenant report to him "when he had finished."

When the lieutenant came in, Ike said sharply that he didn't care to know the circumstances of the incident—that no infraction could conceivably have justified the public humiliation to which this boy had been subjected. Then his voice grew kinder, but no less firm, and he lectured the lieutenant on the responsibility which comes with authority. It was hardly a new idea, but Ike expressed it so eloquently, yet so simply, that I found myself listening as intently as the lieutenant. Ike finished and the young officer saluted and disappeared out the door. I didn't stay around, either. At some point during his lecture, I awoke to the fact that Ike's words applied as well to me as to the lieutenant. I learned an important lesson that afternoon, and I've never forgotten it.

MAJ. PHILIP K. McNAIR: Immediately after the World War I armistice, I met Ike on a train in the States. He was greatly upset. He hadn't been sent overseas and now he never would be. He said that he had been educated to be a soldier, and then when a war came along, he had to sit it out without even getting close to the battle. He was so keenly disappointed that when I left him I had the definite impression that he intended resigning his commission. I was sure that he and the Army were through.

COL. HENRY McE. PENDLETON: Ten years after our graduation I found myself again a classmate of Dwight Eisenhower—at the Command and General Staff School at Fort Leavenworth. But this time there was never any doubt about who the top man in the class was going to be. Right at the start, Ike determined to study four hours a night, five nights a week—and he did. Mamie deserves a big share of the credit for making Ike stick to the study schedule, and finish first in the class. She let nothing interfere with those study sessions.

MAJ. GEN. WM. E. R. COVELL: I think it was in 1925 that Ike showed me a book he'd been studying by the great German tactician, Von Clausewitz. "Billy, you've got to study this," he said. "Someday we're going to have another war. I'm starting now to be the Pershing of it."

BRIG. GEN. FREDERIC W. BOYE: One of my warmest memories of Ike concerns his devotion to his class. One day in the late twenties when he and Mamie were living in Washington, I stopped off to see them while passing through. After we had greeted each other, Ike turned to his son John, who was then about five, and said gravely: "John, this is a classmate of mine. Can you tell me his name?"

John, who was seeing me for the first time, studied me closely for a few moments. "Boye," he said triumphantly.

Ike laughed at my bewilderment, then said proudly: "Fritz, this boy has gone over the yearbook with me so many times that he knows the names that go with the pictures as well as I do."

Later, of course, John Eisenhower graduated from the Point himself; he's now a major. But I thought then, and I think now, that his remarkable familiarity with our class pictures when he was just

CAPT. EARL MARVIN PRICE

Members of '15 pose with the Navy goat after Army won traditional football game, probably in 1913. Cadet Eisenhower is in front, just to left of goat. Ike was promising grid back until he injured his knee in second year. He then became an assistant coach and, later, a cheerleader. Bad knee almost resulted in his discharge from service for physical reasons

end was sure he'd resign

a child was a striking illustration of his father's deep fondness for his classmates.

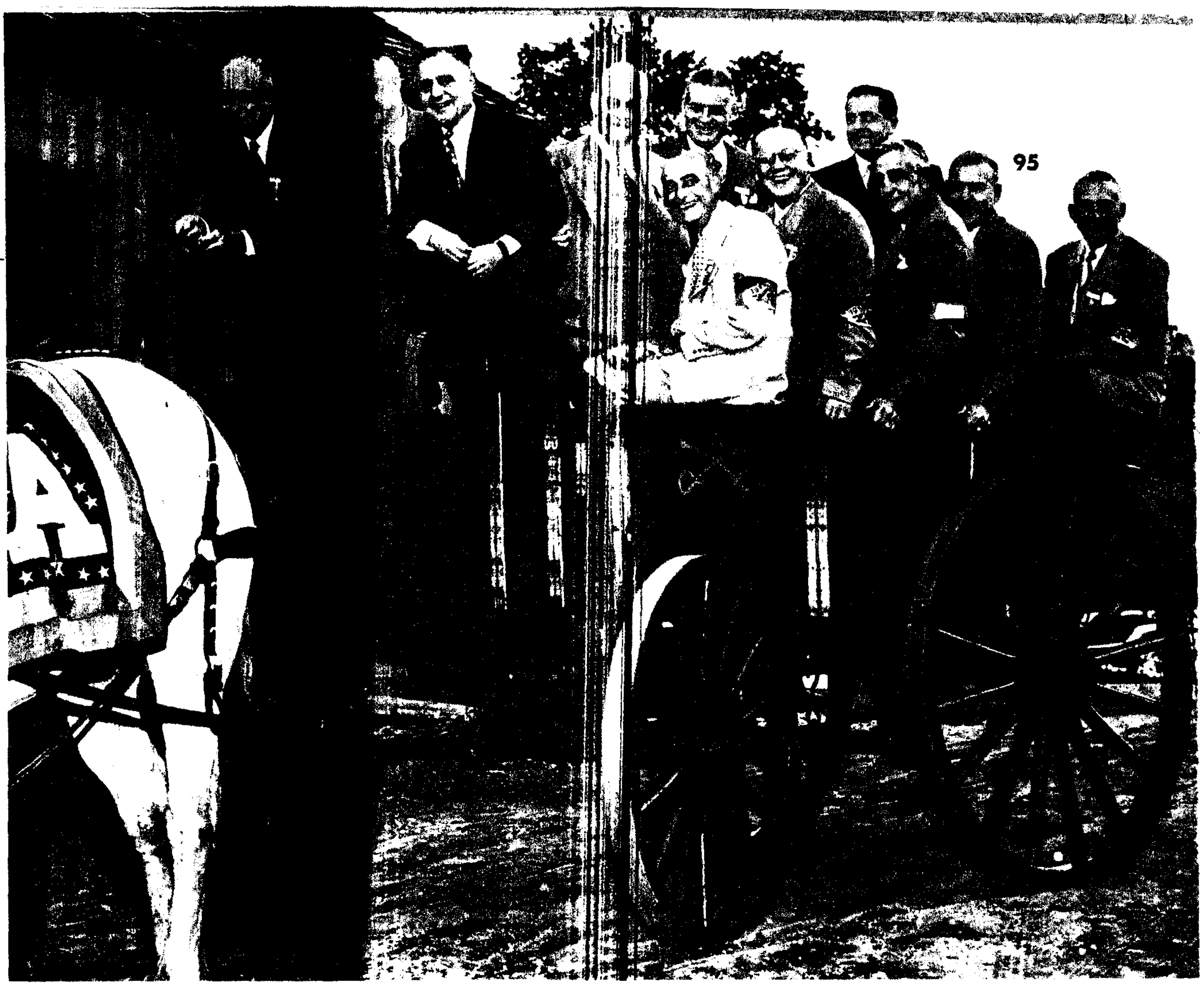
CAPT. EARL M. PRICE: At our 20th class reunion in 1935, Ike asked the chairman if he might say a few words. He mentioned a cadet who had been court-martialed in 1914 and dismissed from the academy for cheating in the classroom. A few weeks after his trial the guilty man had been shipped home; meanwhile the cadet corps had refused to speak to him. Now, two decades later, Ike said he felt we had been too harsh. He told how the banished cadet had been a combat hero in World War I and had since become a top railroad executive. He said that he had accidentally met the man and had seen a tragic loneliness in him.

"We can't condone his behavior," Ike said, "but I do think that we owe him credit for a great recovery from a bad slip. He's always asking about his old friends and what we're doing. I think it would be fine if some of those old friends paid him a visit."

Ike's speech was hardly eloquent, but it touched us all. I visited that former cadet myself—and learned that following the 20th reunion other class members had done the same.

COL. EDWIN COIT KELTON: In the Philippines in 1937, Ike was on MacArthur's staff and I was an engineer for a Philippine division. Although Ike looked the same except for his thinning hair, there was all the difference in the world between the cadet I'd known and the lieutenant colonel I was taking orders from. He had changed vastly and now had an air of authority and decision about him.

When I was transferred back to the States in 1939, Ike and Mamie visited the ship to bid my wife and me *bon voyage*. Ike took off his hat—and displayed the brightest, shiniest head of skin in the Philippines. Not a hair was left. Mamie gasped. "What happened?" I asked. "Shaved it off," said Ike, a little abashed. "The barber told me it would bring the hair back thick and curly—so I had it done just before I met Mamie to come down here."



UNITED PRESS

The 35th class reunion was held five years ago at New York State farm of Manhattan restaurateur Gene Leone, who was made honorary member that day. Ike actually drove wagon, loaded with high-ranking classmates, down road to collect late-comers. L. to r., seated: Ike, Bradley, Leone, Gens. McNarney, Aurand, Larkin, Woodruff, Bank: standing rear: Randolph, Weart, Sayler

BRIG. GEN. CHARLES M. BUSBEE: Promotion came fast for Ike in those days. In 1942 he was made a major general and assistant chief of staff in charge of Plans and Operations. One day I ran into him in the old War Department. He sure let off some steam.

"Buzz," he said, "my gang and I never get home. We sleep here and our food is sent in. They hit us with directives and queries late in the afternoon, and we're expected to have a full set of plans at the White House by nine the next morning. I tell you, Buzz, it's awful. And then General Marshall called me in yesterday and told me I'd be in this job another year—and there'd be no promotion, either."

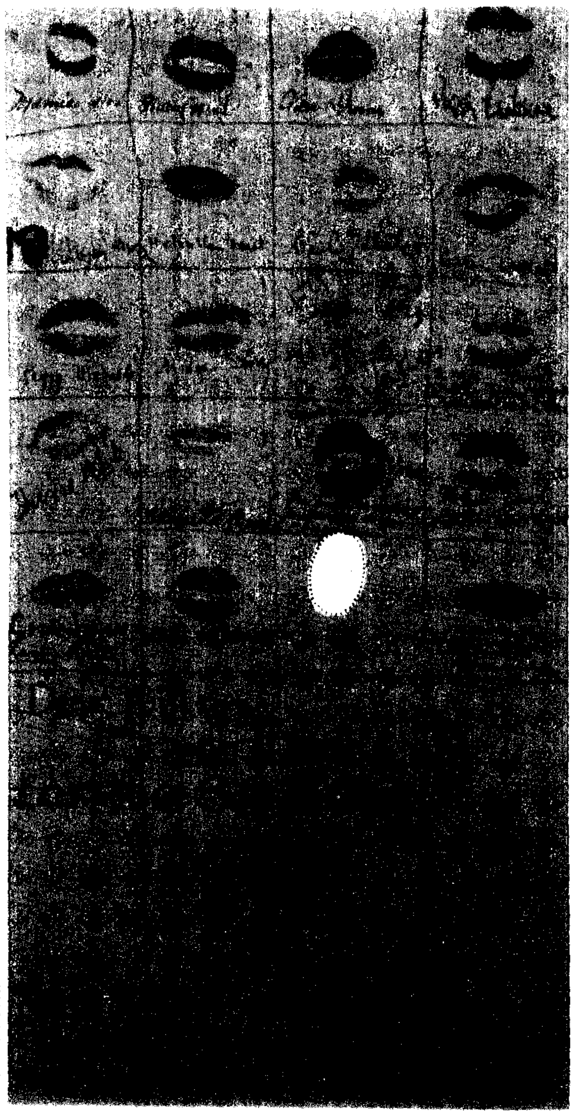
About two weeks later, he was made Commanding General of the European Theater. And, of course, he got another star with the new job.

LT. GEN. JOHN W. LEONARD: Ike never let danger get in the way when he was thinking about his men. When he went into North Africa in '42 as commander, he was told it wasn't safe to wear his stars because there were saboteurs all around. But he found that some troops didn't recognize him without stars, so he put them back on. He figured it was his duty to let his men know he was around, even if it was dangerous.

Ike could joke about danger, too. Much later in the war I was commanding the 9th Armored when Ike came into my area. We had MPs everywhere. He noticed that and kidded me.

"I don't want anything to happen to you while you're in my area," I told him.

"Oh," he laughed, "you don't care what happens to me elsewhere."



MASON WEYMOUTH

General William Covell, then in Argentina, was unable to attend 1947 reunion, but sent orchids to his classmates' wives. They made this thank-you card from top of orchid box. Note Mamie Eisenhower's lip prints, top left, and Ike's words, bottom: "Now Bill—This is strictly official—and am I jealous?? Dwight D. Eisenhower. Commonly known as Ike"

BRIG. GEN. CARL C. BANK: It was a moment of decision for Ike. Top-ranking military men from Britain and France had arrived at his headquarters in Algiers to plead for an American landing in Europe. A meeting to discuss this problem had been arranged for 11:00 A.M.

I was not directly involved in these discussions but I was aware of the immediate problems. Feeling that my fate, like that of thousands of others, was going to be decided at that meeting, I decided to take a walk and try to forget the looming combat assignment. I wandered down the Algerian streets toward the beach where American troops had made their initial landing.

As I approached a deserted section of the beach I saw Ike seated on the wreckage of a small boat, facing out to sea. In his hand was a crusty, ripped canteen cover which had been half buried among the other military debris discarded on the sand. I stopped and watched Ike. He stared at the canteen cover for a long while, then looked out across the sea. Finally, he folded the cover carefully and placed it beside the boat, stood up, adjusted his cap firmly, and strode off toward his staff car, which was parked up the beach.

When he arrived at the meeting, Ike gave the go-ahead for the Sicilian landings and the signal for European action by American troops.

LT. GEN. JOSEPH M. SWING: In North Africa before the Sicily invasion I was trying to work out with a British general a fair allocation of supplies between U.S. and British airborne troops. There just weren't enough supplies to go around; often the British general and I didn't see eye to eye—and finally we simply reached a tense impasse requiring a decision at the top level. Ike listened to both sides and then made a decision on the spot. I learned a lesson from him in the handling of people at that conference. As we prepared to leave his office, Ike said casually, "Will you wait a minute, Joe?" Then when the others had left he said:

"Joe, I didn't learn how to command an Allied expedition at Leavenworth or any other Army institution. And it isn't written in the book how to do it. But I've discovered you don't get far by just issuing orders. You've got to take into consideration the viewpoints of the nationalities concerned and try to solve problems through reasoning, rather than by merely issuing commands."

GEN. OMAR N. BRADLEY: Our ways parted after we left the Point, but came together again during World War II in England, France and Germany. Now he was Cadet Eisenhower grown to great stature, but still the same strong, agreeable man, with the same spirit of team play, but with greatly developed capacity for getting men to work together, and with remarkable ability to delegate responsibility.

Throughout the war I never had an unpleasant difference of opinion with General Eisenhower, but that doesn't mean we always agreed. It merely means he rarely if ever is unpleasant if a subordinate is doing the job. One day when he was coming to have dinner with me in the field he asked that I not serve him any more of "those damned Vienna sausages." I was busy with something else on the battlefield and did not get word to the cook. We had Vienna sausage. General Eisenhower looked at them, at me—and laughed.

Once as we moved across France my deputy selected a site and set up my command post. When I saw it later I thought it was the worst site I ever had seen for a command post—back in a deep narrow canyon with only one access road. It gave the appearance that we were afraid to show ourselves—and also one lucky bomb could have bottled us up. Early the next morning I had the command post moved onto a bare hillside, with the tents well scattered. Soon after, General Eisenhower drove up, looked around at the command post, then turned to me.

"Thank God you are out here in the open, Brad," he began. "The way some of these generals hide their command posts you would think they were afraid of getting hit with something. This is fine!"

My deputy stared straight into my eyes, dead pan, and I stared back at him, equally dead pan. Neither of us said anything to General Eisenhower about our just having moved out of the canyon—not then. But I did tell the general about it much later, and we had a big laugh.

BRIG. GEN. PEARSON MENOHER: On Thanksgiving Eve, 1944, Ike arrived at XV Corps headquarters on the west bank of the Rhine for a conference with Major General Wade Haislip, Lieutenant General Jacob Devers and Major General Alexander Patch on where we should cross the river. We were mighty close to the front, and General Haislip, corps commander, and I, his chief of staff, were quite concerned about Ike's safety. But it was too late to stop him. He arrived, followed by the others, and the conference got under way, lasting far into the night and resuming the following morning, Thanksgiving Day. At times the discussion got loud and even heated. By the time it had ended, German tanks had squared off with our artillery and were exchanging shellfire at point-blank range not five miles from where we five sat in conference. There was considerable tension in the room—partly because of the argument we'd had, partly because the rest of us felt Ike was in danger.

As soon as the discussion ended, we suggested, as tactfully as possible, that perhaps it was time for Ike to go back where he belonged.

"Listen," said Ike. "If you think a little Kraut armor is going to deprive me of Thanksgiving dinner, you're quite mistaken."

The tension suddenly seemed to evaporate. We ordered dinner, ate well, did some storytelling and even enjoyed ourselves a little. And, at that particular time and place, that was quite an accomplishment.

GEN. JOSEPH T. McNARNEY: General Patton had sounded off again and the newspapers were crying for disciplinary action. I was visiting Ike at his house near Paris, and he said, "Mac, what are we going to do with Georgie?" I shrugged my shoulders. "He's down in your command," Ike said. "Tell him this. Tell him to keep his big trap shut unless we okay it."

When I repeated this message to Patton, Georgie took it hard. Even a reprimand from Congress couldn't have impressed Patton as much as a stern look from Ike. Patton behaved himself from that day until his death.

I remember one other incident with Ike—a dinner party he gave in Italy which gave us a sort of break in the routine. When I arrived I found Ike and his guests standing by a large goldfish pond in the yard. Where there had been hundreds of darting, tiny goldfish the day before, the pool was now filled with gleaming trout.

"Trout for dinner?" I said.

"That's not all," Ike answered. "You're going to catch your supper." Ike then passed out fishing poles and a dozen or so high-ranking guests could be seen standing around a garden fish pond, casting for their dinner while the Supreme Commander of the Allied Forces in Europe looked on with great glee.

LT. GEN. H. S. AURAND: In February or March, 1945, Ike made a two-day inspection of my area in France. When it was over, we drove to the railroad station at Le Havre and started to walk across some tracks to his train. Our way was blocked by an endless column of heavily laden soldiers, marching in single file from a ship to a long train of French boxcars.

Ike immediately fell in alongside of one of them, and talked with him as he walked a few cars' lengths down the track. Then he came back and walked and talked with another soldier. He repeated this performance again and again.

His aides became impatient and asked me if I could get him on the train.

On his next trip down the track with a soldier, I walked along with them. On the way back, I suggested to him that guests were waiting for him on his train. Before he could reply, a soldier stepped out of the line, grabbed his hand, shook it and said: "General Eisenhower, I'm so glad you were here to meet me. I'd have been disappointed if you hadn't been."

BRIG. GEN. REESE M. HOWELL: Ike may not have realized it, but he sure could upset discipline among the troops. I remember Ike made an inspection tour through my area after the fighting was over. I had my men drilled and trained to make the best possible impression. But what did Ike do? Why, he got in among them and encouraged them to break ranks. He talked to them in groups and, in general, disrupted our area routine. *He* didn't have any discipline problem with them, but after he'd left, the troops felt that if Ike could be that democratic, their own officers could be too.

MAJ. GEN. EDWIN B. LYON: Sometime after the war, when Ike was chief of staff, three of us were lunching with him when he suddenly startled us by saying he was considering resigning his commission. If he were merely to retire, he said, he'd always be subject to the call of duty—like General Marshall, who after retirement undertook a mission to China and accepted a Cabinet post. Ike indicated a feeling that both he and Marshall had earned the right to a rest.

COL. MARSHALL QUESENBERRY: "What's all this talk about you running for President?" I asked Ike when he was chief of staff.

"I've been approached by both sides, Marsh," he replied.

I remember saying to him: "You're not going to do it, are you?"

"No, Marsh," Ike replied. "I'm not going to do it."

COL. ALBERT H. WARREN: I once said to Ike, "Don't you ever get tired of being chased by photographers?"

Ike answered: "No, I don't mind that

WIDE WORLD

President Eisenhower pins third Oak Leaf Cluster to Distinguished Service Medal of classmate James A. Van Fleet, on occasion of Van Fleet's retirement in 1953 too much. There are really only two classes of people who get my goat. One is the man who throws a short question of world-wide significance at me and expects to get a quick answer. The others are those S.O.B.s who are trying to get me to run for President."

MAJ. GEN. WM. F. TOMPKINS: During the class reunion at West Point in 1947, Ike told me he'd been unable to decide how best to spend the remainder of his life—but that he would like to do something of service to the country. He remarked that Douglas Southall Freeman, the famous historian, had presented perhaps the most convincing argument of any of the people who were trying to push him into politics.

From that moment, I was sure that Ike would one day become a candidate for President, that he was already convinced that he should. Five years later, as a member of the Richmond, Virginia, Citizens for Eisenhower movement, I heard him say in a Presidential campaign speech: "The first man in the U.S. who ever got me to think seriously about politics, a possible political career, was Dr. Douglas Southall Freeman, in 1947."

In the intervening years he had been president of Columbia University and Supreme Commander of the NATO forces in Europe—but that argument of Freeman's stayed with him.

COL. THOMAS F. TAYLOR: In November of '52, about three weeks after the election, a class dinner was held at the Army and Navy Club in Washington. Dinner partners were arranged by cutting cards, and the men moved down four places after each course. My wife drew the President-elect for coffee. They chatted and he asked about our farm in Chapel Hill and then came the time for toasts. A wine waiter appeared behind Ike, wrestling with the cork to a bottle of champagne. My wife was right in the middle of telling Ike something when suddenly a report like a pistol shot cracked out right behind them. The waiter had finally won his struggle, and the cork had exploded from the bottle.

My wife was scared almost out of her chair. The President-elect wasn't startled at all—but he immediately assumed a look of terror, waved his arms, and shouted, "Help! Where's my Secret Service man?" (The Secret Service man was sitting by the pantry door—looking just as startled.)

BRIG. GEN. JOHN F. DAVIS: Some of the 1915 class who live in Washington get together for lunch at the Army and Navy Club the first Monday of every month. One morning I was sitting around the club when the White House phoned. I took the call. It turned out to be one of the President's aides. He said, "Is 1915 having lunch at the club today?" I said, "Yes," and added: "Could it be that we may expect to be honored with the presence of some distinguished personage?"

He laughed and said, "Could be."

Well, I didn't tell any of the boys. But just before lunchtime, in came the President. When he poked his head into that dining room, there was bedlam. It was a wonderful lunch—and to me the nicest thing about it was the perfectly natural comment he made as he was leaving. "Next time," he said, "we'll all have to have lunch at my place."

COL. RAYMOND MARSH: On May 15, 1953, the President gave a luncheon at the White House for those of his old classmates who happened to be around Washington. When I arrived I was somewhat surprised to find Mrs. Eisenhower, rather than the President, greeting his old cronies. I was ushered into the President's study to join my friends. The conversation ebbed and the minutes slipped by. Just as all of us were beginning to feel a little uneasy, in walked the President, looking apologetic. "Some of my 160,000,000 bosses," he explained, "kept me a little longer than I'd expected."

MAJ. FRANK M. STANTON: Last summer the Eisenhowers celebrated their 38th anniversary, and asked the class members to the White House. After dinner, we all adjourned to the ballroom, where the Marine Band was playing. You could hear the groans going up—remember, we're all over sixty. Still, most of us danced—but not the President. Then the band played the Anniversary Waltz, and we tried to coax him to take a whirl. He refused flatly. His eyes flashed, and he said, "By golly, I won't! I haven't danced since 1938!"

But at last we persuaded him, and he and Mamie took a turn around the floor. We all applauded, of course. Funny. Ike was dancing the way he had back in '15, when he was a noted Point PSer—he was doing the turkey trot.

COL. EDWARD G. SHERBURNE: I understand it's White House protocol, whenever there are guests, for the President and First Lady to take their leave first. No one is supposed to leave before they do.

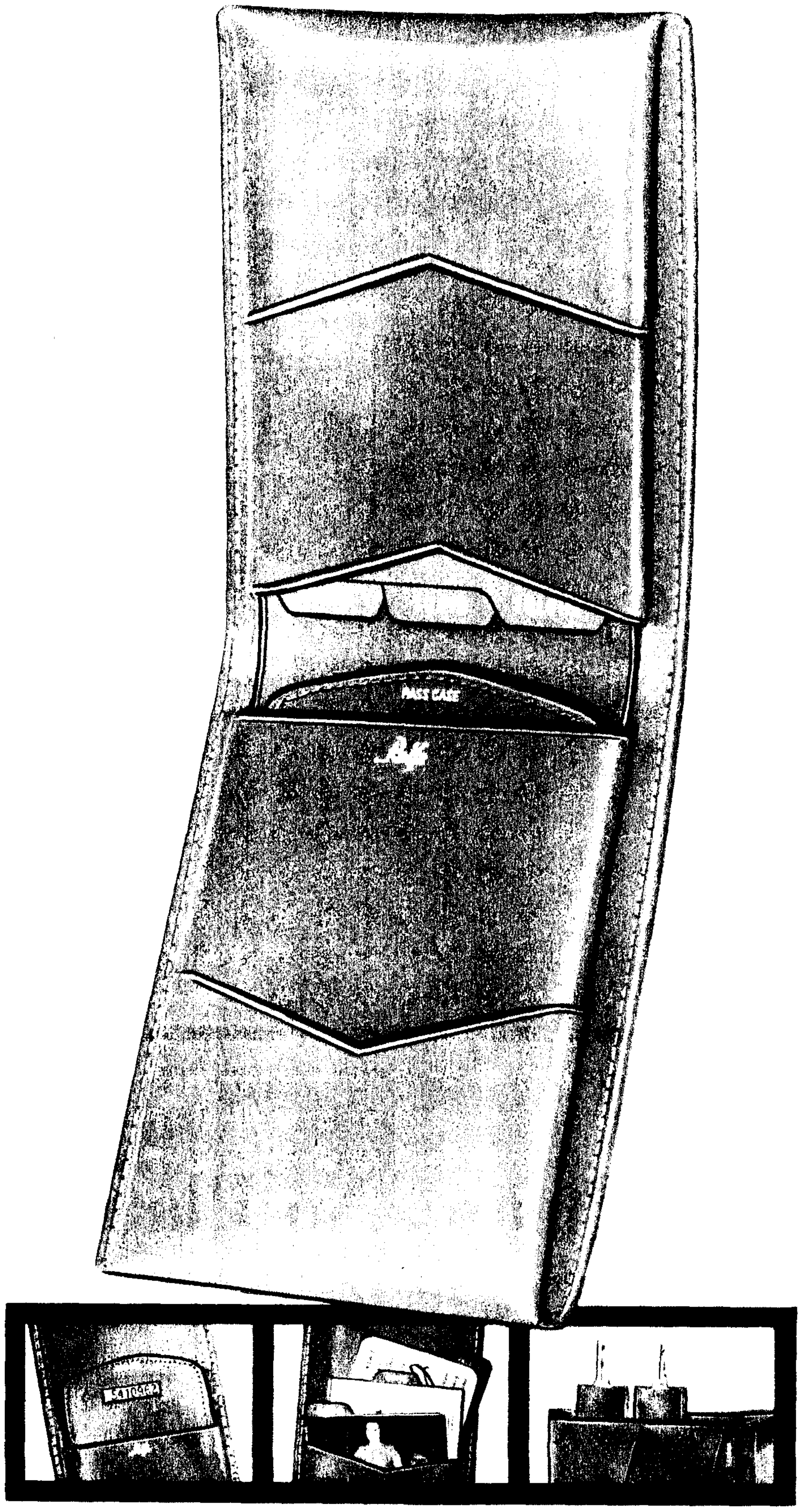
Well, when the President had the 1915 class over to the White House for dinner last June, I guess none of us was too clear on that leave-taking procedure.

It kept getting later and later and nobody knew quite what to do. Finally one of the boys turned to the President and whispered, "How the hell do we get out of here?" The President whispered back, "Just keep your eyes on me; I'll make the move."

Soon after that, the President and Mamie got up and started walking toward the door. But when they reached the doorway the President paused and turned around and looked at us, his old classmates. Then he looked at Mamie wistfully and said: "Aw, Mamie, let's wait and say good night to them."

So they came back into the room and formed sort of a receiving line in reverse, waiting to say good night to each guest individually. And the President and his lady were the last to leave their party, like any host and hostess in any private home.

MAJ. GEN. THOMAS J. HANLEY: Some of the President's classmates still call him by the nickname Ike, but most use the title Mr. President, out of respect for the high office. He's said to have remarked after a visit from Omar Bradley: "I guess this job must be important—even Brad calls me Mr. President."



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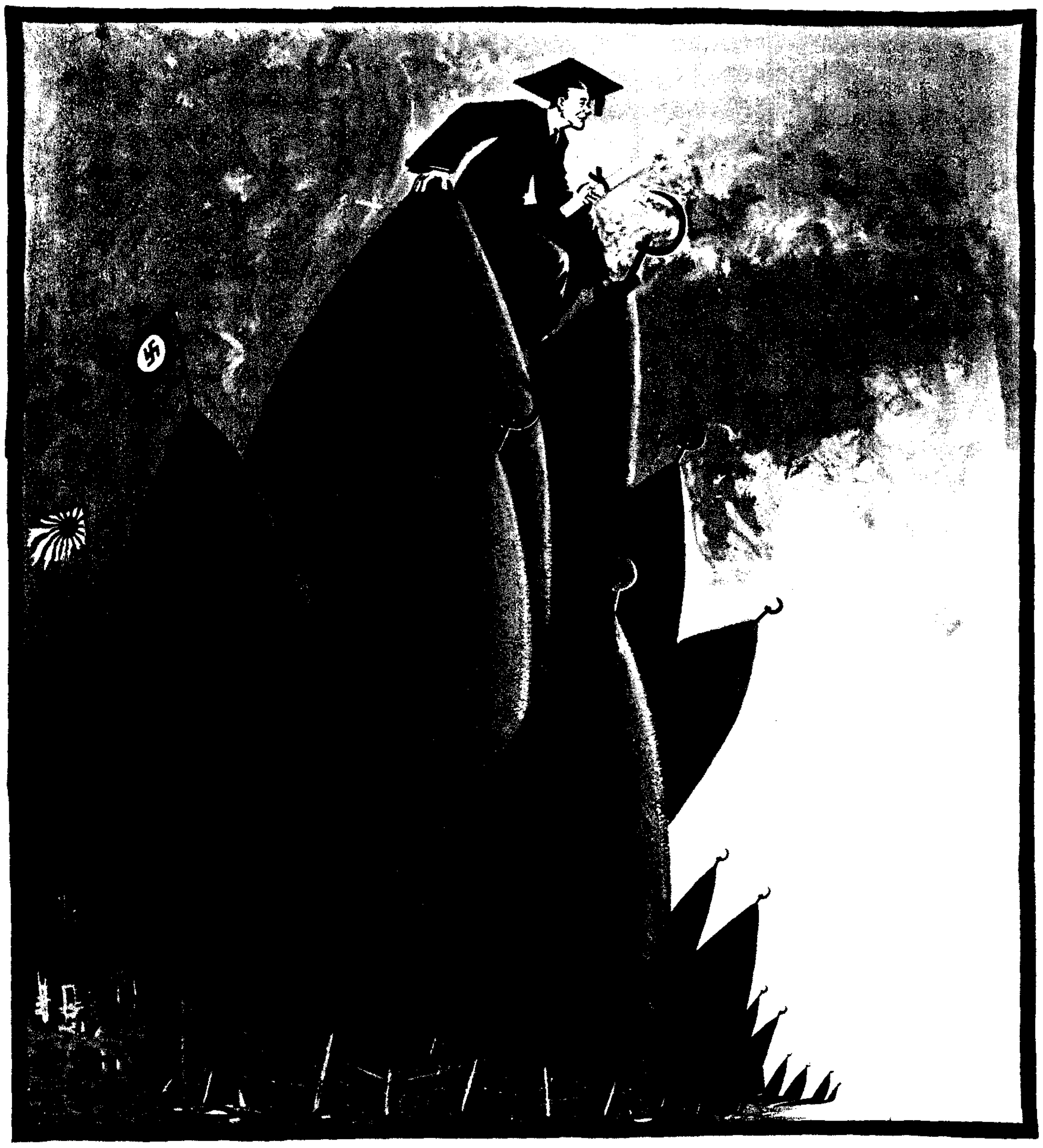


The windward slope

JOHN FISCHETTI

Please, No Platitudes!

WHILE THE CLASS of 1955 is being fitted to gowns and mortarboards, a selection of spokesmen from the generation just ahead is busy sifting the stored-up wisdom of the ages, preparatory to delivering the annual spate of commencement speeches.

It is customary on such occasions to lead the young grads up to the mountaintop, show them the glimmering world stretching away to the round horizon, and tell them that, with suitable application of honesty, diligence and patience, it will one day be their apple.

This year, any thoughtful assessment of the audience will suggest sparing the platitudes. The world has changed, and so has the audience.

The average candidate for a 1955 baccalaureate was born around 1933. Most of the sweetness and light that had been the heritage of prior generations had been filtered out by the Great Depression. It has never returned. As our young candidate moved into grammar school, Hitler moved into Poland. As the youngster went on to junior high school, an exhausted world picked itself up from the rubble of World War II and flung itself into the cold war. The young graduate's life to this moment has been lived in the shadow of that struggle. He may, in fact, already have done a hitch in the armed forces, perhaps served a stint in Korea; if not, he'll doubtless catch it yet. At any rate his entire span as an aware, sensitive being has been conditioned by the massive ideological struggle, and as things now look he will spend the rest of his life in the same kind of climate. Unless Armageddon intervenes.

To the young men and women of a generation trying to work these grim ingredients into a form that will have meaning and promise and a smidgen of hope, you don't talk platitudes. You talk straight across, and you talk realities, or you favor them by keeping a decent silence.

What are the realities—the knowables that can be told this eminently knowing group—that it may not already have worked out for itself? Not the prospects of war—that would be rank speculation, and they're allergic to speculation. Not the destructiveness of the H-bomb—they're fresh from the physics labs, and speak of megatons of TNT as familiarly as their fathers spoke of dynamite sticks. Not the blunders of the past, and who rates the blame—their concern is with the future.

One solid gift—one reality—that can be given them is an understanding of the challenge before them.

If this is not precisely the kind of challenge a doting parent would choose to provide, it is, at least, a challenge which can be made meaningful to a generation bred to danger.

There would be no point, in approaching the hardheaded Class of '55, in trying to downgrade the risks involved in this challenge; they know how many megatons of explosive energy are required to blow up the world, and they know that the arsenals on either side of the world contain, or will presently contain, that critical number of bombs. They know that a diabolical force called Communism will, if it can find the way, use that destructive potential as leverage to eradicate freedom from the world. They know that civilization, and all that is precious to a free people, stands in a degree of peril unmatched in all history.

But there is in this challenge the chance of a reward to match the risk. And there would be real point in leading the Class of '55 up to the mountaintop for a clear view of what success can bring.

From that mountaintop can be seen such a world as no king or potentate or prophet ever dared dream of. This would be a world in which hunger and poverty and the scourges and plagues that have racked mankind would be dim memories. It would be a world in which the drudgery of hand labor was banished by vast systems of machines, harnessing the infinite energies of the sun and the atom's nucleus to produce food and goods ample for all. It would be a world in which all men could walk in dignity, with the means and the leisure to discover the utmost satisfactions of life. It would be a world in which peace was maintained by the common will, in which to each individual was assured the freedoms of speech and worship and thought, and the equal protection of just laws.

There would be point in reminding the graduates of '55 that such a world is no wild flight of fancy, but a solid possibility that can be attained—just as it can be lost beyond recall—within their lifetime.

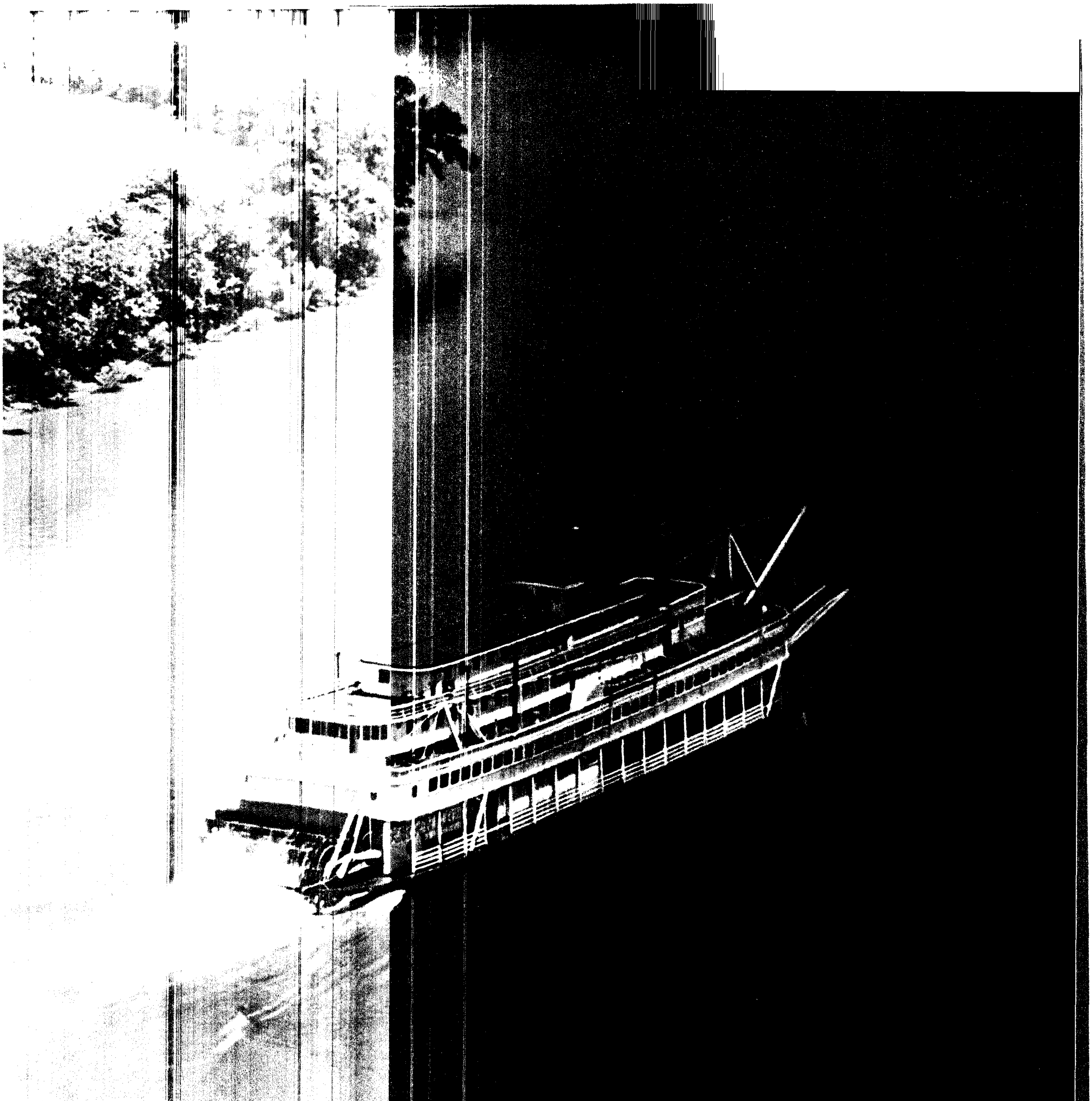
And there would be point in reminding them that they have in their hands a tool fashioned with utmost care and expertness, by the patient workmen of two centuries, for their use in building that kind of world.

This instrument is America, and if this generation will regard its heritage in that light, and examine it thoughtfully, it may well feel what a swordsman once must have felt when he tested his blade and found it tough and fine.

If there is a climactic mission for America, with its deep reservoirs of strength and its devotion to truth and dignity, its technological genius coupled to its great tradition of freedom, that mission will be discovered in the years just ahead. And some vital part in the control and the skillful application of this vast strength will be played by those whose commencement is celebrated, across the land, this month.

These are realities, as awesome and yet as inspiring as any romantic writer ever penned.

For the 1955 graduate, the future will be rough, tough and dangerous as the windward slope of Mount Everest—but if he has what we think he has, he'll find it an exciting time to be alive.



(PHOTO—MEMPHIS, TENN.)

which do you prefer?
OLD SUNNY BROOK BRAND KENTUCKY STRAIGHT BOURBON WHISKEY
OLD SUNNY BROOK BRAND KENTUCKY WHISKEY-A BLEND
STRAIGHT
BLEND

Wherever fine whiskey is enjoyed the call is for

ook

BRAND

Take a trip anywhere in America, then take a tip from the men you see ordering Old Sunny Brook. They've found fine whiskey, and so will you when you take a sip of Kentucky's cheerful whiskey!

"Cheerful as its Name"

PRODUCT OF NATIONAL DISTILLERS

THE OLD SUNNY BROOK COMPANY, DIVISION OF NATIONAL DISTILLERS PRODUCTS CORPORATION, LOUISVILLE, KENTUCKY.
KENTUCKY STRAIGHT BOURBON WHISKEY, 86 PROOF. KENTUCKY BLENDED WHISKEY, 86 PROOF, 65% GRAIN NEUTRAL SPIRITS.

COSTUME: GOLDWORM

Almost everyone appreciates the best...

Drink
Coca-Cola

A hot sun, a big thirst — and nothing will do but a Coke. Lively, ever-fresh, ice-cold Coke. Just nothing like its bright little lift — nothing like its bracing sparkle — to bring you back cool and quick. *You know:* here's the perfect refreshment . . . ice-cold Coca-Cola!

Fifty million times a day . . . at home, at work or on the way *"There's nothing like a Coke!"*

"COKE" IS A REGISTERED TRADE-MARK

See Eddie Fisher on "Coke Time"— NBC Television twice each week

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